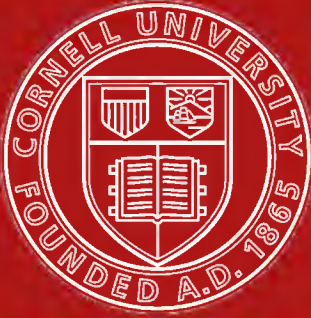


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SKETCHES
IN THE
FOREIGN SETTLEMENTS AND
NATIVE CITY
OF
SHANGHAI.

By W. MACFARLANE.

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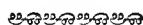
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SKETCHES IN SHANGHAI.



THE MIXED COURT.



THE circumstances which necessitate the constitution of the tribunal known as the "Mixed Court;" the daily proceedings in that "hall of justice;" the interior of the "hall;" its exterior and surroundings; everything about it, and everything connected with it; the Chinese Magistrate, the Foreign Assessors, the public prosecutors, the magistrate's runners, the plaintiffs and defendants, prisoners and complainants,—all combine to make it the most unique institution ever dedicated to Justice. The Mixed Court for the Foreign Settlements North of the Yang-king-pang Creek, is constituted for the administration of "justice" in all civil cases where the plaintiffs are foreigners and the defendants Chinese, and for the trial of natives for criminal offences or contraventions of the Municipal Bye Laws founded on the Land Regulations of these Settlements. Chên, the Chinese Magistrate of this Court, is a Mandarin of the seventh order, subordinate to Moh, the Che-Hsien or District Magistrate of Shanghai.

The Foreign Assessors sit on the bench with Chên; they have judicial powers, and their special duty is to look after the interests of the foreign plaintiffs, and to ensure the bye-laws of the Settlements being enforced upon the natives, by the adequate punishment of those who violate them. The Court sits six days every week, except at the Chinese New Year holidays, and on some special festivals during the year. On three days of the week, Mr. C. F. R. Allen, H.B.M.'s. Vice-Consul, sits as Assessor; two days of the week, Mr. R. H. Maclay sits as United States Assessor; and the sixth day is taken by Mr. J. Haas, Austro-Hungarian Assessor.

The Court is located in the Maloo, the "hall of justice" forming part of the Mandarin's yamên. A terror to evil doers is witnessed at the entrance to the yamên; close to the street pavement, and flanking the gateway, are two enclosures or huge cages, formed by strong wooden bars, extending from the ground nearly

to the first roof of the porch. They look something like John Bunyan's idea of the cage in which Faithful was imprisoned at Vanity Fair; they are for the same purpose as the "stocks" were used in England many years ago; and here these celestial cages are filled with prisoners, as part of their punishment, and to make others fear and tremble. The bars are almost wide enough for a lean fellow to wriggle through; but the awkward thing against such an attempt is that all the prisoners are so well taken care of, lest anybody should steal them, that each fellow is adorned with a huge wooden collar, about two feet square, the frame work firmly secured, and an ornamental chain of quarter-inch malleable iron links attached both to the collar to its wearer, to the one next him, and so round them all, joining in one inseparable heap half a dozen celestial vagabonds and all their decorations in woodwork and iron. Their hands are free so that they can use the chop sticks, their supply of rice is plentiful, and they are happy enough, as they sit there with one peak of the wooden collar resting on the breast, corners covering each shoulder, and the other peak away up from the back of the head. Their position is rendered more lively, too, from the presence of friends moving about on the pavement; cooks and other itinerant street merchants have their stalls close to the bars, and the prisoners are evidently comforted at times with more than prisoner's fare, and most of them are able to get hold of a pipe and tobacco.

We pass through the portals, emblazoned with demoniacal pictures of mighty Chinamen in red, blue, green, and all colours in confusion, making flaming combinations that would be worth money to a travelling penny show. We enter a spacious court-yard, having on the right and left small houses occupied by retainers of the yamên; in front of us is the huge picture of a nondescript monster. Is it a dragon? Well, it looks wild enough, hideous

enough, and as far as paint goes, extravagant enough to make half a dozen good-sized, decent-looking dragons. This monster is said to be an emblem of "avarice," and it is painted there on a screen, in the open entrance to the Mandarin's official residence, as a remembrancer that avarice is a sin which officials are to guard against, and never,—hardly ever,—do such a thing as squeeze. In and about the front of the official residence, are sedan chairs,—the Mandarin's distinguished from those in which his subordinates are carried, by as much difference as there is between the silk dress of a merchant and the rags of a coolie,—the great red umbrella and the gold-lettered tablets, which are used in procession when the Mandarin goes forth with all his greasy retinue, and the gong which is sounded to herald the approach of the mighty.

From this court-yard, a narrow passage at the left side leads to another and much smaller yard—surrounded by brick walls on three sides, and the great "hall of justice" forms the north side of the square. The court-yard is exceedingly small; the ground is covered with all sorts of rubbish; the broken stumps of two young trees stand six feet high in the centre of the ground, and are handy for tying up prisoners by the queue, or ponies by the halter, when the latter come to Court as witnesses against the cruelty of mafoos. When a case of great interest to the natives is before the Court, this small yard is completely crowded with people; when the Maloo murder was being investigated, not only this small yard, but the passage leading to it, in the large court-yard, and out to the street, there was a dense and eager throng of natives; just as at the Central Criminal Court, London, when a sensational trial is about to be finished, the crowds throng Old Bailey from Ludgate Hill to Newgate, waiting for news of the verdict. But the natives here did not have the excitement of a trial and verdict in that Maloo case; the pri-

soners were taken to the City, kept there a long time, and the last we heard of them, months ago, was that they were on a grand tour round the province, regulated in a manner that would have done credit to the greatest circumlocutionist that ever handled red tape.

The Court opens every morning at 10 o'clock, and its proceedings always attract the attention of a good number of natives; a few of them may chance to get accommodation inside, although only there out of curiosity, but the "general public" have, as a rule, to content themselves with standing in the small courtyard outside. The frontage of the "hall of justice" is entirely composed of windows and doors of glass, and the outsiders form themselves in rows close against the windows, along the whole front of the building. To force our way through this crowd is sometimes not very easy; some of the idlers have to be pushed out of the way,—a queue pulled or a shin kicked clears the way very well. Once having reached the door, we open it, and step right into the arena of the great "hall of justice." The first time we went there, many months ago, we instinctively and with due reverence took off our hat; but soon discovered that this was a superfluous bit of etiquette while in a "Mixed" Court, and the free and easy manner of the proceedings became more apparent when we observed a friend smoking a cigar. Our notions of the Court were upset; we had just thrown away a cigar after a few puffs; we had come into Court reverentially with uncovered head; we were out of it in both cases. "Is smoking allowed?" we asked our friend, in a whisper, which the Assessor heard, and made reply, "Oh, yes, smoke away; smoking is the rule here." At this time, old Chên was taking a cheroot from his cigar case; he lighted it with a match that strikes only on the box; and then handed a cheroot to the Assessor. Four or five cigars were all going like so many

houses on fire in a minute after that; and we never think of dropping a cigar amongst the celestials at the door, or taking off our hat, when we go to Court again.

The Court-room is a very small, wooden erection; the roof is a ridged one, and the bare rafters are seen, and the whole building has a ramshackle appearance. The bench at which the Magistrate and the Assessor sit is a huge wooden table, very shaky on the legs; it stands on a platform a few inches from the floor, and its position is approximately in the centre of the room; for behind the seats on this platform, there is a screen extending between two pillars, whose primary use is to support the roof; behind that screen is a pretty broad passage, and in it the punkah coolie takes his seat. From the front of the bench to the glass door at which we enter, is the arena, where prisoners are made to kneel and kotos; and on the right and left sides the arena is marked off by wooden railings of very ancient construction, to judge by their shabby condition. The space to the right side from the bench is divided by another railing at right angles; at the end of the bench, the space there is reserved for the Superintendent and Inspectors of Municipal Police, who conduct the prosecutions; and the other open space at that side of the building is for foreign plaintiffs or others. At the left side of the Court, the arena is hemmed in by a cordon of the Magistrate's runners, who stand shoulder to shoulder, and sometimes in double ranks. At that side of the bench, the Magistrate's secretary takes notes; and all round about there are Chinese of whom it would be difficult to say whether they have any duty there or not. One noticeable figure in the groupe is the tall, lanky celestial, of about forty years of age, whose peculiar features put one in mind of a popular print purporting to be a likeness of Judas Iscariot; this Celestial is Chên's "boy,"

and he stands close at the back of his master, looking over his shoulder at every document Chên may have in his hand. Another character often seen about the Court is Chên's boy—in the real sense,—Young Chên, his son. He is a bright little cuss, who takes evident pleasure in running about up and down on the bench; now behind his father, then behind the Assessor or by his side, playing with the Assessor's silver-mounted walking stick; or, in winter time, poking up the fire in the stove at the right hand corner of the bench. His greatest glee is manifested when there is a seizure of counterfeit dollars, and he gets the brass dollars from his father and goes to the stove fire and tries to melt them.

Chên sits near the centre of the bench, with the Assessor on his right hand;—there is room for three or four seats on the bench, and sometimes there are, when a Foreign Consul may be specially interested in any case. In his winter costume,—with great fur-lined silk coat, embroidered in mandarin style; and his up-turned cap, with peacock feather,—Chên presents a more dignified appearance than in his thin summer costume. The old man—for he is over sixty, and looks like seventy—seems oppressed with the heat, and overcome with fatigue. He often sits bareheaded and is seen to be very bald; there is barely enough natural hair on his scalp to form a queue, the tail which hangs thereby being nearly all of silk. There is nothing very remarkable about his features; his expression is rather pleasant; eyes small, dark, and keen; his nose small but not too broad; his upper lip rather large, only a few gray hairs at each side, and a long distance between these two remnants of a moustache; his cheek bones high, and cheeks fallen in slightly; he is not so sleek as he might have been some years ago; and the wrinkles of age are upon his forehead. To see him sit quietly amid all the squabbling of prisoners and runners before him, one would

not think he had so much vigour left in him as he sometimes displays when he scolds a prisoner. On the bench before him he keeps a huge leaden ink stand, with tablets of Chinese ink; and there is a curious looking article in lead, which is on the table behind this stand. It is in the shape of a human hand, cut at the wrist, and is said to be a representation of Bud-dah's hand; it stands on the wrist as the base, and the fingers are wide apart; it is much larger than the biggest hand of flesh and blood ever seen; if it was stuck on a broom handle it would make a good back-scratcher for the greatest celestial giant ever heard of. This peculiar article is the simple device which serves as a pen or pencil rack, to prevent the bench being dirtied by the official red ink used in writing on the documents which comes to Chên's hands. Besides these articles mentioned, there are of course the small teapot and smaller teacups always at his left hand; his cigar case and a box of matches that light only on the box, always directly before him; and there are still other two things worth mentioning,—these are of simple construction, frequent in use, and yet the use of them is very hard to see. They are two pieces of hardwood, about twelve inches long, and about an inch in thickness and breadth. When Chên is in a rage,—when he shouts as loudly as he can, and uses up all the strong expletives in his vocabulary, hurling his wild thunders at an unfortunate prisoner,—the grand climax of his invective is reached when he seizes one of these pieces of hardwood, and strikes the other piece, making a tremendous noise that almost drowns his voice, and, which, we suppose he considers an effectual means of striking terror into the heart of the person who is thus so forcibly and violently admonished. When he is beating these sticks, he looks as if he was going to shy one of them at the prisoner's head, and some of the prisoners look as if they expected it too, and were preparing to dodge it.

The prisoners who are brought before this Court every morning are generally of the lower class of the native community, and they are a motley crew. Sometimes there may be more than twenty separate cases before the Court; two or three prisoners in most of these cases; and, not unfrequently, there may be more than a dozen prisoners all brought up on one charge. It therefore often happens that nearly a hundred prisoners are dealt with in one morning. It is also a fact that as a general rule the offences or crimes investigated at this Court are of a paltry nature; the large majority of cases are very trivial, and only on rare occasions do we hear of a serious case; so that the records of this Court show that for such a large and mixed population,—including all the different kinds of Chinese, the natives of this province, of course, greatly preponderating, but mixed largely with Cantonese, Foh-kienese, and many from the northern provinces,—the crime perpetrated in this large centre of native as well as foreign commerce,—Shanghai being a rendezvous for all sorts of waifs and bad characters,—is exceedingly small, in proportion to the population, and taking into consideration the conglomeration of different classes found here. The majority of cases are petty larcenies; and we believe the most of them are thefts from natives. True, it is not an uncommon thing to hear of a case where a foreigner prosecutes his house “boy” or servant for the theft of a few dollars, an article of wearing apparel, or some trinket or valuable jewellery;—many celestial “boys” are like the Irishman’s donkey, which was good-natured for a long time just to get all the better a chance of kicking his master;—but the more common cases of larceny are where a native has stolen a pipe, a few cash, a coat, or something of little value from some other native,—from out of an opium shop, from a lodging-house, or a tea-shop.

The jinriesha and wheelbarrow coolies are

not very honest, and they figure prominently in the criminal class; the cargo-boatmen and sampan-men are also represented occasionally; the mafoos are not guiltless; nor are the small shopmen, and the servants of merchants, without guile; but the thieving is for most part done by those who are by habit and repute thieves. There are many natives who make thieving and imprisonment their only pastimes; and many of them are known as “trainers of young thieves.” No sooner are they liberated from gaol than they turn up at their old haunts, steal some trifling thing, are soon caught, and consigned to the gaol again, or they may receive an appointment on the “chain-gang” for a longer term than they had before; which term they cheerfully work out,—if they do not get a good chance to escape,—and once more free, they steal again, and are again secured.

Another class of criminals are the street gamblers; they practice their games in by-streets, with a dozen or two of idlers round them, while someone keeps a look-out to report the approach of a policeman coming round the corner at the rate of half-a-mile an hour, and the gamblers then scatter till the majesty of the law passes by in procession, and the coast being once more clear, they resume the game. Gangs of these fellows are not unfrequently caught, and they get off with light sentences, as their small game is not a very serious offence. The keepers and also the patrons of gambling houses, however, are severely punished sometimes, but it is very seldom that they are caught; before the police can get near the house, the watchmen have given an alarm, the gamblers make their escape, and by the time the police get in, all traces of gambling have disappeared. In 1879, a notorious gambling den was routed by the police, and over 40 Chinamen were arrested; that was a pretty nice crowd to bring before a Court,—there was scarcely room for them. The amount of fines

paid was \$900; many of the prisoners could not avail themselves of the alternative of a fine, and had therefore to undergo a short term of imprisonment; one of the chief offenders, a merchant, bolted to Canton, but the Court compelled the man who was left in charge of his shop to pay a fine of \$200; the merchant came back some months afterwards, and was at once brought to Court and sentenced to one year's servitude in the "chain-gang."

Tea-shop fights, and destruction of property in them are most common offences; as the tea-shop is the "public house" of the Chinaman, where he goes to refresh himself, so also is it the place where many meet, either by accident or preconcerted purpose, and settle disputes, which are not always amicably arranged, but which may often end in blows, and the furnishings of the tea-shop are thrown about in a promiscuous manner,—the bill for damages generally being the most serious matter for the party held responsible for the row.

Of robberies by violence there are very few,—either violent robberies from Chinese or foreigners; but two cases have recently occurred. Of burglaries, there are many small cases, such as breaking into native houses; and a few residences of foreigners have also been visited,—the wine cellars in general being the chief attraction.

Many of the most peculiar cases are those which could only occur amongst Chinese, such as malicious cases of squeezing; kidnapping; disputes as to the selling of wives, and mortgaging of concubines; the desertion of wives from husbands and prosecutions to enforce return; and such like cases, many of them being more civil than criminal in their nature according to Western ideas, but the party prosecuted in such cases is a criminal under the Chinese law.

The prisoners are, as a rule, brought to Court in custody of the Municipal Police; in many cases they appear in answer to a warrant or

summons, or having been liberated on bail, they surrender themselves; but in the ordinary case, the prisoner is brought in custody, his guardian angel holding a firm hold of him by the queue, or two or three of them may be tied together by that appendage. They are ushered into Court in an unceremonious manner,—crushing through the crowd outside, the glass door hurriedly opened and with much clattering, and the custodian of the prisoners pushes them right into the arena, where they drop down on their knees, and perform the kotow before the bench. They must remain on their knees all the time during the hearing of the case, and in a long and tedious hearing, they get rather tired sometimes, but the court runners,—who take charge of them when they are in Court,—are relentless in pulling the prisoners by the queue and making them sit erect, whenever they show any disposition to squat down in a more comfortable attitude than on their marrow bones. Some of the prisoners make a tremendous demonstration in kotowing; they beat their head, not only nine times,—which is the regulation number,—but continue dashing their forehead on the floor with such violence and so rapidly that they raise clouds of dust, and look as if they meant either to fracture their skull or knock a hole in the floor. And while this goes on, such yelling, such shouting, such weeping, such wailing, such gnashing of teeth, was never witnessed in any other place this side of "that bourne." If the prisoner is likely to take fits and never cease his hullabaloo, he is brought to his senses by that useful appendage his queue; a runner takes hold of it, and pulls and jerks away until he makes the prisoner keep quiet, the latter being pretty well played out by yelling before this is accomplished; and then he will drop into silence and present a calmness and composure which at once show that all his excitement and trouble was put on. The runners interrogate him,—not one of them

at a time, but a half dozen or more shouting at him,—for his name, which is given by the exhausted prisoner, is shouted in volumes to the Chinese secretary of the Court; and further interrogatories are put in wholesale fashion to the prisoner, and the replies delivered in the same voluminous manner to the Magistrate. Then the prisoner tells his story in defence, and the complainant may at the same time be getting quite as much excited, and goes down on his knees too; and the proceedings are carried on in the most noisy and turbulent manner. The Superintendent or Inspector of the Police will have told the Assessor all about the case while these demonstrations have been going on; the Assessor tells the Magistrate the facts; if witnesses are present, they are questioned; and then Chên cross-examines the prisoner. If the case is likely to go against him, the prisoner spares neither his tongue, nor his tears, nor his forehead, for by yelling, crying, and beating the floor, he protests his innocence, or implores mercy; a heavy fine of twenty cents, with the alternative of two or three days' imprisonment, overwhelms the prisoner with grief; his kotowing is more violent than ever; but the runner pulls him up by the queue and drags him outside the Court, where of course he at once reconciles himself to his fate, and chuckles over his good luck in getting off so easy.

There is another class of prisoners who are just the very opposite to those excited and sensational ones who try to knock holes in the floor when they are kotowing; this class are more calm and unconcerned, even though their situation may be serious enough; they perform just enough of the kotowing as will pass for due obeisance; they make their statements in defence without any apparent excitement; and they look as pleasant as they can, under the circumstances, when they hear their sentence. Relatives are very useful for anyone unfortunate enough to have to appear before Chên. If the prisoner can bring his relatives for two or

three generations back, he is almost certain to get off; if he has no relatives, the best thing he can do is to get some old man to appear as his grandfather; for the presence of a grandfather or a grandmother is better than proof of extenuating circumstances, it is strong proof of exemplary character, and the professions of filial piety may often have great weight with Chên, although there may be no proof that the father, grandfather, or great grandfather is a genuine one; but their weeping and wailing may save the culprit's back from stripes, or ensure a shorter term of imprisonment. If a prisoner is charged with assault, or has been in any row, the next best thing to bringing his grandfather to Court, is to have his face covered with blood, two or three bruises on his arms, and a huge plaster on his chest. Then he must pretend to be in great pain, hold his hand on the plaster, breathe as if he could only do so with difficulty, shed a few tears, and if possible let a drop of blood fall from his nose to the palm of his hand, and then smear his face with it,—and if that man's pitiable but at the same time counterfeit aspect does not win the compassion of Chên, his case must be a very bad one; his imposture will tell in his favour to a certain extent, if he does not get free altogether by making Chên believe that he (the prisoner) has suffered more than the complainant. A celestial who has been assaulted, would not on any account wash the blood off his face until he appeared in Court to complain against the one who had struck him; he would rather have the blood on his face than six witnesses who could declare they saw him struck; and of course the prisoner manages to get blood on his face too, and tries to make out that he came off worst. Then they have a handicap lying match; but if the true circumstances are known to the police, the lies on either side may be wasted.

In this Court there is no such thing as perjury, for the Chinese "swear not at all." Ly-

ing therefore is unrestrained ; the biggest liar has most chance of winning his case against a neighbour who is conscientious, or another who tells lies but is not 'cute enough in the invention of them ; the criminal who has the best chance of getting off, is the one who tells most lies himself, or who can hire other liars better than himself to speak on his behalf. And though the lies are found out, as they often are, being too glaring or not cunningly devised, the prisoner is none the less thought of because he did his level best as a liar ; he will only lose his case because he did not do it well enough. If a Chinaman is in a fix, either civil or criminal offences bringing trouble on his head, he can for a slight consideration, in the shape of a few hundred cash, or a few dollars if the case is worth it, get any number of his guileless brethren to declare that black is white, or white black,—either way as the dollars go.

The other day, a celestial of bad repute as a thief, vagabond, and general dodger, contrived to make use of this tribunal for the purpose of getting a relative into trouble—a relative who had given him money times and ways without number, but had offended him because he refused to do so any more. The vagabond gave himself up to the police, and made a solemn and penitential confession that he had stolen ten dollars,—which was a lie, as it afterwards turned out ;—and another man who was hand in hand with him, appeared as the accuser, declaring that his dollars had been stolen,—which was another lie. The penitent thief said he had given the money to his relative,—the one who used to befriend him, but had now cast him off ; this was the way he wanted to get at him,—to have him prosecuted for receiving stolen money. When the case came before the Court, the biggest rogue pretended that his hands had been injured by torture to induce confession of the theft ; he declared that his thumbs had been squeezed

between bamboos and his body suspended with all the weight on the thumbs, till he was compelled to confess the theft and tell what he had done with the money ; but the injury to his hands, if real, must have been from another cause, for he concocted the story of the theft, and torture to induce confession was only an invention to strengthen his false accusation. However, this part of the story was believed by Chên, and he got off, because he had already suffered, or was supposed to have suffered ; the other party to the malicious prosecution, who pretended to have lost the ten dollars, got off with a hundred blows ; and the abused friend had his character cleared, as it was found that he had not received any money, and he got off free. There was not quite enough lying in the case, else the result might have been different for him.

One of the smartest tricks we have heard of being done by a prisoner at this Court, was when three or four men were convicted of some paltry offence, and each of them fined 20 cents, with the alternative of three days' imprisonment. All the prisoners, except one, made great lamentations, and tried to excite compassion by their cries and tears ; but one got up from his knees at once, as soon as he heard the sentence, boldly stepped forward to the Magistrate's bench, tabled his wealth in payment of the fine, and hurried out of Court. A few minutes afterwards, but when it was too late, his 20 cent piece was found to be a brass one.

The sentences inflicted on offenders vary in severity from fines of 20 cents to 250 dollars or more ; imprisonment of from 24 hours to two years, and some for "an indefinite time ;" flogging, from 20 to 400 or 500 blows with bamboo sticks ; wearing the cangue in public street corners, for part of the term of imprisonment ; and the most of the time called imprisonment is spent in working at the repair of roads in the Settlement, in the "chain-gang,"

so called from the gangs of prisoners yoked to the street roller by long chains. The flogging takes place in the small yard in front of the Court, the culprit being laid on the ground face downwards; his hands, head, and feet held down by Court runners, while the flagellation is administered on his bare thighs; the bamboo sticks,—which are long thin pieces, of an inch in breadth—being wielded by a lictor; and it all depends upon whether the prisoner has succeeded in obtaining his good graces whether the flogging is to be severe or not. Some of the poor fellows will have their skin severely cut by fifty blows, others may have a hundred blows without nearly so much suffering,—as the lictor can give the blows hard, or just merely let the stick fall, as he is inclined,—and of course the inclination on his part is regulated by the most upright motives in obeying the celestial injunction never to take bribes, for dollars are filthy lucre, and money is the root of all evil. The flogging causes great excitement in Court, amongst the spectators; the punishment may be, and sometimes is, given immediately after sentence; but as a general rule the flogging takes place in the afternoon after the Court sitting is over. A hundred blows are said to make a prisoner feel very uncomfortable for a few days; and after 400 he won't be able to sit down for a fortnight.

The relations between the Magistrate Chên, and the Foreign Assessors who sit on the bench with him, form an interesting chapter in the history of foreign intercourse with China. The protection of the interests of foreigners, the enforcement of the regulations for the good government for these Settlements, the suppression of crime amongst the natives who enjoy the benefit of that good government, and the adequate punishment of offenders, depend in a great measure upon the attitude taken by the the Foreign Assessors, and the firmness with which they maintain their position. In many a case, injustice would be done to foreign plain-

tiffs or complainants, or native defendants or prisoners would get off, were it not that the Foreign Assessor opposes the view taken by Chên, and convinces him against his will that the decision of the case must be different to his first intention. The Assessors also many a time prevent injustice being done to a native, where the case is purely of native concern. And yet we must say that cases frequently occur where it appears that the Assessors had not been firm enough, for we often hear of anomalous sentences—sometimes very heavy punishment for an offence which was not an aggravated one, and light sentences imposed on vagabonds that deserved much more severe sentences; the mistake generally being in the latter respect. The Police Inspectors, who conduct the prosecutions, stand up boldly for proper punishment being given to such characters as have distinguished themselves by being “well-known to the police;” they lay the facts of the case before the Assessor, and request him to see that the punishment which is deserved shall be given; and the Assessor may have a debate with Chên for five, ten, or fifteen minutes before he will consent to the foreign measure of flogging, imprisonment, or fine; a compromise may have to be made; or perhaps Chên will refuse to yield, and, telling them he is Magistrate of the Court, he will have his own way.

A case occurred some years ago, which gave rise to an amusing episode, and the particulars, as related to us by one who witnessed the scene, are worth producing here,—and this is perhaps the first time they have been made public. A prisoner had been sentenced to a short term of imprisonment; there was no difficulty about the sentence of itself; but from some cause, not very clearly understood,—it appeared only to be due to the supplications of the prisoner's grandmother, who was in Court, and doing her best at weeping and wailing,—Chên said that the

prisoner would be allowed to put in the whole term of imprisonment at the Court gaol, instead of being sent to the Municipal cells at any of the Police Stations. The police officers protested against this; the Assessor strongly opposed Chên's idea; and an excited argument followed. And then there was a "scene" in the great "hall of justice,"—a "scene" that could be paralleled nowhere on the face of the globe. Chên completely lost his temper, he was in a terrible rage to think that his compassion on the prisoner and his grandmother,—who was most likely the prisoner's *only support!*—should be thwarted by the Foreign Assessor, who refused to yield to his proposal. He rose from the bench, came round to the arena in front of the big wooden table, and addressing himself to the Assessor, used words to this effect, "You seem to be judge here, and I am nobody; if you are judge, punish me; send me to gaol!" The Assessor asked the old man to come up to his seat on the bench and not make a fool of himself; but seeing things were coming to a pass, he at the same ordered the police to remove the prisoner. In the twinkling of an eye, three or four native policemen pulled the prisoner up from his knees, some dragging him by the queue and others taking hold of him by his coat; and they lugged him out of Court in a tremendous hurry. Chên followed after them, but the Police Inspectors were a rear guard to the squad of native policemen, and Chên could not do anything to effect the rescue of the prisoner, although he pulled at the Inspectors' coat sleeves, and shouted and yelled for the prisoner to be brought back. As soon as the native police got outside the yamên, they put their charge on a native wheelbarrow, and made the coolie run off with him as fast as he could to the Central Police Station, the native policemen forming a guard on each side of the antiquated vehicle that was made to do duty for the prison van of the

West. The Assessor left the bench, and the proceedings of that day were thus hurriedly closed. Old Chên had summoned his runners, and before the Assessor was out of Court, the enraged Mandarin was off in procession, in his great sedan chair, preceded by the red umbrella bearer, the gong-beater, and attended by all his retinue. The Assessor went straight home to his Consulate,—and drove too, if we are correctly informed,—but Chên was there before him and was setting off a long story to the Consul about the way he had been abused! The dispute was settled all right, and there was no word of it afterwards at Court; but Chên was baffled this time, for he had to give in; and the prisoner had to put in his time at the Municipal cells.

In giving a full account of the Mixed Court of Shanghai, our task would be incomplete did we not make special reference to the work which the officers of the Municipal Police undertake,—and perform very efficiently,—in investigating all the cases reported to them by foreigners or natives, or cases coming under the notice of the police in their ordinary duty in watching the Settlements. As we have stated before, the police officers act as public prosecutors at this Court. Mr. Penfold, Superintendent, is there frequently, when there is anything of special importance on the charge-sheet; Mr. Stripling, of Hongkew Station; Mr. Fowler, of the Central Station; and Mr. Wilson, of Louza Station, are the Inspectors who daily perform the duty of conducting the cases from their respective districts. The greatest part of the work of the police in investigating any case is to disprove all the lies told by the natives who are implicated. What appears to be a good clue, according to the first statements of parties concerned, may be easily found out; but then the police officer finds he is on the wrong track, because he discovers they have been telling a parcel of lies. The police here have a wonderful power,

which could not be exercised over people at home. If they can't get hold of a man they want, it will help them greatly to take his brother, or his father, or any of his relations into custody; if any of these relations of the "wanted" individual have a jinricssha or a wheelbarrow, or anything that can be got hold of, the police will retain that, and tell the owner he won't get it back till he assists the native detective in finding out where the relative has gone. The details of a case which has just occurred furnish a good example of what an investigation into a Chinese case frequently amounts to:—A few weeks ago, a British sailor reported at the Hongkew Police Station that two jinricssha men had taken him at night to the open country opposite the Old Ningpo Wharf, and that they threw dust in his eyes, knocked him down, and robbed him of ten sovereigns. Inspector Stripling, of Hongkew, being indisposed, the case was taken up by Inspector Wilson, of Louza Station. For a day or two nothing could be found out about the robbery; and doubts as to the truth of the story had from the first been entertained; but it has since all come out, and that in a peculiar way. The first that the police heard of the gold was this: a jinricssha coolie told a friend who told a friend of one of the native detectives, who told that detective, that another jinricssha coolie had been seen changing a gold coin at a cash or exchange shop in the French Concession. The jinricssha coolie reported against was soon arrested, and when questioned about having had gold in his possession, he set off with the first good square lie in the case. He said he took a naval officer, on a certain evening, from the Astor House to the Club, and received from him two coins, which he afterwards found to be gold—a sovereign and a half-sovereign. He declared this to be true; it had to be proved or disproved; after sending on board all the men-of-war in port, and to the Hotel and the Club, it was found out that the story was false. The

coolie was told it was so, and then he coolly said he knew it was. Where did he get the gold? His next explanation was at first sight even more improbable than the naval officer yarn; he said he was sitting in the Canton Road with his jinricssha, he left it a short time, and on returning found a small bag on the seat, and in the bag were two gold pieces. That would not go down at first; but his additional statement had a sting in it; he said he believed the money was placed there to get him into trouble; and that it was placed there by another jinricssha coolie, who had been dogging him about; who was dogging him when he changed the gold at the cash shop; had dogged him to the Police Station when he was arrested; and had been round at the station several times, and was even then just outside of it. This coolie was arrested, and the case took a new turn, for it was discovered that this was the man who reported through his friends to the detective that the gold had been changed. He was a consummate fool for his own sake; there must have been something strange which kept him hovering about that Police Station to see how the fellow he had a spite at was getting on, when he was in danger himself. He was accused of having put the gold in the other fellow's jinricssha, and after many lies, he admitted that he did so out of spite, and to get the other one into trouble. He was next accused of robbing the sailor, which he first denied, and told lies right and left;—and then admitted that he was one of the two coolies who perpetrated the robbery. He was prepared to tell all about it; but he thought he had just better put out his spite on two or three people as long as he had a chance. He said three sovereigns were changed in a shop in the city, and that they were changed by a woman who kept a lodging house at Sinza, and also that two men lodging there were implicated in the robbery. The police found out the cash shop in the city,

and sure enough, three sovereigns had been changed there; then they went for that lodging house at Sinza, and arrested a woman and two men, all of whom protested that they knew nothing of the gold, and they also said the accuser had a spite at them because he was put away from the house two months before. This champion liar had blamed these people only from spite! His next story was that the woman and two men he ought to have informed about lived on the Yang-king-pang, but one of the men was away into the interior, past Soochow, and had three sovereigns with him; and the woman and the other man had just started a day or two before on a wheelbarrow, and were to camp the first night at a small village a little south and west of Shanghai City. He was again mixing lies and truth together; it was found that a woman and two men lived on the Yang-king-pang, at a certain house he named, and they had all cleared out, and two had gone on a wheelbarrow; the other might have gone to Jericho if he liked, for it was found he had not three sovereigns with him. The police could not find the wheelbarrow coolie who took the couple into the country; but they found his brother; a jinricssha belonging to him was seized, and he was told he would have to assist in finding his brother; he did this gladly; the wheelbarrow coolie was found, his barrow was seized, and he was enlisted into the detective staff for the nonce, and sent out in the country in pursuit of his late fare, who was soon discovered and brought back; one sovereign was found on him, and he actually turned out to be the second jinricssha coolie who took part in the robbery. The police even succeeded in finding all the ten sovereigns:—one and a half from the first coolie, who had only spent thirty cash of the change; one and a half which the chief prisoner changed; three which he planked under the doorstep of the house on the Yang-king-pang, but had said the man

who had gone to Soochow had taken; one from the second prisoner; and three which the woman had changed. The case was disposed of at Court some days after the sailor who lost the money had left the port, so that the presence of the complainant is not always necessary at this Court. The two jinricssha coolies were each sentenced to nine months' imprisonment; and the jinricssha proprietor, who let his vehicles on hire to these villains, was also brought under the arm of the law—which stretches wonderfully here—for he was ordered to pay some fifteen dollars odd cents, with which the three sovereigns changed by the woman were redeemed. All the identical gold pieces stolen from the sailor were thus recovered, and were given to the agents of the vessel, who remitted the money to him.

Since the above was written an important trial took place at the Mixed Court, in the suit known as the Swatow Opium Guild Case. The action was brought by Messrs. Duff & David, merchants of Chinkiang, who claimed damages from seven defendants, members of the Swatow Opium Guild, for conspiracy in stopping the foreign trade in opium between Shanghai and Chinkiang. A full bench sat to hear the case:—The Taotai Lui; Mr. A. Davenport, H.B.M.'s Consul; Chên, the Mixed Court Magistrate; and Mr. C. F. R. Allen, H.B.M.'s Vice-Consul, as British Assessor of the Mixed Court. Two foreign lawyers were engaged to plead the cause of the seven defendants, in English, before a Chinese Court! The "scenes" during the trial of that remarkable case, as fully reported by the writer, cannot be all reproduced here; but we will give a few extracts of descriptive paragraphs in the reports, these being written in Court when the case was proceeding:—

"The Court-room was crowded to excess long before 10 o'clock this morning (2nd Sept. 1879), and a large number of Chinese thronged the

court-yards of the yamèn, unable to gain admission to the Court-room itself. In the Court-room, one half of the space was reserved for foreigners, and there were to be seen dozens of Hebrews, Parsees, and Europeans specially interested in the opium trade. Shortly after ten o'clock, His Excellency the Taotai and Chên, entered the Court, from the residence of Chên at the back of the Court-house. They were closely followed by Mr. Davenport and Mr. Allen, and when they reached the bench, the Chinese Mandarins showed the British officials to their seats at the right hand side of the bench; the Taotai took the seat usually occupied by Chên, and Chên took not exactly a "back" seat, but one at the end of the table usually occupied by his Secretary. The Taotai—a typical mandarin in his appearance, with black moustache, and pleasant countenance, but firmness in his looks,—presented a great contrast to Chên, who is much older, more feeble, and has none of the typical mandarin's features. The Taotai "shut one eye and expectorated" as he took his seat; the British Consul looked very august and stern under a tremendous double-helmet; the retainers crowded about on the back of the bench in their usual style; the tea-cups were laid on the table before each member of the Court; Chên laid down his cigar-case and box of matches; the punkah coolies began work at double quick time; and the Court was ready for commencement of proceedings. Mr. Duff, one of the plaintiffs, stood in front of the bench, in the arena; but this space had for the day been glorified by two tables set at one side for lawyers, and a table at the other side for reporters." . . .

At the sitting of the Court on the 10th October, the Taotai having intimated that he had made up his mind that no case was proved against the defendants, the British Consul gave notice of appeal to the Chinese Commissioner on Southern Relations and Her

Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary, and then left the Court. The two foreign lawyers, however, determined to go on with the case,—evidence and speeches *ad lib.*,—although there were only the Taotai and Chên on the bench, and also the Taotai's interpreter, but who did not interpret the speeches as they were delivered. It was said that Chinese translations would be made from newspaper reports, but at any rate when the speeches were delivered, the situation was most absurd. When the lawyers were speaking, the Taotai paid no attention, as will be seen from the following extract:—

"The Taotai then delivered a long address, gesticulating wildly at times, and going through some rather peculiar movements with his hands. He evidently addressed himself to Chên in particular, but he looked all round the Court at times, first at Chên, then at the 'legal lights,' then at the reporters; at times he counted his fingers, and then put one finger to his nose, nodded or bowed to Chên, and continued his declamation till at the close he tied up the papers before him, and was evidently preparing to adjourn, which the reporters fondly hoped would be his move."

And further on:—

"The learned counsel was again interrupted for several minutes, by the whole of the seven defendants coming into the arena with heavy boots on; and the Taotai called them forward one by one and took their names."

At the last sitting of the Court, October 13, the opening was thus described:

"Before the proceedings commenced, the Taotai and Chên being rather late in coming into Court, the defendants—or perhaps it was Chên—sent a coolie into Court with a bundle of cigars, which were handed round to whoever would take them; they were no doubt meant for the legal lights, their witnesses, prompters, and others who are interested on the defendants' side; the reporter for the Chinese organ took

one, but unfortunately there were no 'lights' provided, and Chên's box of Tandstikors was not yet on the bench. The legal 'lights' ignored the liberality thus offered, and spent their time discussing points in the evidence, and looking up quotations from English 'authorities' for use in a purely Chinese Court! Up to this time there were only about twenty people in the Court, whereas when the plaintiffs' case was on, the Court was always crowded with foreigners and Chinese before 10 o'clock. At the left hand side of the arena, the legal 'lights' sat behind a long narrow table, and with them there were Tong Mao-chee (as interpreter and prompter), a Chinese clerk, and the reporter for the Chinese organ; the table was covered with note-books and pencils at one end; in the middle there were three or four English law books, and piles of evidence, printed slips pasted on foolscap, and at the end next the bench there were bundles of foolscap, two or three newspapers, and the red Hong-kong Directory, and a copy of the Treaties with China, surmounted by a tall white hat. On the other side of the arena, two reporters waited patiently for the commencement of the comedy; a foreigner who was eager to make himself a champion witness for the Guild men was sitting there also, and but for want of a light would have been enjoying one of the cigars. Behind the arena in the right there were only three or four coolies, who made their presence known by disagreeable expectorations. At the other side of the arena there were only a few Chinese lounging about, and celestials with hob-nailed boots occasionally walked through the Court to the yamên behind. About eleven o'clock the Taotai, Chên, interpreter, and all their attendants came from the yamên, and took their places on the bench; and the defendants also came in and took seats in the arena. For the first time since the case has been on, the mandarins wore their turned up black hats, for winter use, and the blue collars round their

purple robes were conspicuous. Two or three dozen Chinese now crowded into the Court, but the audience was comparatively small. The Taotai took the chief seat on the bench, with the interpreter on his right, and Chên took a low seat at the end, where on ordinary days his secretary sits. Everything was now ready for the performance of the day's comedy."

The result of the case, as far as this Court was concerned, was a mere farce; the Taotai issued a proclamation saying nothing! had been proved against the defendants, but warning them not to do it again! But the British authorities did not let it prove a farce for the merchants. The action of the British Consul was heartily approved of by all merchants. The British Minister took up the matter, and the result was that the plaintiffs were no longer interfered with in their trade at Chinkiang.

In 1880, and again this year the Mixed Court has been brought before the British public by questions as to its welfare being asked in the House of Commons by certain philanthropic Members, who were under the erroneous impression that it was an institution where the greatest tortures and most barbarous cruelties were inflicted, with the sanction of the British or other Foreign Assessors. These Members of Parliament of course knew nothing about it, except that they had got their ideas from exaggerated reports in home papers; and the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in meeting such questioners, had also to confess that he did not know anything about it, but always said a report from Her Majesty's Minister in China on the subject was expected. The craze which attacked the philanthropic M.P.'s seems to have been in some measure owing to a tabulated report of punishments at the Mixed Court, prepared by a Mr. F. Parry, whose source of information was a Shanghai news-

paper file; his gleanings from the newspaper seem to have constituted all that he knew about the Court, and therefore the reports from which he compiled his table might be misleading to a stranger; sentences as stated in print might appear much more severe than the culprit felt them to be. The effect of Mr. Parry's report on some of the home journalists was at all events most astounding. The *Pall Mall Gazette* had the following remarks on the subject:—

"At Shanghai, where we and some other European nations and the United States have establishments, native criminals are dealt with by what is called a 'Mixed Court.' It is so called, no doubt, because a European or American Consul or other Resident sits with the Chinese judge; but in all other respects it has little pretension to its title, for its course of procedure and its punishments appear to be of Chinese barbarism, unmingled with the faintest trace of European sense or humanity. Thus, a prisoner who refuses to divulge the names of his accomplices is ordered to receive fifty blows on the face; and if these, administered apparently on the spot, fail to overcome his contumacy, another fifty may be ordered. Beating the ankles with hammers, and kneeling on chains with the feet braced, up are other methods of persuasion which are employed by this Mixed Tribunal, graced as it is by the countenance and sanction of an official of some great Christian Power. According to a tabulated report, prepared by Mr. F. Parry, from the *Supreme Court and Consular Gazette*, the punishments consist of terrible floggings or else of the 'cangue,' or heavy table, (?) in which the wearer's neck is enclosed, and which prevents him from lying down or from feeding himself. That such practices should go on from year's end to year's end, with the placid acquiescence of influential European communities, seems hardly credible. It is to be hoped, at all events, that they will not long survive the publicity which Mr. Parry has given them. If the European Assessor is to sit on the judgment-seat simply to give the countenance of civilisation and Christianity to the stupid and horrible barbarities of the Chinese, to concur with a mandarin in administering blows on the mouth or hammering the ankles of prisoners who refuse to confess or to 'peach,' the sooner he is removed from so shameful a post the better for himself and the civilised Power which he represents."

Mr. C. F. R. Allen, who was H.B.M.'s Acting Consul when this report reached Shanghai in August, 1880, thought it proper to take the matter up, and he did so by writing a despatch to Sir Thomas Wade, H.B.M.'s Minister at Peking. A despatch from Sir Thomas to Earl

Granville, Foreign Secretary, with enclosure of Mr. Allen's despatch, have just been published. Mr. Allen says:—

"I need scarcely declare that anything in the shape of torture to extort evidence, or to induce a prisoner to reveal the names of his accomplices, is utterly unknown in the Mixed Court as long as an English Assessor is there. Further than that, in order to avoid even the appearance of evil, when I held the post of Assessor at the Mixed Court I used always to insist that prisoners who had been proved guilty should be sentenced at once, in order that it might be utterly impossible for the magistrate to use any strong measures to extort the names of their accomplices behind my back. When a prisoner is remanded in any case of importance, the invariable rule is that he is left in charge of the foreign police at the Municipal station-houses. Mr. Davenport's instructions were always to obey the dictates of humanity, and to induce the Court to conform, as far as possible, to civilised methods of administering justice. I did my best to obey them and in doing this I followed in the steps of my predecessor, Mr. Gardner. I have transmitted the same instructions to Mr. Carles, the present incumbent of the post, and he loyally follows them out."

As to flogging, Mr. Allen quotes from a report by Mr. Gardner, who was Vice-Consul and Mixed Court Assessor in 1877:—

"Flogging is administered on male adults and youths in the Indian manner on the breech [or rather on the back of the thighs.—C.F.R.A.], and on male children on the hand. It is except in certain rare cases of brutal violence, irredeemable criminals, and youthful offenders, a most unsatisfactory mode of punishment. Its incidence in all countries is unequal, and so much depends on the nervous condition of the patient. Its incidence is still more unequal in China, where bribes to the executioner will cause the blows to fall so lightly as to inflict no pain; and in native Courts, where the executioners have a grudge against the prisoners, or where the prisoner is unable to purchase their good-will, or when the officer trying the case is in a passion, or when popular feelings are excited, the punishment is inflicted so severely as to cause permanent injury for life, and sometimes death. In the Mixed Court, however, owing to the well-exerted efforts of my predecessors, such cruelty is nearly unknown. I cannot deny that the striking so slightly as to give no pain at all still exists. A still greater objection to flogging is that, as administered by the Mixed Court, it is to a certain class of criminals no deterrent at all. It is seldom so severe as a birching at an English public school; no shame whatever attaches in the lower orders to the fact of being flogged, and consequently it is entirely a physical, and not a moral, punishment, and physically it is not much felt, as the Chinese being frugally nourished, their nerves are not highly strung; they bear pain with a remarkable fortitude."

For a very slight advantage a flogging will be deliberately incurred, and borne with indifference; besides, every blow being given on the same place tends to impair the sensibility of the part beaten."

Mr. Allen corroborates the above by saying:—

"I can bear witness to the strict accuracy of all of the above statements. The instrument of correction at the Mixed Court is a light piece of flat bamboo. Notwithstanding the lightness of the punishment of flogging, the British Assessors at the Mixed Court have always made it a practice only to consent to this mode of punishment when the offence has been one of brutal violence."

As to the punishment of the "cangue," or wooden collar, Mr. Allen again quotes, and vouches for the accuracy of, Mr. Gardner's report:—

"As inflicted by the native tribunals, this punishment often amounts to physical torture. The wooden frame-work of the collar often weighs as much as 75 lbs. It is kept on night and day, almost preventing the possibility of sleep, and the convict is exposed to the rays of the sun and pelting rain. Here, again, the humane efforts of my predecessors have been at work, and the punishment, as inflicted by the Mixed Court, is entirely moral; the frame-work only weighs from 4 lbs. to 8 lbs., and the weight rests on the shoulders, and is only borne for six or seven hours during the day; the convict being generally allowed to return at dusk to his home to sleep, and does not leave his home until after his breakfast, between nine and ten a.m. On the collar are strips of paper stating the offence. The convict is never assaulted or insulted by the mob. Sometimes he is placed outside the Mixed Court, and sometimes on the spot where he committed the crime, but always under shelter from the rain and sun. This punishment is adapted in certain cases to the peculiar mental and social condition of the Chinese.

Mr. Allen concludes his despatch by saying he had brought the matter to the notice of H.B.M.'s Minister:—

"Not on account of any personal feeling, but because it is a matter of importance that such an institution as the Mixed Court should be allowed to be carried on without any opposition on the part of our own countrymen. It has been a difficult task enough to introduce such an innovation among the Chinese, and to show them

that reformatory and humane punishments are, in the long run, the most effectual that can be inflicted; but we have gained our reward in the increased good order of the Settlement, and the confidence of the natives in foreign administration of law."

Sir Thomas Wade, in his despatch to Earl Granville, remarks:—

"The Municipal police referred to in Mr. Allen's report are a corps of foreigners very ably handled by a British Superintendent, who, with those under his authority, are supported by the foreign community for the protection of the large cosmopolitan settlement, which is yearly increasing, at the port. The Municipal gaol and station-houses to which the prisoners tried before the Mixed Court are, which the consent of the Chinese authorities, consigned, are excellent buildings, similarly provided by the foreign community. In these I am satisfied the Chinese prisoner is as well treated as any foreigner."

Mr. Allen having prepared a list showing the number of floggings inflicted on Chinese prisoners at the Mixed Court during the last two years, and the offences so punished by flogging, Sir Thomas Wade says he agrees with Mr. Allen in thinking that, for the offences recorded, corporal punishment was undoubtedly the fittest penalty; and he adds:—

"At the risk of being thought hard-hearted, I must state my belief that, so far from being over-severe, these punishments may be objected to as an error on the side of leniency, for the persons punished are, in general, Chinese whose means of subsistence are theft and robbery, and who, but for the intervention of the foreigner at whose instance the Mixed Court was first established, would, if convicted, be subject to far severer punishment in purely native tribunals. . . .

"I should be sorry to be understood to be an admirer of their Draconian severity. But the Mixed Court, as Mr. Clement Allen justly claims for it, is a first step towards better things, and I join heartily with him in deprecating hasty condemnation of the Court. It has done great good during the fifteen years of its existence, and if, as I hope we may, my colleagues and myself succeed in securing the adoption of some changes we have recommended in its behalf, its usefulness will be increased, not only as affecting Shanghai, its proper home, but as supplying a model upon which similar Courts may be formed at other ports."



APOTHEOSIS OF LIU SING KAU, GOD OF PEACE.

THE great ceremony of Dedicating a Temple to the "God of Peace" took place in Shanghai City, on Saturday, the 18th September, 1879. Liu Sing-kau, late Futai of Kiangsu, and District Magistrate of Shanghai in 1860, was by Imperial Decree created "God of Peace," and a temple had to be dedicated to his honour by the mandarins and inhabitants of the city and district, over whom he had exercised his powers as an official, and who benefitted by his devotion to duty and his interest in their welfare. As a magistrate he had dealt justice with a fair hand; even though only a civil officer, he won fame in war, for had he not with courage and daring led a party of militia to Pootung, and gained a victory over the rebels? Throughout the whole course of the Taiping Rebellion his actions showed true perfection of patriotism and love for his people; while yet in the flesh, he was not passed over without reward, for he was promoted to be Futai of Kiangsu Province; and while holding that rank he departed this life a few years ago. But like many other great men, his worth only became fully acknowledged after his death; yet it was not too late, for could not his name be handed down to succeeding generations by the story of his good life and brave deeds? He had secured a niche in the Temple of Fame, (celestial department), for by the easy way the Chinese have of doing things, an Imperial Decree by the Son of Heaven, "him upon whom the dominion of the world has descended," was only necessary for the apotheosis of Liu Sing-kau as "God of Peace;" he had loved peace, although he could also quit him-

self gallantly in war, and as "God of Peace," he must have a temple in the city where he formerly held his high post, and his peace-loving spirit will shed a benign influence over the rulers and inhabitants. One curious thing about the new god is that he has to be content with a second hand temple, for the mandarins chose the Temple near the West City Gate, formerly called the Mow-san Temple; the Mow-san idol was removed some time ago to a less commodious temple in the city; why he had got into disrepute, we don't know; but at any rate the Temple once occupied by Mow-san was to let; it was rapidly becoming dilapidated; and the mandarins resolved, under Imperial sanction, to repair this Temple thoroughly, and dedicate it to the "God of Peace;" and the great ceremony came off on Saturday in presence of all the mandarins of the district.

The chief feature of the day's proceedings was the great procession, which paraded the streets of Shanghai City and also part of the Foreign Settlements. We resolved to see it; there was the choice of entirely different prospects,—we could see it either in the comparatively broad streets of the French Concession, or in the narrow streets of the City; we chose the latter, to which more interest attached, although there was the disadvantage that you could not get an extended view of the line of procession. Accompanied by an interpreter and a guide, we entered the City by the New North Gate, about half past one o'clock in the afternoon, and after following our guide through the labyrinth of narrow streets between that

Gate and the City Temple and Tea Gardens, we turned in various directions till none but our guide had the slightest idea whether we were going north, south, east, or west; but by and by after a very long walk, we found ourselves in a long narrow street, evidently one of the principal ones of the City, judging from the appearance of the shops; the street was literally packed with people; it was on the line of march of the procession (after it had been marshalled at the City Temple, gone out of the City by the Old North Gate, round several streets in the French Concession, and re-entered the City by the big East Gate); and the people in this narrow street were now eagerly waiting its approach. We got refuge from the crowd by standing inside a large drug store, a substantially built house with high brick walls, the frontage unbroken except by a large doorway, and the door was a huge one—the outer part of it being composed of large diamond-shaped bricks cemented together;—the building was evidently fire proof all round. Our guide was apparently acquainted with the shopmen or the master—at any rate we were made welcome to stand inside; until the procession made its appearance, the presence of a foreigner in the shop was sufficient to attract the notice of the natives, and the shop soon became crowded with them. At about half past two o'clock, the procession approached, and the street, formerly packed so much that one could scarcely force his way through the crowd, is now kept clear by all the people standing inside the large open fronts of the shops, and in any place where they can squeeze enough room to stand. Hundreds of voices are shouting, yelling, jabbering, laughing; young and old scamper past in a hurry, in eager search for a place to get out of the way; the noise of horses' hoofs is heard on the rude blocks of pavement, and the merry jingling of bells breaks pleasantly on the ear, the sounds become louder and louder, and the excitement of the spectators

increases in the same ratio; till in a few seconds the leaders of the great procession ride past; they are the Taotai's cavalry, mounted on palfreys gaily decked with ornamented saddles and bridles, and the riders are dressed in grand uniform of embroidered silk. A troop of about twenty pass on, two abreast, and barely room for them in the narrow street; but they ride slowly. They are succeeded by half a dozen men on foot carrying red tablets, with gold characters proclaiming the degrees and titles of the great Liu-Sing-Kau; then there is another troop of small ponies, and in their rear is a crystal-buttoned mandarin, the commander of the Taotai's cavalry. More red tablets are borne slovenly; and these tablets are the Taotai's. Small mandarins with gilt buttons are next in order, they are mounted on ordinary-sized Chinese ponies, and ride in single file, every man holding aloft a long scroll with letters and ornaments in embroidery of rich and varied colours; they all carry swords, but instead of having them drawn, or dangling at the left side, the swords are sheathed, and fixed in the rider's waistband at his back, and in a horizontal position. Then follow a number of mounted flag bearers, but their small flags are fixed in the back of their waist-bands, like the swords of those in advance. A long pause ensues, the processionists lag on their way, and people crowd the street again; and then there is a scampering and yelling, with loud clattering of hoofs, when four mandarins come galloping past at full speed; how they could do it in these narrow streets without accident is astonishing. Another pause, and they come again, but the ponies are held in funereal marching order; two mandarins have each huge rolls, or tubular boxes tied on their backs, they are of crimson with gilt ornaments, and we are told they are for holding signal flags used in battle; then other two small mandarins bear red flags, small square ones, each having a character in

black on the centre. Another break in the procession, and shopmen and coolies block the street for a while, till two executioners ride up at a good pace and clear the way; they are hideously dressed, but their costumes are not more black or satanic in design than those of the next two riders; our interpreter friend called them reporters at first, and we thought of the enterprising members of the staffs of native papers equalling the strategy of a London reporter, who blacked his face and rode on the head of an elephant from the Guildhall to Westminster to enable him properly to describe the progress of a Lord Mayor's Show; but after all they were not reporters—these demon like fellows just past—they were meant to represent messengers to carry tidings of battles; they, and the executioners before them, were merely impersonations, and our friend has just explained that many of the characters in the procession are merely for the purpose of representing such attendants and subordinates as the great God of Peace should be supposed to have in his *yamên*; and the characters are represented by merchants or others of the city who have agreed to take part in the procession. This explanation came in conveniently when there was a long pause, after the messengers galloped past, till a lot of "runners" came up on foot—not running, for "runner" is a misnomer;—several of them have bamboo sticks, used for flagellating prisoners, and they hold them in their hand so that one end drags on the granite blocks, and makes a grating sound, as one might do with a walking stick. What the meaning of this was it is hard to say. Then follow two symbolical worthies on horseback, and carrying long sticks with silk attached, but not in the shape of a flag or banner, and we only got a glimpse of them—these were messengers between the Emperor and the God of Peace. Music is soon heard in the distance—not far off, for the music was not strong—

and we are told this is the Taotai's band which approaches; and also informed that they have been under a French instructor. They pass by playing a Chinese tune without beginning or ending—and the strength of the band is four small side drums, two bugles, and four trumpets. They are followed by the Taotai's Guard or "picked troops"—the same fellows as we saw when General Grant arrived at Kin-lee-yuen. About twenty or more of them trudge along slowly, each one carrying a long lance, or spiked pole, with small three-cornered flag; then the martial tread of the men under arms is heard, evidently with heavy boots on, from the noise they make; they are marching two abreast; rifles, with sword bayonets fixed, are carried at the slope. The picked troops wear loose blue jackets, and wide trousers; broad red stripes and facings; straw hats, with blue silk lining on the upturned rim, and a broad black band round the hat. The first ten or twelve file past in good order, marching well; but others are gaping round, first at one shop, then at another; and when they see a foreigner alone in the crowd, that's too much for them; the picked troops stop and stare at us, with a big broad smile, some making a "left turn" till they have nearly brought the points of their sword bayonets in the faces of people at the other side of the street; then the fellows in the rear give them a shove on, but curiosity being once directed towards us, the whole troop as they pass must look round at the door of the drug store. The rear of the guard was brought up by their commander, a crystal-buttoned mandarin mounted on a pony. We had now seen the most improved specimens of Chinese soldiery with foreign weapons; and immediately after them came a lot of men bearing all sorts of curious and ancient weapons,—some resembled "catch poles," there were halberts, and spears, and a curious one we noticed particularly was in the shape of a human hand, made in brass,—the clenched

fist, larger than life size, was on the end of a long pole, and a large pen was grasped in the fist, the pen being thus at right angles to the pole. Then comes a great silk umbrella, embroidered in most beautiful design, but the momentary glimpse we obtained of it was not enough to enable us to describe it; it was followed at a short distance by a smaller red umbrella, ornamented but not profusely; and there is a third one in the wake—an old shabby thing in drab-coloured cotton, a very great contrast from the richly embroidered article. A crystal-buttoned mandarin rides slowly past on his pony, with tinkling bells on the harness, and he sits majestically on his huge and clumsy saddle; he goes at a slow pace, and does not care to risk his own life or endanger the lives of others by galloping in the narrow street, as some have been doing. Another lot of runners on foot, and then an umbrella bearer, his huge parachute being of pink silk; and then by the cries of the people we understand something good is coming. There is a forerunner shouting, and then chair coolies are seen; eight of them are carrying a magnificent altar, in the shape of a sedan chair, for burning incense; it is of beautiful design, the wood work of ebony, or imitation of it, and profusely gilded; the carving work is most elaborate, and altogether the altar is a most exquisite piece of workmanship. Sandalwood and incense are being burned on it. Then there are some allegorical representations—the first a little boy on a palfrey, both richly decked with ornaments and embroidery, and then a man on horseback representing some ancient character. A curious squad of men come next,—each one holds out his right arm, bare up to the elbow, and in his skin are fixed about a dozen brass hooks, from which is suspended by four cords a heavy censer, the whole weight being about thirty pounds; the men put on wry faces—but they pretend that there is a supernatural

interference with the laws of gravity, that some god or spirit bears up weight of the censer, and that the hooks don't hurt them. Another break in the procession; and then a number of men pass by, almost obscured under big straw hats; they are incense burners who carry variously shaped censers in their hands, and we are told they have to kneel and worship at any temple or idol they pass on the route. Their chin-chinning has probably been the cause of the gaps in the procession; for as soon as they pass, the street is for a few minutes occupied by coolies carrying vegetables and samshu!—they were of course not in the programme. Incense burners come again—they had been tarrying in their worship at some place—and then executioners, runners with bamboo sticks, and a red umbrella bearer hurry past on foot. Another crystal-buttoned mandarin appears, and after him come two men on horseback, carrying richly decorated flags and banners—these flags have been presented by the people of Shanghai to the God of Peace, and proclaim him to be a God. Then there is a magnificent umbrella; the ground-work of crimson cloth, richly embroidered and fringed; and round the flounces are hundreds of Chinese characters, all embroidered in blue silk,—these are the names of people who have subscribed to present this umbrella to the great God of Peace. A juvenile band follows the gorgeous umbrella—the band comprising only four urchins, two playing flutes, one striking a hollow piece of bamboo, and the fourth has a triangle, or something of the same kind. Then a lot of shabbily dressed runners hurry past, shouting and yelling, for there is something great behind them—it is a dragon chariot, in which sandalwood is burned; and it is carried by eight coolies, like a sedan chair. The sound of a great gong is heard, and the processionists come up quickly, and close together; the gong beater with powerful arm beats that huge gong

like thunder; the gong is so large that the man carrying it can barely hold it from touching the ground; it is indeed a gong fit for a god. The next in order are runners carrying tablets, followed by mandarins on horseback, in elegant robes; and then four sedan chairs are carried past, each chair occupied by mandarins' secretaries or seal bearers. Another juvenile drum and flute band, runners, a sedan chair, coolies, bamboo-beaters, umbrella bearers, and small boys, pass in close succession; and then there are men burning joss sticks, two boys with flutes, and more joss stick burners. Now we have a swellish string band—a private one belonging to some of the big mandarins—there are nearly a dozen men with stringed instruments and flutes, but as they pass now in a crowd without any order, there is only one old man feebly tooting on his flute. More runners and others hurry up, and following them is another swell string band playing vigourously at some Chinese air. The next thing is one in which the processionists have more interest; it is a board well covered with sweet meats—not meant for the gods, but for the processionists themselves; and the last of all the long and glorious procession is a huge sedan chair, decorated with carvings and covered with gilt, every part of it elaborated in the highest degree which Chinese art and skill can attain—this is the chair of the God of Peace, and inside it is his tablet with his name and degrees,—the tablet which is to be placed in his Temple. The chair is borne by eight coolies, and in their wake the crowd of citizens surge to and fro, and thousands keep up a jolting march after the glorious cavalcade.

After the great procession had passed through the street where for upwards of an hour we had witnessed its progress, our guide took the lead to show us the way to the new Temple of the God of Peace, and we were assured that we could be there long before the procession reached it, for the great cavalcade

of mounted mandarins, troops, runners, umbrella bearers, chair coolies, and brass and string bands, had to march through many of the streets before they would complete their perambulation and arrive at the Temple. In the streets we passed through first, we were in the wake of the procession; business was being resumed by the shopmen,—they were hanging up their sign-board tablets, which had been taken down to give free passage to the big umbrellas; workmen were busy—blacksmiths, coppersmiths, comb-makers, ivory-carvers, lamp-makers, embroiderers, shoe-makers, and coffin-makers,—all were busy at their work in the open frontages of the shops; the crowd in the streets soon became mixed so that they no longer were following in one mass after the procession, but were going to and fro in business or pleasure, each pursuing the even tenor of his way, calm, undisturbed, and inoffensive; and the generality of the men on the streets much better dressed, and more respectable like, than those in the crowds in Chinese streets in the Foreign Settlements. We followed our guide through many a narrow street, turning first by the one hand and then by the other, over bridges spanning creeks of dirty stagnant water, through streets with splendid shops, or others with wretched hovels; and on and on we went, asking impatiently where that God of Peace had fixed his abode, till at length we began to get out into the more open part of the City to the west side, and we knew we would soon be in the open grounds there. In most of these streets we had passed, there was no sign that anything unusual was taking place in the city; but occasionally we could see down the vista of a narrow street, and at the bottom of it, a mandarin on horseback rode past, or the great umbrellas might appear to be blocking the way, or the big gong be heard like the sound of stage thunder; we were having a distant view of the procession going in a direction away from the Temple,

while we were approaching at the rate of three miles an hour. We walked on a narrow path by the side of a creek, and on the other side, in garden ground, there were long rows of seats occupied by women waiting patiently for the show. The Temple was now in sight on our right hand, but we had to take a circuitous route till we crossed the creek on a small stone bridge, and then a zig-zag path-way through open fields or gardens brought us up to the building which was formerly the Mow-san Temple, but is now the Temple of the God of Peace. The Temple is one of the most prominent buildings in the City, as seen from the wall on the west side. Its exterior formerly was of a dirty, dingy, orange colour, but it is now white-washed; the up-turned corners of gables, the roof, and all its external parts look well, and from a casual observance appear to have been made as good as new. When we get close to it, we see crowds of celestials all round it,—runners have laid down tablets against the walls, and chair coolies and runners are crowding in hundreds. The great mandarins of the district did not join in the procession, but are now sitting inside the Temple buildings, and the crowd of celestials here is largely composed of their retainers who have attended them in their private processions to the Temple.

The Temple is of the ordinary design of a yamen; at the frontage is the lofty porch, with great open doorways; passing through it, we come to the main court-yard; in front of us is the Temple, and on either side are long porches; the Temple is open in front, the stone or brick flooring raised by several steps above the level of the courtyard; on either side of the Temple are two large rooms, the walls quite bare in the interior, and the rooms evidently not yet quite finished. In these rooms, on benches round the side of the walls, are dozens of mandarins in the official robes of richly embroidered silk, strings of corals and beads and precious

stones; light mushroom straw hats, and peacock feathers, with buttons of various degrees. The chief mandarin present is Lui, the Taotai of the District of Shanghai; and we also identify the Che-hien or District Magistrate, Moh; and also our old friend Chên of the tribunal in the Maloo; it was needless to hunt up a list of them all, suffice it to say that all the high mandarins holding civil and military posts in the district, and many "expectants" who have no posts, were there in full glory. In the main court-yard, there were dozens of sedan chairs belonging to these officials—the Taotai's in green cloth, the others in dark blue. All round the porches of the court-yard, there were ornamental lamps hanging from the eaves—the lamps octagonal or septagonal in shape, composed of glass, and ornamented with fringes of coloured beads. The paved flooring, the walls, pillars, roof, and everything appeared to be repaired equal to new,—if indeed the most of the work was not new altogether;—never having been in the place before we cannot say what like it was when Mow-san's idol was there; but it certainly appeared that no expense had been spared to make it a fit abode for the new comer. Before we ascend the steps leading to the Temple, we notice on either side a small wall, built with brick, but spotless in its covering of white wash; the wall rises about eight feet, the lower half is solid, the upper is in trellis work, and in the openings are beautiful figures moulded in blue clay,—some of these figures—of men, animals, and groups—are really beautiful and interesting works of art.

In the Temple itself, we find in the foreground a huge stand, nearly five feet in height, and on it are placed at the extreme edges two massive candlesticks,—the candles burning are of red wax, about eighteen inches in length, and an inch and a half in diameter; then on each side further in on the table are two small candlesticks, with red wax candles

of the ordinary tallow-candle size; while in the centre of the stand is a large square box in bronze, filled with earth, and two long pieces of joss-stick are burning in upright position. From the roof, many small-sized octagonal glass lamps, and four very large square ones, are suspended; the pillars which support the roof are ornamented, and long tablets with large gold letters are hanging in front of them; on the walls are numerous tablets, and on the roof also,—all round there are gilt letters showing forth the praises and telling of the great Liu Sing-kau. On the wall in front of us, there is a frame work in varnished wood, richly carved; it forms a niche, and the interior is hung with scarlet curtains, with a green curtain stretched along the top. This is the niche in which the tablet of the God of Peace is to rest. Between the incense stand in front and the altar, there is a table covered with dishes of cakes, chest-nuts, dates, nuts, and sweetmeats; on the right hand side of this table, a clean-dressed sheep is stretched on a four-legged stand, and on the other side of the table there is a clean-dressed pig on another stand, and both carcasses are laid in angular positions, with their heads pointing to the seat of the god;—the fruit and sweets, and more substantial food of mutton and pork is for the God of Peace, but he doesn't touch it, and the keeper of the Temple takes these good things as his perquisites after they have lain before the god for three days.

The procession arrived at the Temple shortly before five o'clock; the great mass of processionists could not get near the entrance of the

Temple for the crowd, and they had to deploy into garden ground all round about. The great mandarins came out and formed in two lines from the entrance of the outer porch to the steps of the Temple proper, and when the great chair of the God of Peace, the last article in the procession, had been brought up through all the crowd outside, the chair and tablet of the great god were carried in between the lines of the mandarins, the Taotai, the Che-hien, and all the others in their turn, according to their rank, bowing to the tablet, and making obeisance to their new god. The tablet was then placed in the niche prepared for it as described. Fireworks and crackers were burnt, the bands played, and the chin-chinning was carried on all evening. The wax candles in the temple and porches were all lighted, the mandarins feasted, and the swellish private string bands and the old tin-potty brass bands played time about till a late hour in the evening. The dedication of the Temple to the God of Peace was thus accomplished. We could not afford to wait all afternoon at the Temple to see the whole ceremony carried out, and therefore the latter particulars are from a Chinese informant. As we left the Temple of the God of Peace, and made for the West Gate of the City, we passed on our right hand an old and dilapidated building, which we are informed is the Temple of Kwan-ti, the God of War; it certainly presented a very shabby and ruinous appearance on the outside; and as far as a good looking Temple goes, the God of War can't hold a candle to the God of Peace in Shanghai City.



THE MANILA COCK-PIT, IN BAMBOO TOWN.

In our cosmopolitan community there are so many nationalities, and so many different customs are in vogue, that we might expect to see anything here. The Municipal bye-laws are assimilated to the police regulations in England; but in a community comprising nearly all the races on the face of the earth, the Police Act of England, or similar statutes of other countries, can only be imitated in part. Chinese must be allowed to follow their own customs, so far as these do not interfere with the welfare of foreigners, but the western invention of licenses is enforced as a restraint upon some of their institutions, such as public opium smoking saloons; and their gambling houses are strictly prohibited, the same as lower-class gambling is hunted down at home, while in big clubs it is winked at. But other nationals who have settled here, bring with them their national pastimes, and under license from their Consul, and apparently beyond interference on the part of the Municipality, practice games which would not be tolerated under the Police Act of England. The particular case we have under notice is the Game of Cock Fighting, carried on by Spaniards from Manila. Cock-fighting is the chief sport or pastime of Manila-men, and they carry it on in full swing every Sunday afternoon, in the Cock-pit in "Bamboo Town," north-western part of the American Settlement; and besides Manila-Spaniards, there are numbers of Portuguese, Chinese, and other nationals among the spectators. A short time ago we visited the Cock-pit, just to see what like a place it was. Bamboo Town is

a quarter thickly covered with small houses, wretched hovels they are, chiefly constructed of bamboo, and this fact accounts for the name. The Cock-pit can, we believe, be approached from Tien-dong Road, (the road to heaven!) through a long course of small and dirty streets; a less complicated route is by Chapoo Road until the west side of Bamboo Town is reached, then by a narrow path down between two rows of small houses; the next turn is into a narrow alley, where there is only room for walking Indian file; this brings us to the back of one of the rows of houses, where there is a creek of stagnant water covered with green weeds; the creek is crossed by the most rickety erection in the way of bridges that could be found hereabout; the pillars are only bamboo poles, and four or five planks lie over them without any superfluous fixings; first a single plank, then two alongside, and another two,—these constitute the bridge, and it is not fit to bear two persons at once. On the other side of the creek, on a long and narrow strip of ground, the Manila-men have their cock-fighting ground. The "pit," as it is called, is a bamboo erection,—a sort of "mat-shed." The roof is supported by bamboo poles; the west side only is enclosed with a high fence and screen to keep out the strong rays of the afternoon sun; all the other sides are open. The arena is enclosed by a low fence, between it and the high fence on the west side there is a small enclosure, presumably meant for a grand stand, or private boxes; the spectators crowd all round,

leaning over the fence of the arena ; but at the east side there is a platform or stage erected on bamboo poles ; the stage five feet above ground, and reached by a ladder,—spectators are standing on this slim erection, and others crouch below it too. There is other and extensive accommodation for the sports ; an open square is surrounded by seats constructed by bamboo poles fixed horizontally on short piles, and beyond this there is another space under a roofing of bamboo and mats. These spaces are where the cocks are kept, tethered to small stakes in the ground, and the men sit all round on the seats, in the interval after one fight till another match is got up. That day we were there, the sport was said to be dull ; there were only about eighteen fighting birds on the ground, and few of them could match ; the birds were moulting, and hence the small turn out. We were told some days there might be nearly a hundred cocks brought to the pit, and numerous combats taking place. The owners sit on the benches, talking loudly to each other, making challenges or bets ; the talking goes on in Spanish chiefly, but also a great deal of pidgin English is used. The Manila-men are dressed in holiday suits, bright coloured, and checks of the “loudest” pattern ; a conspicuous sportsman amongst them is of altogether different garb,—he is a Parsee, dressed in a long robe of dark grey checked tweeds, and with his curiously-shaped *topee* stuck on the back of his head ; away in a corner is a quiet and apparently disinterested person, a Marwaree, in long white robe, and white turban ; beside him an old man with white beard, wearing a Turkish fez minus the tassel, but his blue cotton pants and jacket show he is only an old sailor, and he is more like an Irishman than a Turk ; and there are several “packet-rats” and “beach-combers” of the English mercantile marine, who have been discharged at this port and have lounged about here for many weeks.

During the short time we were there, three matches were got up ; but only one came to anything. A challenge being given, the owners of the birds set them down beside each other in the open square, to see if they show a disposition to fight ; and then each owner takes up his bird and holds it out to the other ; if the birds ruffle up the feathers of their neck and show game for fighting, the match is agreed on, and the owners and others helping them proceed to put on the horrible artificial spurs ; for the fighting is not done in a natural way, but with a long steel blade fastened on the right leg of the cock. These spurs vary in length according to the size of the birds, the measure being from the foot to the joint of the leg. The average spur is two inches in length, it is just like the blade of a small knife, bill-shaped at the point, and as sharp as a lance. Some owners have a quiver of such spurs ; they take the leather case from their pocket, select a spur, and then proceed to fix it on the leg of the bird. The blade is furnished with a double haft, which is placed against the leg, and passes on either side of the natural spur ; then great lengths of strong thread are wound round the leg till the blade is firmly secured, and the bird when placed on the ground cannot use the right foot on account of its being so much tied up ; the blade meanwhile is covered with a leather sheath. When both combatants are ready, they are taken into the arena ; the fence round it is lined with people on the outside, and about a dozen Manila-men are inside getting up bets on the contest. In one match we saw, the birds ran away from each other at the first trial inside the arena ; in another, one caved in after the first round ; the third fight lasted about ten minutes, which was a most unusual circumstance, as it is said the fights generally result in a kill or a capitulation in the first minute or two. But in this case there was a horrible fight. The backers had been calling

for dollars for about five minutes, while the owners were in the middle of the arena with birds in hand; the stakes were about twelve dollars, besides outside betting; the final trial was made, the birds were presented to each other, and each pecked the neck of his opponent,—if they had not done that, it was still time for one owner to withdraw and save his stakes; but the birds are game fellows, and their owners and the backers shout with glee at the prospect of seeing a good fight, and at their chance of earning or losing a few dollars. The arena is cleared of all but two or three men; the stakeholder has thrown down the Mexicans on the ground, and with one coin describes a rude circle round each pile of dollars. The sheaths are removed from the spurs of steel; each owner kisses his bird, and then puts it down on the ground; and there is great shouting and excitement amongst the spectators, when the poor birds begin their terrible fight for life or death. One is a grey, the other brown; and both are young Tientsin fowls. They duck down their heads, with their feathers standing on end round their necks like Elizabethan ruffs; then one leaps over the other, and attempts to strike his opponent; they turn again and spring at each other; they jump about, till they have been nearly all over the arena; and their feathers are flying through the air; then the grey one gets hold of the brown fowl by the neck and drags his head to the ground, but fails to get above him; the brown one rises and seizes the grey; now they have got hold of each other, the bill of one at the back of the neck of the other, and they keep firm hold

for a while, dancing round and round, trying to gain the mastery. The grey one throws off the brown, and makes him back up against a fence; the grey then springs at the brown two or three times; and the breast of the latter is bare of feathers, covered with blood, and deeply cut. The two birds are getting pretty tired; they come out to the centre of the arena and take things quietly for a time; the grey has stuck his head under the wing of the brown one; the brown one pecks gently at the back of the grey, and thus they go on for half a minute; then the grey withdraws his head, flies at his opponent, and his opponent flies next; another halt put in by the strange procedure of the grey, with his head under the brown one's wing; and finally, after nearly ten minutes' hard fighting has been engaged in, the grey makes a wild spring at the brown, and in flying over him sends the long steel spur into his neck; the brown one runs away; his owner picks him up and sets him down in front of the grey again, but the brown again runs off;—the grey is proclaimed victor, and his owner and backers earn a few dollars over him. The brown cock was dreadfully cut, and seemed to be good for nothing but curry; the grey victor did not appear to have any serious wound at all. Such is a true description of the shocking cruelty practised in the game of cock-fighting, as regularly carried on by these Manila-Spaniards, and under the name of "sport!" The sight was so sickening that some European visitors turned away in disgust.



THE BIRTHDAY OF THE MOON; IN SHANGHAI CITY BY NIGHT.

ON the Fifteenth Day of the Eighth Moon,* which is celebrated by the Chinese as the Birthday of the Moon, we availed ourselves of the opportunity of visiting Shanghai City at night, as that night is a great one with the Chinese in worshipping their gods and the burning of incense in the streets and public places of the City; and on that night the City Gates are open until midnight, whereas on all other days of the year—excepting the eve of the New Year—the gates are closed at ten o'clock in the evening. The Chinese call that particular day the Birthday of the Moon, because according to their legends, the Emperor Ming-Tai-Tso, the first Emperor of the Ming Dynasty,—when out with his army and being sore pressed for want of supplies to sustain his men,—sent out foraging parties, on the Fifteenth Day of the Eighth Moon; but the darkness was at first so great that they could not see where to obtain anything in the fields, until the Moon suddenly shone with great brilliance, and the soldiers were aided by her light to go to fields and gather in crops for food to the army. How they had not looked after this in daylight, does not appear from the legend; that difficulty is ignored for the sake of the story. The Emperor was so much pleased by the wonderful appearance of the Moon at what the legend makes-believe was an opportune moment, that he ordered the day to be ever afterwards celebrated as the Birthday of the Moon. Another peculiar cus-

tom still in vogue has its origin in the story of this Emperor's foraging party, namely that it is still the custom in China that any one can go to the fields or to the houses of the farmers on this particular night, and take whatever they please, in the way of grain, vegetables, or food of any kind, without let or hindrance. The foragers of Ming-Tai-Tso's army, on that eventful night discovered a peculiar root, which on trial, after cooking, was discovered to be good for food, and a root to be desired to make one enjoy mutton chops; that root was the potato. Ould Ireland cannot claim the potato in the face of this legend; but whether the celestial foragers also found trace of the ancestors of the American potato bug, the legend sayeth not. Another interesting legend is that on the Fifteenth Day of the Eighth Moon, the Emperor Tong-Ming-Wang, of the Tong Dynasty, visited the Moon, in company with his secretary, wives, servants, and retainers, and in that luminary they saw a party of young girls, of tender years, who were playing musical instruments and acting tableaux and ancient plays; and to this legend the origin of Chinese theatres is attributed.

These stories are related by a Chinese friend while we walk through the Foreign Settlements to the Old North Gate of the City, and then we enter upon an exploring expedition such as few foreigners would care to undertake, but which was not devoid of interest to a foreigner, and its narration may be of interest to others. Shanghai City is shunned by the foreigners

* 15th Day, Eighth Moon, 5th year of Kwang Su; 30th September, 1879, A.D.

who have settled here ; most of them have perhaps visited it once out of curiosity to see if it is actually as bad as it is called ; and they find there is nothing attractive in it, but many things repulsive,—its narrow streets, and dirty stagnant pools and creeks ;—one visit is enough for most people, and that too in the day time. Well, if there is nothing particularly worth seeing in the day time, what could possess one to go there at night ? Curiosity. Without expectation of seeing anything to repay for the trouble and time spent in the nocturnal perambulation of the City, we crossed the bridge over the moat, and followed our guide down the short winding path, bordered on each side by piles of water-kongs, Soochow bath-tubs, and other huge specimens of native pottery of the coarser descriptions ; the path which is a busy scene in day time, with a crowd of people going to and fro, is now almost deserted ; there are only a few stragglers between the bridge and the gate ; the “ old clo’ ” men, and the curiosity stall keepers, who are to be seen during the day with collections of rubbish by the way-side, are all gone to their hovels in the City. We pass through the first archway, the outer gate, and then are within the circular tower, with the sky for a roof, which is seen at all the City Gates. In front of us is the watchmen’s house,—and the guard, by the way, are soldiers of much the same class as the the Taotai’s “ picked troops.” One of them is standing in the open front of the house ; but not standing as a sentinel or watchman ought to stand ; his favourite position most probably is lying down, with a hubble-bubble tobacco pipe to console himself and wile away the time ; but now this watchman is standing, yet does not look very much like being on duty, even although it is the Birthday of the Moon, and a great celebration night. He is standing, stretching out his arms, and yawning, as if he had just got up from a sleep and thought of shutting up shop at the usual time

—ten o’clock ; but this is an extraordinary occasion, and he has still two hours before him to watch the stragglers passing in and out of the gate. The watchman is duly honouring the great occasion of the Birthday of the Moon, for in the front of his house there stands a small table, and on it are two large candlesticks, burning huge red-wax candles, and between them there is a pot with a small pile of sandalwood, smouldering away. The Buddhist sandal-wood is the incense of China, and its perfume is about as disagreeable as the smoke from an opium pipe. We were to have plenty of sandal-wood smoke that night, and other disagreeable perfumes from dirty streets, and therefore we took the precaution to keep up a continual incense burning of our own, the joss-sticks being Manila Cigars. After passing through the second archway, or inner gate, we proceeded along a narrow, dirty street, running parallel with the wall, and in a direction towards the New North Gate. In this street, the houses were all wretched hovels—the most of them only dwellings, the others small workshops, cookshops, and teashops. In almost every one the frontage was still open, and feeble attempts at illumination were seen on every hand ; the shopkeeper who managed to light six wax candles, took the shine out of his neighbours ; but all have sandal-wood burning, though only a stick or two. At one small shop there is an unusual display—bundles of sandal-wood, ornaments in paper work in flags and figures of various kinds, piles of sweet meats of all colours ;—these are for sale, and while the dealer gives a pretty good display, comparatively, in the piles of incense and wax candles he is burning at his own expense, it is more of an advertisement than anything else, to attract citizens to his shop and obtain, ere it is too late, the requisites for worshipping the Moon on this auspicious night. At another shop a little further on, there is even a much greater flare up than the

vendor of joss pidgin requisites could afford to make at his own cost. It is at a small public teahouse where a lot of natives are sitting round the small tables, drinking tea, and smoking tobacco, and listening to the barbarous music of a band—hired at enormous expense for the occasion, and who succeed in making a most infernal din. In front of this shop are two stands bearing small tubs, and from them piles of sandalwood have been raised up two or three feet high; one of the piles has been burned down, and is now only a bright heap of smouldering ashes, and the other pile has just been fired at the top, and will burn for several hours. There were only a few stragglers in the narrow street, which was feebly lighted by the candles; and the Moon was half obscured in a mackerel sky, so that the street was rather dark; the wretched hovels were bad enough under moonlight, but their wretchedness was also half obscured.

After a pretty long walk from the Old North Gate, we came to the street which leads from the New North Gate, where there is an open piece of ground, in which three or four new fire wells have just been dug and built up with brick. We then followed our guide through some of the principal business streets of the City, where the best of the shops are situated. All business had been suspended for two or three hours, but many of the shop frontages were still open, where all kinds of lamps were burning brightly, and sandal-wood sending its curling smoke and nauseous perfume upwards to the gods whom the Chinese worship. At the corner of one street, we observed a niche in a wall, where there were various ornamentations; several candles were burning, and a pot of the all-pervading incense; small plates of sweetmeats and fruit were also lying in the niche, in front of a picture which represented the God of Happiness; the offering was being made to

this deity, and the sandal-wood which was being burnt bore in Chinese characters a dedication to him. We passed on by public streets, through dirty squares, and over creeks, till we came near the City Temple. Our attention was to be first directed to the Temple of Confucius, but we found it shut up, and no illumination there; the only thing near it was a hungry cur running about with his nose to the ground in search of supper; all round by the stagnant pool which surrounds the Tea Gardens, there was scarcely anyone to be seen; and when we passed into the City Temple, from a side or back entrance, we were disappointed there too, for there wasn't even a tallow candle nor a joss stick burning about it; a few urchins were enjoying the unusual privilege of being allowed out so late, by playing in the main court-yard of the Temple; but otherwise there was no one about. There used to be two or three hundred dollars subscribed and spent on celebrations at the City Temple in honour of the Birthday of the Moon, but a subsequent enquiry brought an explanation which is very satisfactory, and shows that the money was being applied with a far wiser discretion than hitherto, for we learned from our guide that the usual fund subscribed by the citizens for illuminations at the City Temple had been devoted by the City Magistrate for the construction of the fire-wells we had just seen at the New North Gate, and for the increase of the number of water kongs throughout the City, for we had noticed too that many new kongs had been laid down at various places. That such precautions are commendable, and likely to prove of good service, needs no argument for support; there have been several fires in the City this year, and it is a matter of surprise that they did not make greater havoc than they did. Shortly after leaving the City Temple, we came to the site of one of the recent fires, where about one hundred houses had been destroyed; it must have been a very big fire, and quite beyond the

powers of the citizens to cope with it, and it is a wonder the whole City did not go to ruins.

In our further perambulations, we witnessed two or three special displays, but only on a very insignificant scale; at one place the God of Wealth was being glorified by an array of red wax candles and a large pile of sandal-wood; and by the side of a bridge over a creek, close to the Roman Catholic Mission Chapel, there was another stand surmounted by a fiery pile of sandal-wood. The latter, we learned, was in honour of Mow-san, whose idol at one time occupied the Temple near the West Gate, but from which it was recently removed to less commodious premises by the side of this creek, to make room for the God of Peace. In all the streets there were unpretentious displays by the shopkeepers; people were walking listlessly hither and thither; and youngsters were still playing on the streets. We only observed one juvenile group who had got illuminations of their own, and their design was a curious one; a little celestial of seven or eight years of age had an illuminated representation of some animal,—our guide stretched his imagination and said it was a rabbit, but it might as well have been called a turtle;—the framework was of bamboo, covered with coloured paper, a candle burned inside, and the whole was mounted on wheels, and as one youngster dragged his

“show” along the almost deserted street, the silence was broken only by the gleeful shouts of his companions. At the District Magistrate’s yamên, to which we ultimately found our way, there was a considerable amount of incense burning. At the outside of the yamên are the houses of the Magistrate’s “runners,” and the dingy cells in which prisoners, convicted of paltry offences, are confined. All round about there were primitive illuminations in the never-failing red wax; three or four huge piles of sandal-wood were burning in front of the house of the “head runner,” and our guide and friend read on the unburnt sticks of sandal-wood a dedication, to the god who presides over the prisoners, by the District Magistrate, Moh. After walking through some of the open courts of the yamên, where petty mandarins have their residences, we turned to make our way out of the City, and by traversing many a narrow street, by many curious turnings, we at length found ourselves at the New North Gate, and were glad to get out again to the wider streets of the French Concession, and on to the Bund, where there was no perfume of sandalwood; we thought the journey had not been quite worth the time spent on it, and that the Birthday of the Moon in Shanghai City was a very poor affair after all.



A MORNING AT THE GRAND STAND; AND A SALE OF GRIFFINS.

THIS morning was a lively one on the Race Course and at the Grand Stand; besides the usual interesting events in training for the races, a mob of Manchurian ponies were to be sold by auction at the close of the morning's exercises. At earliest dawn, dozens of ponies were being saddled for trials, and were led round about in the stable-yards by mafoos; enthusiastic jockeys were ready to mount new purchases in untrained griffins, or racers that have already made their names famous. The course lay encircled by a thin girdle of mist, which on the further side was just heavy enough to obscure that part of the track from the view of those at the Grand Stand or the rails in front of it; and a grey dimness was all over the City and Foreign Settlements to the east, and the Bubbling Well Road and the open country to the north and south. The grass course was stretched out like a carpet—the glistening dew, yet undisturbed, made it of a lighter green than afterwards appeared on the tracks where the ponies scampered and dashed off the dew. The sun rose quickly, his bright crown of dazzling rays shooting up behind the mist, while his “broad circumference” in dark crimson was seen through it awhile, till he dispelled the mist and shone in full refulgence. The powing went on with vigour and enthusiasm in the jockeys; eagerness in the mafoos, not unmingled with pride in those honoured by a place in a field of three or four powing together on the grass course; the owners and other spectators were much interested in the performances; and, for aught

we know to the contrary, the ponies enjoyed it immensely. There was some very good racing done in the home straight; what was accomplished on the other side of the course, we could not see sufficiently well to distinguish the rider, nor pony, nor distance post; we could but see the dim figure of the rider, and the outline of a pony with flying tail; they hobble on and on, the distance making the pace seem slow, till they come round the turn and enter the straight, the noise of their hoofs is soon heard, the pony snorting, the rider awhooping, and the “long persuader” is playing whack on the pony's side. They pass in front of the rails like streaked lightning; and may go round again, or they may pull up and make tracks for the stable,—the pony having done his morning's work, and the rider soon reappears on another. The sports standing at the rails, with stop-watches in hand, are intent in watching all the pows; and they quiz and chaff the riders as they come off the the course, or the appearance of the mokes is remarked upon, or jokes passed by the more loquacious of the sporting celebrities.

The powing goes on all the morning up to about seven o'clock—by which time the sun's rays are more direct, by his elevation above the horizon; it is then too hot for racing, and the light is too dazzling for the spectators to watch the course. The griffins from Manchuria have been on view all the morning in the three-cornered paddock at the side of the road; there are ten of them, being led in pairs round and round the small enclosure;

they are looked at by probable purchasers, or the curious, and their appearance is criticised. The auctioneer is Mr. H. Meller; the owner is a celestial from the north. Tls. 1000 were twice offered for the ten; and twice refused. When the racing is about finished, and something like a hundred sportsmen on the grounds in the vicinity of the Stand, a Chinaman rings a tin-pot bell out on the road, and the voice of the auctioneer is heard: "This way, gentlemen, to the sale of griffins; this way, gentlemen." His invitation is accepted; the crowd of sportsmen leave the Grand Stand and its enclosures, and the Stables; the sale is to take place on the public road, just at the side of the Stables; the road is not very hard at one side, and is good enough for a trotting path; the small trees shade off the rays of the sun, and the spectators form in two lines, one line close under the trees at the side of the road, the other in the middle; and Lot Number One is now led up by a mafoo and trotted on the soft track. Forty tael was the reserve price for this fawn coloured griffin; but he did not seem to be much cared for, and he was taken in at the reserve. Number Two was then trotted up; a mafoo gives him a lash across the hind-legs as he enters between the lines of the sportsmen, and sets him off as if he was to go to the Bubbling Well in very fast time. "What's bid for the big black pony? Almost as big as a horse." So cries the auctioneer, and his words are taken up by another, "Almost too big for a donkey." "A very quiet pony," is the next recommendation; and as it is uttered the pony gets a sharp cut with a whip from one of the mafoos, he bounds down the track, the mafoo losing hold of the halter, and the pony goes off towards the paddock where he had spent the morning, but was soon secured; he had shown enough of his action, and was then brought to a stand on the track. "He'll make a fine paper hunter! Reserve very small—only fifty tael—just enough to

pay freight. Fifty tael I'm bid—any advance?" Another bid was given, and the tall black pony sold for Tls. 55. Number Three, a chestnut, was next brought to notice. "There's only a limit of fifty tael on this fine pony," said the auctioneer; "the limits are ridiculously small. Is there a bidder for this little moke? Particularly quiet and good tempered." The mafoos go for the pony at the end of the track, and whip him up smartly, the mafoo leading him has difficulty in keeping him to the track, and the lines of sportsmen break out a little as some are afraid of being trod upon. "Only a limit of fifty tael,—will anyone bid for him?" "Five!" and a nod or a wink, caught by the auctioneer at once, now his cry is "Fifty-five tael; the competition becomes brisk and the price rises in fives up to one hundred tael. "Only one hundred tael, I'm bid,—only a hundred,—only a hundred,—no advance?—one hundred tael!" "Five!" "A hundred and five tael I'm bid—one hundred and five—he's perfectly quiet and good tempered—one hundred and five for the first, and second,—one hundred and five, for the third and last time,—going,—going,—gone!"—and the auctioneer whacks his notebook with a twopenny pencil, for he had no hammer, nor anything to strike with one, if he had it; and the chestnut pony is led off, his purchaser following to have a minute examination of him. "Number Four, gentlemen, a small black pony; we'll call him small black in contradistinction to the other one. He's also quiet; there's no vice about any of them. Limit on this fine pony, only fifty tael; any bid for this little sturdy pony?" The pony is trotted between the lines, and the mafoos whip him sharply at each end of the track; the pony does not see any fun in running fifty yards and getting whipped whichever way he goes; he turns round on the big sportsmen next the trees, and they have to back up against the fence to save themselves from the pony's hoofs. Mafoos are remonstrated with

for whipping too hard; a jockey suggests some strong expressions to the auctioneer, but he "doesn't like to say that when the public are listening." "Number Four, gentlemen; limit only fifty tael, —buy your ponies for the paper hunt season! Will nobody bid for this pony? —pass him by." "Number Five, gentlemen, —another black, taller than the last one. Limit only eighty tael!" "How old is he?" "Not very old." "Forty!" "Only forty tael I'm bid; only forty! Away with him!" Some of the most portly of the sportsmen went to the other side of the road, as they did not relish the idea of making room for a pony's hind hoofs when he turned off the track. The mafoos were now bringing up the next lot, but behind time. "Come on, hurry up, or I'll give you a dose of castor-oil;" the pony was then rushed in, and the auctioneer continued, "Number Six, gentlemen, another black one; limit on this fine pony, one hundred tael." Remarks were made about the fatness of the ponies; some said they had been fed on milk. "They don't look so fat after they're galloped; it's very soft, and soon comes off in the training. Fifty tael only, I'm bid!" And so on by fives the price rose to Tls. 75, at which the pony was withdrawn,—price to be submitted to the owner. Number Seven, with a reserve fixed at Tls. 100, was bid for up to Tls. 70, and withdrawn. "Number Eight, gentlemen; —this fine skewbald pony; limit two hundred and fifty tael!" "What's the limit?" "Two hundred and fifty." "—, —!" "You may call it high. Who wants this good looking pony at that price?" "One hundred." "One hundred, I'm bid; one hundred tael for this

splendid pony! One hundred, one hundred and five,—and ten, ten, twenty—one hundred and twenty—trot him up again—a hundred and twenty-five—thirty,—thirty-five—understand it is only to be submitted at that price—hundred and thirty five—forty, forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, sixty, sixty-five, and no advance? I'll offer him at that." "Number Nine, gentlemen, a white pony; reserved at two hundred and fifty tael. One hundred and five,—ten, fifteen—one hundred and fifteen, no advance?" Reserved. Number Ten, the last of the mob was then trotted up. It was in much better condition than the others—not nearly so fat. "Number Ten, gentlemen; reserve, two hundred and fifty." "It's very thin," some one cried. Auctioneer—"How much?" "The limits very thin!" cried another. "Is that the price or the pony?" "What's the limit?" and other cries went all round. "Two hundred and fifty, gentlemen, is the limit;" said the auctioneer, "and he's not got too much fat on him. What am I bid for this splendid pony?" "Fifty" was the first offer, and price rushed up in tens to one hundred and ten, then capped with a five—the last bid of the auction, and it closed by the auctioneer remarking "All right, I'll submit him at that!" The ponies reserved were afterwards inspected. The owner was present, and the highest bids at auction were communicated to him. Lot Number Ten, a fine grey, was bought at the reserve price Tls. 250; Number Nine, at the highest bid, Tls. 115; Number Eight at the highest bid Tls. 165; and Number Seven at Tls. 75; and some of the others were also sold.



THE MAFOOS' RACE, OR THE NATIVE SCRAMBLE.

CHINESE MAFOOS are grooms who take charge of ponies. There are various classes of mafoos, such as those engaged by livery stable keepers, foreign or Chinese; those in the employ of the merchant or private individual who can only afford to keep a basket trap and an old thirty-dollar pony; those who are in the service of the upper ten thousand (dollar) society of our small republic,—who drive Australian thorough-breds, or nicely matched pairs of Monogolian ponies, and are dressed in livery like the uniform of Chinese soldiers with broad facings in bright colours; and there are the mafoos of the racing stables, who are among themselves divided into two orders,—the mafoo who only grooms the ponies and takes them out to exercise, and the mafoo who is the most important of all his race—the mafoo who rides ponies in training, and dons his master's colours on the fourth day of the Shanghai Race Club meetings, and rides in the Mafoos' Race and the Mafoos' Champion Race. When the training for the races is in full swing, the mafoo who occupies the proud position of a horse jockey, mounts along with others of his stable, and his master's chief jockey, a gentleman amateur, and they go out at early dawn to train the ponies; a promising griffin is mounted by the foreigner, and the mafoo is on a tried and fast pony, and they "pow" together, while the work done in fast quarters or half miles is "stopwatched" by the owner and other sportsmen, and by the sporting editor who is to give tips for the chief events of the meeting. The mafoos are feather

weights, and the time they can put on record with a good pony is remarkable. They are mostly all little fellows, but they are big men nevertheless, for the success of their master's stable is their chief object, and they feel that that success is in some measure dependent on them. On the first three days of a race meeting, the mafoos are in high spirits at the stables behind the Grand Stand, and the one who grooms a winning pony feels himself three inches taller every time that pony wins. But on the fourth day, when there are two races for the mafoos themselves, when some of the best ponies of the celestial turf are to be run, when the mafoo puts on buckskins or corduroys for his loose drill pants, riding boots for his thick-soled felt shoes, and wears his master's brilliant colours, he would not change his state for the best livery that any Bund-lot-holder or Bubbling Well aristocrat could offer him; he would not put down his riding whip, and cast off his racing spurs, although he were asked to drive a brougham and the biggest pair of steeds ever seen here. The mafoos who distinguished themselves at the last race meeting bear such euphonious names as Tientsin, Sunling, School, Toad, Cheefong, Chifney, Cheedah, John Scott, Joe, and Jim. When they came into the weighing room, and one by one stepped on the weighing machine, their looks unmistakeably showed they were proud of their position; they wore the brilliant colours of the best racing stables, and while the weighing stewards attended to the Fairbanks machine; the owners of the racing ponies attended to the little Toad

while he was being weighed, and packed him with thin pieces of lead to bring up his riding weight to the required standard; or perhaps they had more difficulty with Cheedah, the fattest and biggest of the mafoos, to get a light saddle, and dispense with the heavy saddle cloth, to bring his weight down; he looked as if he had been reckless in the training season, and had eaten too much chow chow without any thought of riding weights. The weighing being over, eight ponies were mounted, and the mafoos rode proudly through the Grand Stand enclosure, and faced the Clerk of the Course in his red coat, and the starter, opposite the Grand Stand. The mafoos looked quite like professional jockeys; Toad is so short-legged that he looked as if he were tied on to the back of his pony; others sat very well in the saddle, and though the ponies were fractious, they managed them well. The first event for the native riders—the Mafoos' Race—is once round the Course, or a mile and a quarter. After a good deal of scrambling a fair start was effected, and Tientsin riding Wild Gift, went off with the lead, and kept it all the way round; the rest of the ponies well together, and having a splendid race, making good time. The foreign spectators have been betting on the result, and have almost as much interest in this race as in any other—barring one or two of the chief events of the meeting. The Chinese spectators who line the Bubbling Well Road, and all round the Course, and more especially those who have made their way into the triangular paddock, or into the Grand Stand enclosure, have a great deal more interest in this race than in any preceding one, just because the mafoos are the riders. The Chinese on the Road, and at other parts, where they can know nothing of the result of a race, bet on the ponies somehow or other; they can gamble in their own way on horse racing, although it does not give them opportunities for many “dark tricks;”

Eurasian urchins about the Grand Stand make bets in cash, regular betting style, but with some peculiarities of their own—in a former race with four ponies, a young Eurasian offered to back two ponies against the field—only another two—for the large sum of five cash! In the Mafoos' Race, therefore, the excitement among celestial spectators is very great, and when the ponies go off there is great shouting in Chinese to the riders; the race is watched with interest all through, and when the ponies are passing any place on the course, where the crowds of Chinese are greatest, such as on the road by the Defence Creek, parallel with the “Back Straight,” the shouting is distinctly heard at the Grand Stand, on the opposite side of the Course. When the ponies are coming down the home stretch, the excitement increases, and two or three dozen excited Chinamen can make more noise over “they come, they come,” than hundreds of European sportsmen could do. Tientsin came in on Wild Gift, winning easily, hands down, and others who were using the “long persuader” on the home stretch, failed to catch the leader; Tientsin passed the winning post amidst great shouting and cheering, and when the ponies pulled up, the owner of Wild Gift went out to the Course, and led in the winner, and Tientsin felt he had immortalised himself. The Mafoos' Champion Race followed later on in the day, and seven ponies came to the post; of the riders some had been in the first race, others were not. Tientsin, Toad, Chifney, Flea, Joe, and Jim, each rode 9st. 7lbs., but Cheedah rode 10st. 4lbs. The entrance fees were \$5 each, paid by the owners of the ponies, and the stakes divided thus:—five-eighths to the winner; two-eighths to the second rider; and one-eighth to the third. Tientsin, the previous winner, now rode Wild Glen, and Red Robin, Cheedah rider, and Tajmahal with the little Toad up, were the only ones he had to fear; Red Robin had a heavy weight—by the scale

of weight for inches, and his rider's heavy weight, he conceded 23lbs. to Wild Glen; and the latter was expected to win. Tientsin knew that, and he showed well in piloting Wild Glen to the front and cutting out the work in the Back Straight; but Red Robin is a splendid pony, Cheedah a first rate jockey; the leader

was challenged, caught, and passed; a splendid race home resulted in Red Robin beating Wild Glen by a length; and Cheedah gained the high distinction of being Champion of the Mafoos until some one turns up to beat him. He was as proud of it as though he had won the Derby at Epsom.

A MIDNIGHT ALARM OF FIRE.

AT home one of the earliest ideas of life in the Celestial Empire is gained by pictures and narratives of the conduct of Chinese in their attempts to extinguish a conflagration. We remember a Sunday school magic lantern exhibition,—the profits of which were devoted to the missionaries who “live at home at ease,”—where a representation was given in a dissolving view of a fire in a Chinese City, and the Celestials were struggling to extinguish a fire which was raging in a pagoda,—pagodas very seldom go on fire,—and the amateur celestial firemen were represented as practising the most foolish and futile efforts to put out this fire by carrying water in cups and saucers, and other small vessels, the contents of which,—by a stretch of the imagination on the part of the juveniles who witnessed the grand dissolving view,—they were supposed to throw upon the burning pagoda. But such a scene as that was a very poor representation of what a fire in a Chinese quarter really is, and of course it did not include the best half of the scene which we witness frequently here,—the work of our Volunteer Fire Brigade, or the noble exertions of the grand and imposing Mih-ho-loong Hook and

Ladder Company, whose motto is “Say the word, and down comes your house.” We have had many big fires here,—on a recent occasion nearly one thousand houses were burned down on the French Concession,—but it is not always at the biggest fire that the most fun is to be seen; for in such a case as that referred to, those who went there to see it and obtain particulars necessary for a description, did so at the risk of death by sunstroke—the sun at over 100° F. in the shade, add to that the flames from a thousand burning houses, and zeal for close observation of what was being done was nowhere to be found. A great deal depends on the time at which a fire breaks out; if it is in the day time the fire has no chance, it is put out before the fire bells have been rung three minutes; if it is at five or six o'clock in the morning, the fire fiend has everything in his favour, for most of people are sleeping then; but if the fire is discovered at midnight or one o'clock in the morning, it might as well have been in day time, for most of people are then just turning in, few have gone to sleep, and the first peal of the fire bell makes hundreds of foreigners turn out to see the fire. A great deal, too, depends on the

weather, for if there is not a breath of wind blowing, it is very aggravating to turn out to a small affair where there is no chance of its assuming interesting and exciting proportions, and a small fire at midnight comes to be reckoned as a fraud and a delusion, as it is scarcely worth going to see.

On Sunday morning, about one o'clock, the fire bells were tolled at the police stations,—the first time they had been heard for two months at least,—and in a few minutes the noise of hurrying feet was heard on the streets; the alarm just came at a time when people were ready to turn out, for the majority of the foreigners are generally “turning in” about that time. The site of the fire was in the Hongkew Settlement, and the fiery pillar was visible from the English Bund, while the reflection in the sky could be seen from any part of the foreign settlements. The Fire Brigade of Shanghai is composed of Volunteers, in separate companies with a steam engine attached to each company, and there is a healthy rivalry which acts as a stimulus to the firemen to see who will be on the ground first. The fires most frequently occur in the French Concession or in the south western part of the English Settlement, and the French firemen have the best start in such cases as these; while the Hongkew Company with No. 2 Engine, have more than a mile to come; but all the companies are so very smart in turning out that when the distance to be traversed by the respective engines is anything like equal, the race to the fire, if it cannot actually be called a dead heat, is only won by a length. The Hongkew Company had the best chance on this occasion, for the fire was in the Seward Road, north of the Hongkew Creek, and their engine house is on the Broadway. Within five minutes after the bells had sent forth their first peals, firemen in their uniform—red jackets, and big helmets, and heavy top boots—were to be seen running along the English Bund and down the

Broadway; or the less agile members of the Brigade rode in rickshas, and the midnight ricksha coolies, the most wretched specimens of humanity, did the running for them. Number 2 Engine was soon dragged out of its shed, and the coolies stationed in charge of it had the fire lit and steam was already up; the fire was only a short way in a direct line from the engine house, but there being no roads running west from the Broadway at this part, a long round about journey had to be taken before the engine was got to the Seward Road bridge over the Hongkew Creek, and it had not been there long before the Victoria Engine was down from the English Bund. But the fire was only a small affair, and only one Engine No. 2 was called to play on the fire, the Victoria Engine being stationed at the Creek to feed the No. 2 Engine, which was dragged along the rough road within a few hundred yards of the fire. Other steam engines, the “Deluge” and “Torrent,” were turned out, but were stopped before they came to Hongkew. The fire was confined to a huge stack of reeds, situated in the heart of a number of small Chinese houses; the reeds were blazing furiously at first, but the police force from all the three stations—Central, Hongkew, and Louza,—were there with extincteurs and the fire was soon under control. There was not a breath of wind, else the bamboo shanties all round would have fed the flames; one small house was on fire, but the part of it next the straw stacks was knocked down and policemen with extincteurs were inside, and soon put out the smouldering embers on the eaves. This house which was half demolished presented an extraordinary scene inside; part of the brick wall had been knocked out, in extinguishing the fire in the woodwork of the window and door; the roof was only supported by two or three wooden posts, and very little would have brought it down altogether. It was only a small house, of one room, partitioned into two

parts; the furniture was lying on the floor all smashed to pieces; a four legged table, covered with tea cups was tottering over, as one leg had been knocked away; the floor was covered with a heap of straw, some frame work of wood, and a pile of bricks and mortar; a police officer was inside, and with him a native policeman, who did the heavy work in carrying an extingueur on his back, while his superior officer directed the hose to the burning roof; and such a struggle they had to get over that heap of bricks, straw, and furniture, although the light of the blazing stack made the room quite clear. The Chinese who had occupied the house had not yet given up hope of saving furniture, for more than half a dozen of them were struggling in the back of the room, where there was evidently a door,—or perhaps an opening just then made,—and they were frantic in their efforts to save some of the sticks that were lying in the confused heap on the floor before the police with their extingueurs and heavy boots had smashed everything to pieces.

The crowd round the fire had assumed pretty large proportions, hundreds of celestials were in the Seward Road, kept back by the police, and many foreigners had found their way through curious alleys from the Broad-

way, or by following the fire engines, and were now congregated round the pile of smouldering straw, expressing in forcible terms their opinion that the thing wasn't worth coming to see. The celestials, of course, carried lanterns in their hands,—or at least the most of them did,—and they were noisy and excited in pushing each other about, some stepping into pools of water or falling over heaps of mud; and when the police drove them back in a crowd, their retreat was one of disorder and confusion. The Seward Road at this part is not yet made, the Municipal Council having been baffled by a Chinaman who refuses to sell them a bit of land, and therefore the road was one of roughest bits of ground for any crowd to assemble upon. The Chinese lanterns were certainly useful for more than the Chinese, and some foreigners were to be seen going about with lanterns which they had borrowed from jinriesha coolies. When the engines were set working, a strong jet of water played on the burning stack till all the fire was extinguished, and the whole affair was over in a very short time; the foreigners soon retraced their steps on homeward tracks, wishing they had not come out to see a pile of reeds blazing without a breath of wind.



THE PERFORMANCES AT A CHINESE THEATRE.

ACCORDING to a legend which is known to every Chinaman, the Emperor Tong Ming Wang, of the Tong Dynasty, visited the moon in company with his wives, concubines, and all his retinue, and they were there enchanted by witnessing a host of young girls acting tableaux; and to this wonderful legendary expedition of Tong Ming Wang is attributed the origin of what exists to this day as the Chinese theatrical performance of ancient historical plays and modern comedies. In all the towns and cities of the Empire, theatrical performances are conducted either by travelling companies or in regularly established theatres. When the Chinese congregate in any foreign part,—such as San Francisco,—they have their own theatres there too. In this large community of Shanghai, where, in the native City and the Foreign Settlements about 250,000 celestials have their abode, the native theatre is a great institution, and is patronised on a very extensive scale. There are at present, we believe, four large theatres in the English Settlement, and one in the French Concession, which are in full swing every day. The natives therefore have no lack of amusement of this particular kind; and though the performances seem passing strange to a foreigner, the Chinese take great delight in them. The theatres are open nearly all day, and from seven o'clock in the evening till midnight, and during all the performances, especially in the evening, the houses are crowded. Some of the theatres employ about 125 actors, all males, and the principal pro-

fessionals, who have made some fame in their own sphere, are thought a good deal of by the people; but the large proportion of the young men and boys brought on the stage are only of the lowest order. We visited one of the theatres last night—the Chin Kwai Yuen in the Fuhkien Road—and now give a description of what we saw there. Our party was made up of three or four Europeans, and a Chinese gentleman who acted as interpreter.

The theatre is a large square building, standing off from the side of the street, and the approach to it is by a broad alley, the two-storeyed shops and tea-houses on either hand being lighted up, and the frontage of the theatre itself illuminated; the Fuhkien Road is crowded so densely with Chinamen, that it is difficult to walk along amongst them, and the entrance to the theatre is also crowded—jinrieshas and sedan chairs and their coolies being the chief obstructions. The loud beating of gongs, the singing or rather screaming of actors, and the laughter of the celestials inside, are heard as soon as we come to the entrance, and our friends are fully convinced that the fun is already going on “fast and furious.” In the hall or lobby, there are a number of Chinese attendants, the box office and cloak room are amalgamated, and are in form more like a small shop, with a large counter, than anything else. An attendant led the way to a private box, overlooking the right hand side of the stage; the box had to be engaged a couple of days before hand, and was fitted up in tolerably decent

style; to reach it we had to ascend a rather shaky stair-case, and walk through the front and right galleries. The area or pit of the theatre is marked off in a square surrounded by wooden railings; the space is filled by five rows of small tables, and five or six in each row; each of these tables is sufficient for the accommodation of four persons, who sit on small wooden chairs. The whole of this part was packed full with Chinese; judging by their appearance the majority were merchants, or shopkeepers, or at least in tolerably good circumstances; they were all well dressed, the dark purple cloak or jacket being the general array. Outside the rails, there is a space round three sides of the building for a cheaper class of seats, and the occupants were one mass of blue cottons. In the galleries, which are only of small breadth, part of the left hand side was occupied by one or two private boxes and the rest was laid out with small tables and chairs; the front gallery, of considerable length, and greater breadth than the others, had no private boxes at all, but had one row of the tables as the "front seats," and behind them a passage through which we had passed, while further back, and more elevated, there were several rows of tables. The right hand gallery was chiefly composed of private boxes, and the one reserved for our accommodation was close to the stage, and about ten feet directly above the side of it. All over the house, the tables were furnished with fruits—pears and oranges; saucers full of roasted water-melon seeds; small green cups for tea, which we drank *a la Chinoise*; and vermillion coloured sheets of paper, on which was printed the programme of the day's performances. Space is reserved between all the rows of tables, and a small balcony is fixed in front of the private boxes, for the use of the servants who continually keep running about with huge black kettles, from which they pour the hot water on the tea leaves in the small green

cups, and then it is ready for drinking; or to renew a supply of fruit, or to supply paper lights—for on every table there are the large hubble-bubble tobacco pipes of brass and some of silver;—none of the foreigners in our party had any objection to the *a la Chinoise* as long as it was the tea, or fruit, or cakes, or even the hubble-bubble pipes that were to be tried; but when the coolie came round with a handful of heavy cloths, soaked in hot water, and steaming, he could not get any foreigner in our box to take one and use it as the Chinese do, to wipe the perspiration off their hands and face.

The stage is a wooden platform, standing four feet above the level of the floor of the house, and two huge pillars stand at each of corner in front of the stage, for supporting the roof; but they are also made use of for very primitive gas fixtures in the way of foot lights, and two or three brackets project from the pillars giving the light of a few burners to the stage, others to the gallery, and others to the pit; the rest of the house being tolerably well lighted by gas. The pillars are also utilized in another way than for gas fixtures, for about fifteen feet above the stage, a horizontal bar is fixed in them, on which acrobatic performances are given. As seen from the front, there is a large ornamental board stretching across the pillars, and on it there are in huge gilt letters the name of the theatre. There is no scenery about the stage; the back of it is only a partition, composed chiefly of panels, in carved wood. In the centre is a large pier glass—mirrors are charms for the Chinese, but whether this one is meant for a universal charm to all present, we don't know; it is more likely that it is there for use rather than ornament, for the actors change their robes and head-dresses in front of it, instead of retiring to do that off the stage. A number of Chinese scrolls, in vermillion with gold letters, are hung on the partition; and two prominent objects are the American clocks, which are hung up, one on

each side of the pier glass, and one clock going much faster than the other. On either side of the panelled and ornamented wall are two doors, one for the entrance of the actors to the stage, and the other for their exit; they are open door ways, hung with curtains that once were bright in colour, but now are sadly in need of a wash. Above the clocks, mirror, and ornamented panels, there are four pictures, the only native "works of art" about the stage,—they are not very large pieces, each about four feet square, and the two flank ones are representations of trees and flowers, with a very hazy, grey, watery sort of look about them; the two subjects in the centre are possibly historical scenes, for they are groups of figures and bits of landscape wonderfully mixed up. The middle of the stage is covered with a carpet which might once have been in the parlour of a foreign resident; it is now rather thread-bare, and has been patched with canvas in the centre. At the various corners of the stage, and all round it, there are small tables and chairs lying about, handy for utilization in the production of the wonderful stage effects which are to be presented.

The band consists of seven or eight old men, who sit around two tables at the back of the stage, and with drums, gongs, cymbals, flutes, and pieces of hard wood, they were able to make as much noise as any other band on the face of the earth. The leader of the band sat there with a small drum, fixed on the top of a stand, the drum being made of sheep-skin stretched over a circular frame of wood, about twelve inches in diameter; he beats this curious drum with a small stick—just like a chop-stick or a pencil; while he is beating slowly with the right hand, he has two oblong pieces of rosewood in the left hand, and beats them by shaking his hand, one piece being held firmly and the other is loosely attached with a string; but when the leader

comes to a part where he is to make a supreme effort, or to do his very level best in making a terrific noise, he throws down the rosewood crackers—(analogous to the negro minstrel's "bones"—and with a chop stick in each hand he knocks thunder out of that small sheep-skin drum. Behind the leader, an old man stands beating a gong,—he stands because he could not beat the gong if he was sitting down; but he omits no opportunity of taking it easy on his chair, if his gong music is not required for a minute or two. This gong genius is no doubt well up to his duty, and he looks as if he considered his part of the performance the most skilful; at any rate he can strike hard enough, and that seems to be the main thing; he can also strike so as to give one distinct peal, instead of the long booming sound produced by the vibration of the gong; he strikes hard, and then puts his hand on the gong, which stops the sound instantaneously. Another bandsman beats the cymbals, and makes a clattering noise in a most miscellaneous manner. Four fiddlers sit round a table and play their curiously shaped instruments with great power—as far as infernal noise is concerned; a musical friend thought they were playing the same tune all night, and we guess he was pretty correct. An Irishman once said he did not know whether he could play the violin, because he had never tried; but we think anyone could play as well on a Chinese fiddle the first time he tried it as the bandsmen of the theatre did; an amateur could certainly play something more like sacred, operatic, or dance music the first time he tried, but he might not be able to come near the celestial orchestra in head-splitting noises. The man with the gong also makes himself useful at times in producing a loud noise by striking two pieces of hard wood; and another old man shuffles about the stage, at one time shifting the chairs and tables, and again taking part in the performance of the

band; his part, too, was highly intellectual,—he held a piece of hardwood in the palm of his left hand, and struck it with another stick he wielded in his right; this old man shuffled about so listlessly that in spite of the tremendous noise he seemed to be half asleep. Occasionally, when there was a cessation in the uproar, some of the bandsmen enjoyed a smoke out of long bamboo-stem tobacco pipes; in fact they did not seem to care much whether they all played together or not, for even when they were executing some grand transcription, one of the head fiddlers would stop all of a sudden and not resume until he had filled and lit his pipe, and we thought that it was an improvement,—it would certainly have been more pleasant if they had all followed his example.

The plays presented at the Chinese Theatres are chiefly historical, and some of them go on for years before being completed; the whole history of a dynasty is acted in one play, and part of it given every day. But they have also pieces which are more like the comedy of two or three acts, although they make such pieces all one act, and the whole play is presented without the adventitious aid of scenery; the costumes are studied, and the characters make up their styles with a considerable amount of skill; the dialogue is the main thing, and the spectators stretch their imagination to make up for the want of scenery. The remark made by Sir Philip Sydney in regard to the English drama and the stage in 1583, was applied to the Chinese by Sir John Davis, and it is certainly an appropriate one:—"Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we have news of shipwreck in the same place; then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while in the meantime two armies

fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?"

The play bill of the Chin Kwai Yuen, for Friday last, was a fairly representative one; it included a portion of an ancient historical play, a trial, a comedy, a farcical piece, another comedy, and finished up with a historical play. The actors at this theatre were all from Tientsin, as is the case also with other three of the native theatres here, and a fifth one is conducted by Soochow actors. When we entered the theatre about nine o'clock in the evening, we found that the piece then on the boards was the trial of a man on the charge of murder. The judge was dressed in a richly embroidered robe of blue and white silk; he wore a long white beard coming down on his breast, but neither his whiskers, beard, nor moustache fitted well, they hung loosely about his face, and though these hirsutical appendages imparted a patriarchal appearance to the actor when seen at a distance, it was comical enough to see him close at hand, when one could see through between his whiskers and his cheek. The judge's head-dress was a richly embroidered cap, and he wore curious wing-shaped things standing right out from the side of his head. His felt shoes were enormous, in the thickness of the soles,—about three inches, painted white, and the toes as bluff as the square bow of a native boat. The old judge stalked about the stage in a dignified manner, reciting something with a shrieking voice, and his attendants joined him in his declamations, but all their shouting was drowned by the band behind them. The runners and other attendants were dressed very much the same as the subordinates and runners of a native magistrate are,—there was nothing out of place in their appearance; about half a dozen small boys wore the conical red hat, just exactly the same as we have seen in the retinue of the Taotai or the District Magistrate.

The prisoner who was being tried had nothing whatever to say for himself; he was in charge of two runners, who made him lie down on the stage before the judge who appeared on his bench—three small chairs and a table thrown together;—and after the trial was hurried through, the judge doing all the speaking, the prisoner was dragged up by two runners and his hands bound behind his back. In this way he was led out at one door of the stage and in at another—he had gone from the judgment hall to the place of execution, and now the two men who had charge of him were black villainous-looking fellows, wearing hideous masks. The wonderful scenic effects which stretch the imagination were again put together—in the shape of two chairs, and an upright post, to which the prisoner was tied for half a minute, and then an executioner flourished a tinfoil sword, dropped a dirty red bag—the culprit's head—on the floor, the old culprit fell down all his length, and was then picked up and carried on the shoulders of four men off the stage, with full power music by the band.

No time was wasted by unnecessary details such as scene shifting; the band only gave us a moment's relief by stopping their music, and one of the old bandsmen took the opportunity to light his tobacco pipe; then the leader resumed beating his drum,—the gong, cymbals, and fiddles all went hard at work again, and the actors in the next piece came on the stage. This was a comedy in which, as explained by our friend, there was a good deal of interest. A young married pair first came on the stage and sat down beside each other without saying a word. They were plainly dressed, and their reputation as actors was not of much account, for they had nothing to do but to sit there quietly. A third party came in who was the chief character in the play; he was a professional thief, and he makes a visit to the decorous couple with the avowed intention

of stealing something from them. This old thief was shabbily dressed, a thread-bare black gown covering him from head to foot, and tied with a girdle of white cotton; his felt shoes were worn out, the soles becoming very thin; he wore a long black moustache, his face was disfigured by red paint on his forehead and chin, the tip of his nose shone brilliantly, while under his eyes and over the bridge of his nose, there was a layer of white plaster; he had no queue visible—he was either completely bald, or wore a scull cap very neatly adjusted; at any rate there was not a hair to be seen on his head, and his red cap was too small to stay on as there was nothing to hold by; his whole appearance was most grotesque. He came forward to the footlights, and sang there for a long time, creating great amusement amongst the audience, for he was bouncing about all his smart thieving tricks, and telling them that he was to steal something from the young lady; he was sure he could do it without detection. He then turned to the quiet husband and wife; conversed with them in a half singing half chanting tone, telling them a great lot of lies about himself, and cunningly obtaining information from the lady as to where she kept all her valuables, money, jewels, and rich clothing; and immediately afterwards he tells the audience that he has stolen several things from her. Two men then come in to protect the house; they were the ghosts of the ancestors of the family! Ghosts! they were more like sea monsters than anything else. They were short in stature and each wore embroidered robes in variegated colours; one had long black hair, and the other white hair hanging down his back; but the most remarkable things about them were their heads—such monstrosities, more dolphin-like than human; their heads were about half the size of their bodies, with earrings like hand-cuffs; and each ghost carried in his right hand a huge drum stick. The thief pretended to be unaware of

their presence, and the ghosts moved about the stage, touching the tip of the old thief's nose with the leather ball of the drumstick, which made the thief sneeze and look as if he was getting suspicious of coming harm. The head ghost then took a dog chain off his waist, and lassoed the thief while the latter was singing of his exploits; the thief fainted and fell down, and the master and mistress of the house were screaming with terror, while the band played their level best; the ghosts exhibited their muscular power by lifting up the thief and carrying him off the stage, and reappeared at the entrance in a few moments, with the thief sufficiently recovered to walk on his own legs. Then the ghosts summoned others of their fellow-countrymen, who were soon crowding the stage, and among them was the fellow who acted the part of judge in the former play, and here again he appears as a judge, but in a different garb this time. The tables and chairs are shifted about by one of the supernumery bandsmen, and a bench is once more thrown up for the ghostly judge. The thief performs the kotow before him, and a few words from the judge are all that are necessary for the trial and condemnation of the accused. The sentence this time is flogging, and a small stout boy, dressed as a runner, with a conical red hat, comes forward with a bamboo stick,—a long, thin, and flat piece. The two ancestral ghosts throw the thief on the stage face downwards, and the runner has meanwhile stripped himself of everything except his pants, and shows a muscular arm which makes the thief shaky. The runner seizes the bamboo stick with both hands, and pretends to give the thief a very hard blow, while the thief yells and rolls about as if suffering great pain. The ghosts let go their hold of the thief, and the latter gets up to his feet, and beckons to the runner that he wants to speak to him; the two then move off to the side of the stage

by themselves, and the thief bribes the runner not to strike hard but to give the remainder of the blows as gently as he can,—the thief in this part showing by the movement of his hands what he means, and the runner eagerly accepts some papers from the thief, and nods as much as to say that he would make it all right. The judge during all this time is sitting on his bench motionless and speechless. The thief goes down on the floor without fear of his flogging, and the runner now lets the bamboo only touch the thief gently;—the proceedings being a caricature of what is frequently done at the Mixed Court here, and the representation evidently took well with the audience. The thief having been subjected to the sham flogging, is released; the ghostly court adjourns, and the thief and the quiet man and wife are left on the stage; the thief was supposed to return to them the articles he was supposed to have stolen; and the parties were so well pleased over this that they invited the old villain to stay with them. Thus ended the amusing comedy, and the actors made their exit.

After this comedy, a farce was performed which seems to be a favourite with the Chinese theatre-goers, for we had seen it performed before at another theatre in the Canton Road, and now it was produced at the Chin Kwai Yuen, and on both occasions the spectators seemed to enjoy it very much, for they were kept in roars of laughter; but the worst feature of it is that the dialogue was of such a nature as cannot be laid before European readers. The actors were a lame man, his doctor, and servants, and a concubine and her father and mother, or other aged relatives; and the only thing we care to describe about the piece was the style in which the female was made up. As we have already remarked all the actors of the Chinese stage are males; the actor who has to take a female part, however,

can make up very well in attire, and assume a feminine tone of voice, so that the deception can scarcely be detected. The actor always appears with the small feet of the Chinese lady, and this is secured by the device of making wooden blocks to which his ordinary-sized feet are strapped in an angular position, while the wood is cut so that the bandaged ankle is a true representation, and the small shoe of painted wood is exactly like the most diminutive silken shoe that encases the cramped toes of the fairest "tottering lily." The actor thus standing on pegs represents a rather tall female—taller than the generality of Chinese females are; he walks about the stage with the real tottering gait of a small-footed female; in fact it is not imitation on his part, for his own natural feet being strapped in an unnatural position to the blocks of wood, he can walk in no other way. The pseudo-female actor was dressed in very rich and showy garments,—the wide trousers of purple cloth were not particularly attractive, but the jacket with deep border in beautiful embroidery was really a fine article. His face was naturally brazen, but the application of *rouge* made his cheeks look like those of a female, painted to the extreme, as females, Chinese and others, do; his lips were painted a brighter red than they naturally were, and he showed a fine pearly set of teeth. The forehead was large, the wig being worn far back, the jet black hair parted in the middle, while the artificial decorations, by the hair being twisted in fantastic shapes at the back of the head, and stuck with jewelled hair pins, and the rose-shaped, yellow-coloured, ornaments covering the ears, were all true to the utmost as a perfectly made up head-dress of a Chinese lady. The actor who took this part seemed to be one of the principal ones, and there is no doubt that he showed a considerable amount of skill. But this is enough for this piece; the quarrel with the old

man and his concubine was not an interesting subject.

Another play in one act followed, and there were only two actors; they had the stage to themselves for about half an hour, and their performance was wearisome, although not altogether devoid of amusement; but we were told the dialogue was a very interesting one to the natives. It represented the domestic life of a blacksmith and his wife, who were first on loving terms with each other, then quarrelling, and making up again. The wife came in first, very plainly dressed, and without ever saying a word, she sat down on a small stool, made of bamboo, and only about four inches square. An ordinary wooden chair,—Chinese imitation of the foreign style of a common kitchen chair,—was standing on the stage, a few feet in front of the silent spouse of the blacksmith; but who could ever have supposed that that plain article of household furniture, standing all alone, was meant for scenery or spectacular effect? When the old woman was handed a long piece of bamboo, by one of the supernumerary bands-men, or a scene-shifter perhaps, and she began pushing that bamboo stick slowly backwards and forwards under the chair, we tried to stretch our imagination as much as possible, but were unable to guess what she was supposed to be doing. Oh, her husband was a blacksmith, our Chinese friend told us, and the old woman was working in his shop, drawing out and in the bar of the fire-box, for the Chinese having a curious substitute for the bellows of the village blacksmith, as their box-furnace is worked by pulling out and shoving in a wooden bar, or bars, which by some arrangement or other creates a flow of fresh air to fan the flame. The woman kept on at this monotonous occupation, with slow music by the fiddlers, for more than five minutes, and then her husband came in and walked about the stage with rather an operatic air, singing not very

unpleasantly if he had not kept it up so long, for he had more than ten minutes of it, during which time his wife had left the fire-box, removed her miniature camp-stool, and sat down in the centre of the stage with her back to the spectators, the little finger of her right hand in her mouth, and looking regularly disconsolate. After the blacksmith had had his say, he sat down on — a brick. The wife then rose and took an empty bowl and a pair of chop sticks from a table, lifted her stool over beside her husband and there sat down, while the village blacksmith placed his right hand on her shoulder, and looked very pleasantly at her when he saw the rice-bowl and chop sticks. They went through the motions, which is as much as any actors do in having a dinner on the stage, and then the bowl and chop sticks were taken away by a member of the orchestra. A quarrel took place, and very loud screaming words were used on both sides; they rose simultaneously and the blacksmith picked up his seat—the brick—and threw it at his wife's head; but she was as smart as the catcher at a base ball match, and catching the brick she threw it down on her husband's feet, after which he pretended to have his corns very severely injured. There was a good deal of yelling over this little domestic riot, but it was soon over, and they sat down again beside each other as pleasantly as ever. Another quarrel occurred, and the offensive was this time assumed by the better half, who gave the blacksmith a slight push, and as he had only a very precarious seat on the brick, he rolled backwards on the stage. When this second quarrel was proceeding, a man came in hawking wearing apparel, and the blacksmith bought a new suit of clothes for himself and made his exit from the stage, his wife following him in a very slow and unconcerned manner, and the spectators saw them no more.

During the whole time occupied by the

preceding piece, preparations were being made on the stage for a grand historical representation—the concluding part of the evening's performances. The orchestra had to remove their tables and chairs from the back to the right hand side of the stage, in order to make room for the erection of a grand piece of scenery—the most magnificent thing in its way which was produced that night. Throughout the evening we had noticed a heap of wooden frame-work and canvas lying at one corner of the stage, and fully expected that it was to be utilised for something or other. Some of the bandsmen and other scene-shifters set to work to put these wooden frames together, while the gong-genius laid down his musical instrument, and, climbing up on the top of a table, put one of the American clocks a quarter of an hour forward, to bring it up to the hour indicated by the other time piece—eleven o'clock. The stage-carpenter and his subordinates, with assistants from the orchestra, first put up one piece of wooden frame work which was exactly like a "punch and judy" box, and other two or three smaller pieces were placed alongside of it, each separate piece being constructed with four or more upright posts, and numerous cross-bars and supporting brackets; the whole had a front elevation of about ten feet in length, and eight in height; and the frontage was covered with canvas, painted dark green, with flowers and figures in lighter colours—the green water-proofs of two or three jin-ricsha coolies would have made a better bit of scenery. A box something like a dovecot was fixed on the top of one of the frames, and in another a large pole was placed resting on the stage and towering above the frame-work and canvas; a good deal of hard work was required to get all the pieces fixed together. The "punch and judy" box was finally surmounted by a square frame with an arched piece of bamboo attached to the front

bar, and from it a piece of canvas was hung, which completed the representation of a grand arched window or doorway; another canvas-covered frame was placed in front of the whole erection, and possibly it was meant for a range of steps, or a balcony,—in fact it might have been meant for a garden or anything else; at any rate the upper half of the “punch and judy” box was left open, except that a loose curtain hung over it, and it was evidently meant for a window or doorway. And what did all this rickety pile of wood and canvas represent? Why, it was a palace, of course; and an imperial palace! After it had been all put together, the actors of the last comedy were just making their exit,—the band had settled down in their new position and seemed to be making more noise than ever—(for they were now right in front of our box)—and the actors in the concluding piece came on the stage. We were told it was to be an historical play; the first part of it certainly wasn't, but we had seen the same sort of thing in Chinese historical plays before—a curious mixing up of acrobatic feats, tumbling somersaults, sword exercise, fighting, singing, and everything mixed together. The first lot of actors who now came in were four acrobats, who went through a lot of manœuvres, striking attitudes, and moving about the stage in a manner somewhat approximate to certain movements in dancing a Scotch reel; and they were singing all the time. They afterwards tumbled somersaults, and one of the chief actors was the same as had appeared in the farce as a small footed lady; he still wore the artificial small feet, and he showed considerable ability as an acrobat when he tumbled somersaults and lighted on the awkward wooden pegs which represented the small feet of a Chinese lady. Another actor came carrying in his hands a small wooden board—it might have done for a knife board—and he went through some very strange evolu-

tions; he laid down the board on the stage, in an angular position in front of the palace, and then drew himself up in a peculiar attitude and walked over the board; his dress was a very strange mixture of bright colours, and he wore a white mask, with black beard and moustache; what he was meant for we don't know, and it took some considerable time before we discovered what he meant by lifting about that wooden board. The tumblers having retired, four young men came in, carrying the body of another on their shoulders; in coming forward they all walked over this mysterious board, and then went up in front of the palace, and shoved the fellow they had on their shoulders in at the “punch and judy” box window; he had barely room to get through it without bringing the whole erection down, but he soon re-appeared behind it and walked out at the door by which he had half a minute before been carried in. The old white-masked fellow picked up his board and walked out too—his board was meant for a bridge! Another acrobat then came in, and kicked about on the stage for some time, throwing his feet very high in the air till he touched his toes with his hand, he kicked himself about at one corner of the stage, struck a bold attitude, waved his arms about promiscuously, rushed to another corner, and went through the same jumping and kicking performance. Then other four acrobats came in, threw themselves about on the stage, tumbling somersaults and jumping over each other; the one with the small feet “brought down the house” when he walked round the stage on his hands; two tables were next placed one above the other at the pillar at the left hand side of the stage, and two tables in the same way at the right side; two of the acrobats went to each side and scrambled up the tables, and got on to a horizontal bar fixed between the pillars, the four of them going through various feats on the bar all at the same time, and they descended one

after the other by throwing back somersaults from the top of the tables,—coming down on the stage with great force, and almost breaking it down. They next had a small table placed on the stage by itself, and the four made a rush at it, tumbling somersaults over the table without touching it, and then made their exit. Well this was all very well for acrobatic performances, but what was the imperial palace there for? We were anxious to see something of this piece which they called an historical play, but it was now about half-past eleven, and the band had given us head-ache. The white-masked fellow came in again with his board and laid it down with solemnity, he was followed by four men who crossed his plank and climbed up the front of the palace, and went down through the roof; one of them reappeared at the top, hung a red bag—meant for a head—on the big pole, and then he tumbled a somersault from the top of the palace wall; his comrades came out by the “punch and judy” box part of the palace, and one of them was carrying a female with dishevelled hair,—she was lashed to his shoulders with ropes. This looked something more like a play. While the palace was thus entered by three or four fellows, several of the old men from the band, and others on the stage, had to come and hold the framework steady, else the

whole palace would have toppled over! The ruffians who stole the female ran out at one door and in at another several times; three of them were armed with tinfoil swords, and the burden-bearer—the one who carried the female—was protected by them; he did not seem to have a very heavy burden, and the female was most likely only a bundle of rags. Another party of four or five armed men came to the palace, and seeing the red bag hanging on the pole, one climbed up and threw it down, tumbling a somersault after it; others entered the palace and rushed out again raising a hue and cry, and they set off in pursuit of the other party. The offending party came on the stage again, and the white-faced fellow laid down his board for a bridge to let them pass over, but lifted it so that the others could not overtake them. The opposing parties increased in numbers, and kept rushing on to the stage and off again, at times half a dozen or more would engage in a fight, and brandish swords and spears, dancing about the stage, and kicking up an awful row; the acrobats would come in and tumble somersaults in the middle of the opposing armies; and they kept up this sort of thing so long, without any appearance of coming to a crisis, that at a quarter to twelve o'clock we left them to fight it out.



THE CITY OF SHANGHAI; ITS STREETS, TEMPLES, PRISONS, AND GARDENS.

A VISIT to Shanghai City is of very great interest to a foreigner when he has a Chinese friend with him who knows everything about the place, and although most foreigners here have been in it once or twice, there are very few who can say they have seen everything in it that is actually worth seeing, for many a one may only take a listless walk through some of its streets, pick up a few curios at the stalls, and getting disgusted with the whole place, leave it as soon as he can possibly find his way out,—which is rather difficult to do sometimes,—and vow that he will never go within its walls again. On a Sunday afternoon, we made up a party of three or four foreigners, and two Chinese friends—one of the latter knew the labyrinth of the City streets as well as a London hansom cab-driver knows the way from Cheapside to Picadilly; and the other, who acted as interpreter, was a highly intelligent Chinese gentleman, educated at Yale College, U.S., and is proud of being a naturalized American citizen. We entered the City at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon,—and a beautiful day it was too,—fine, clear, and the roads dry. The early winter is always the best season for exploring the City, because its sanitary state is then less obnoxious than in the heat of summer weather. The day was therefore in every respect favourable as far as the auspices were concerned; it was the seventeenth day of the 10th Moon; whether it is set down in the Chinese Calendar as a favourable day for making a journey we

don't know; at any rate we did not consider that much at the time, but from what we saw we were convinced that the day was a special one with the Chinese, for the city seemed to be *en fête*, and one might go twenty times without seeing so much as was crowded into our visit extending over two and a half hours. We entered by the New North Gate, and at once proceeded towards what are known as the Tea Gardens. In our way thither we had to traverse about a dozen narrow streets, some leading south, others west, east, in fact all directions; first we passed through a long street lined with good shops and warehouses on each side; then by the side of a dirty stagnant creek, with shops on one hand; over a small bridge and along narrower streets, with the sky almost obscured from view by the wooden and canvas signboards and ornamental tablets stretching from one side of the street to the other; then over another bridge; through narrow and crowded streets, till we came to more open ground by the side of a creek, where there were crowds of licensed beggars,—male, female, old, maimed and blind, and each of them holding out a basket with a few cash in it, while the poor creatures implore every passer by to give them cash;—the blind ones know when a foreigner passes, by his heavy tread, and the noise of hard heeled boots on the rough granite blocks, for a Chinaman might walk over them in his felt-soled shoes without a blind man knowing that he passed. We never saw any of these beggars getting anything from a native, and when a foreigner

gives them anything, he is sure to be followed by dozens of them all the way through the City—a mistake which we avoided, at least at this stage of the journey. The ground here is more open, and on both sides of the creek there is room for celestial showmen and acrobats, fortune tellers, and gamblers; but further on when we come to the large pond surrounding the old Tea House, there is quite a large market square, or “garden” as it is called; on this occasion every part of it was occupied, and the scene almost as lively as Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday. A casual glance was all we had time to give them, but it was sufficient for our purpose. The first performer whose proceedings attracted our notice, was an old man, who was surrounded by about fifty celestials of all ages and both sexes; the old showman had monopolised a small strip of ground by the side of the creek, and the eager spectators crowded round the performer on all sides, but still preserving a limited open space for him. He was a man who looked as if fifty years had passed over his head; his hair was becoming grey, and precious little tail left; he was stripped bare to the waist, but had on as much thread-bare blue cottons,—their original colour bleached out of them, and now only a mass of patches,—in the shape of wide, very wide trousers, that would have made suits for two or three men; his old felt shoes were in a very dilapidated state, and the excessive amount of cotton rags he wore for stockings, made his ankles of elephantine proportions. He now walked back and forwards on his strip of ground, throwing his arms about like a maniac; he smote his breast with his right hand, then with his left, stretched out both arms, and clenched his fists; walked round this way, and then dropped his arms; walked round again with his hands hanging down, while he was looking anxiously for cash to be thrown into his ground; he then made a great effort, which was about all he could do,—

he picked up an iron bolt, that any child might have lifted, threw it down, sticking it into the earth, and once more went on the walk round. He was a fraud, and though the celestials might be content to look at him all day doing that, it is not probable that he made much wealth by it. Near by, there was a small booth or tent, of bamboo and canvas, inside of which about half a dozen Chinaman were sitting. The proprietor of this concern was a fortune teller and phrenologist. The old patriarchal humbug sat at the back of the tent; behind him the extravagant pictures of some Chinese worthies were hung in paper, on the canvas; in front of the fortune teller was his small table, with writing material, joss-sticks, and other paraphernalia; and all round about there were eager observers, listening to the wonderful man reading the fortune of a well-to-do native, and watching the movements when the phrenologist placed his fingers on the bumps of his customer's cranium, then put on a long and sage countenance, and uttered profoundly wise sayings; put forth his hand to draw in the wealth just deposited by his constituent, while the latter tabled another five cash, and was determined to hear more of his fortune, at any expense. When we had passed the fortune teller, we came within sight of the “garden” where the most of the shows were being held. There were about half a dozen peep-shows, in foreign style, the large ornamental box standing on a table, and the little peep-holes in the box through which the celestials peered and witnessed the wonders of the world; several of the peep-shows had a decided appearance of foreign manufacture, in the showy glass cases with which they were surmounted, with pictures of palaces or international exhibition buildings, but we did not turn aside to see what they were. There was one old man there, amongst a crowd of itinerant fruit sellers and confectioners, whose little game for obtaining cash in exchange for roast chestnuts was rather

peculiar; he held in one hand three spikes of bamboo about six inches long, and to the end of one of these sticks a red silk thread was attached, but the sticks were so held that there is as much chance of winning in the "three card trick" as in choosing the bamboo with the thread; he manipulated for our benefit by picking up a cash and placing it on one of the sticks, then pulled the stick out, but it had no thread, repeating the trick several times, sometimes placing the cash on the stick with the thread attached, and at other times putting it on the wrong ones; then shifting them about till it was impossible to tell which was which; the evident arrangement being that a celestial paid a few cash for a trial,—if successful he got a few roast chestnuts, and if unsuccessful, why then he didn't.

In this Celestial Vanity Fair, there were numerous stalls for the sale of sweetmeats, pears, oranges, and cooked sweet-potatoes; stalls loaded with toys; stalls covered with classical literature; stalls of curios, with anything on them from valuable jade stone ornaments to old nails and champagne corks. Hundreds of natives were loitering all over the place, many of them patronizing the peep-shows; the confectioners and sweetmeat stall-keepers appeared to be doing a good trade, if we judged by the piles of cash lying on their tables; but the open air performances of the acrobats, where there was no compulsory payment, where there were very few cash tossed into the ring, and where the sending round of the hat would have been the most effectual method of dispersing the crowd,—it was there that the natives gathered in the largest numbers. Near to a small temple or joss house, on the east side of the Tea House lake, there was a crowd of people, and on looking over the shoulders of some of them, we could see that the attraction was gambling with dice; but near by there was another and much larger crowd, surrounding a couple of acrobatic per-

formers, who were marching to and fro, striking peculiar attitudes, and evidently preparing for the execution of some feats of strength, tumbling, juggling, or some other mountebank tricks; but they were too much like the old man already described, making a great pretence and doing nothing, so that a momentary glance was all that we gave them. The joss-pidgin seemed to be at a discount in this Vanity Fair, for in the small Temple a few red wax candles were burning at the shrine, but there was no devotee there save the old man in charge of the place.

We next turned our attention towards the old Tea House and its artificial lake! Such a dirty dub of stagnant water to be called an artificial and ornamental lake? The small expanse of filthy water with a skimming of green weeds on the surface, is enclosed by a wall coming up to the level of the ground round about; the lake, pond, or dub, is about thirty yards square, and in the centre stands the Hu-sing-ting, a public Tea House, and which may be called the best and most airy institution of its kind in the City, as it is in a comparatively isolated position, but still there is nothing very refreshing in its situation,—the surrounding stagnant and fetid water makes its position little better than if it was in a small street with cook houses on every side of it. The Tea House is approached by a long and zig-zag viaduct, which we are told was built fifteen hundred years ago; each pier is composed of two columns of grey granite, standing about three feet apart, on their top is laid a transverse block, and from it to a similar block on the next pier, three huge slabs of the same everlasting rock are laid, forming a narrow pathway; the whole bridge being provided with low railings of strong woodwork, which must have been a work of more modern days. Granite blocks also form the foundations on which the Tea House is built, but the house is not nearly so old as the bridge. This Tea

House is a fair specimen of Chinese architecture, but only on a small scale; it covers a very limited area, and rises to the height of two storeys, surmounted by a highly ornamental roof; in the lower apartment, there are nothing but windows between the supporting pillars, the windows being of that peculiar translucent substance which the Chinese used in all their houses for glass until the glass of the western countries was introduced to them, and which substance they still prefer to use in many cases; the wooden frame work against which the glass is placed in small squares, and the opaque whiteness of the glass in the sun light, gives a good appearance to the celestial arrangement in windows; when lighted in the interior by the ancient rush lights in red wax, the illumination must have a beautiful effect,—the old Tea House, would then look like a big lantern. The place was evidently shut up on the occasion of our visit, so we followed the line of the zig-zag viaduct till we had gone over the “lake” from the south-east corner to the north-west, and landed in a small, narrow, and dirty path, unpaved and covered with mud puddles even in this dry weather. A few steps brought us out of that disagreeable part of the “garden” into a very small street, and while passing along we were amused at the display in one shop—it seemed to be a regular theatrical property store, such as is to be seen in the *parlours* of Drury Lane,—only the costumes and paraphernalia were celestial and not barbarian. Here there were all kinds of ancient weapons,—some real, others only tinfoil imitations,—masks, wigs, and fancy dresses that might be of service at a masquerade ball or at amateur theatricals. Our guide led the way, and though we then thought we had seen all the amusements of the Celestial Vanity Fair, we were mistaken, for he led us into another “garden,” only a little to the west of the Tea House and lake, but which was not in view before. Business and

pleasure were here combined, it was a regular fair; at one place there were hundreds of bird cages laid out and piled above each other in rows; the Mocking Bird was the most largely represented species, and there were also many Rock Miners, and other birds which can be taught to speak; hundreds of pretty little birds,—names unknown to us,—were to be found there in their small wooden cages; their chirping and singing would have been merry enough if they had only done it by turns, but the aggregate of their musical notes forcibly reminded us of ornithological exhibitions at home, or of the bird stalls in Leadenhall Market. In a small public tea house,—the lower tea-room all open doorways,—where there were numerous customers sitting at the tables, bird cages were to be seen on almost every table, and the house appeared to be a regular mart for the sale of birds. Other kinds of business was being done at other parts of the grounds, where they were great displays of toys and useful as well as ornamental articles in carved wood, laid out on mats on the ground. Our guide fancied one small wooden box,—circular, and with a glass lid,—which he purchased for eighteen cash. At another of the stalls, all the toys were composed of lead,—tiny articles of household furniture, tea services, steamboats, junks, and numerous other things in miniature, all of native manufacture, and many of them wonderfully well done; we could easily have identified the steamboat or the junk, but one small curiously shaped thing was a mystery, and we asked what it was meant for? It was oval in form, had an odd number of legs,—about half a dozen,—neither head nor tail, but three or four spikes stuck out from each side; the back painted in coloured stripes. This was meant for a crab, and a friend suggested to the toy dealer that he ought to attach a label to each of them to let people know what they were meant for; but of course the

celestial toy dealer could not appreciate the joke. Close by the toy stalls, and lining a pathway on either side, there were numerous sweetmeat stalls kept by confectioners who had taken up their stand there for the day, while an itinerant cook might also wait there for a short time and cater to a hungry celestial, and then move off with his cook-shop to some other place. The book stalls were also here, and one was more a display of "fine art" than of literature, for though the stall-keeper had a large pile of pamphlets, his speciality was in the sale of pictures of mandarins, painted in water colours on white paper; and various specimens of these native works of art were laid out on the dry ground with four stones on the corners of each picture to prevent them being blown away. The pictures were of the commonest description, not worth a cent, and we guess the print-seller did not do much trade either with natives or foreigners. At this side of the square, too, there were two or three different crowds watching the gestures of acrobats; in one ring, there were four performers, but neither of them able to do anything further than kick up their legs till they touched the toe of their boot with their hand. Another old man was trying to get up a sensation by beating a small gong, while he had half a dozen or more long seats formed into a square for the convenience of those who honoured him with their patronage; the seats were already nearly all occupied, and the old man walked back and forwards beating his gong, but there was nothing to be seen which could give the slightest indication of what was going to come off; a small boy tried to trade amongst the occupants of the seats by going round with a bundle of sewn pockets,—which the celestials wear round their waist,—but he couldn't trade; the occupants of the benches did not sit down there to spend money, and we guess if the showman requested them to give him a slight contribution towards de-

fraying his expenses or for the support of his family, they would clear out at once, and go round to some of the other open-air shows; they seemed to be enjoying themselves for the time at least, and sat their quietly smoking long bamboo pipes, and had no other thing to engage their attention than to re-fill their pipes when a few puffs spent one "fill;" they were of the poorer class, coolies probably, and if we had offered five cents to anyone to carry a parcel,—we would have had the whole crowd offering their services.

After leaving the acrobats and stall-keepers of the fair, we proceeded on our journey through the streets of the City, but had not gone very far before we came to a street corner where a wood carver had his shop, and some of our friends, who were now on their first visit to the City, were anxious to see some of the curios and to take with them a *souvenir* of their visit. The small corner shop was quite open on two sides, and on the counter in front were displayed, in a small glass case, ornamental and curious articles, which were specimens of the workmanship of the natives employed there, and some of whom were at that time engaged in their skilful labour over the carving of some piece of wood, in beautiful designs, with great intricacy and delicacy of finish, requiring much time and labour,—and the whole article when completed only to fetch a few cents. In the glass show case, there were several ornaments carved in olive stone, others in ivory, bamboo, and walnut-shell; the majority of them were small images of Buddhist appearance, while there were also miniature junks carved in olive stone and in bamboo; the walnut-shells were engraved all over with representations of Chinese landscape, with temples, pagodas, and figures of celestials. Any one of the small articles could have been bought at from fifteen to twenty-five cents, and one of our friends traded with the manufacturer of graven images to the extent of

half a dollar, receiving a joss or idol, a junk, and an engraved walnut-shell for that sum, while others of the party bought a few of the curios also, and the celestial artificer seemed very well pleased at doing such a big trade. While we were at this shop, for only two or three minutes, quite a large crowd of the natives gathered round us, and the narrow street was completely blocked; one old native who was going home from the fair with some toys in his hand,—a little drum, and a miniature jin-ric-sha,—had some difficulty in pressing his way through the crowd, but he held his purchases high and aloof from his greasy fellow-citizens in case they should be broken, and his little boy be deprived of the pleasure of disturbing his neighbours by the drum being smashed. Before we had got clear of this crowd, an itinerant cook came along the street; it is bad enough to meet a sedan chair in the narrow streets, or a coolie carrying a couple of buckets of water, or two jars of samshu, but the itinerant cook with the whole of his apparatus on his shoulders is even more awkward to pass. Every one here of course has seen the itinerant cook or confectioner, but for the benefit of home readers who never have seen one, we will describe his compendious arrangement in bamboo, earthenware, charcoal, and cooking utensils, which he carries about with him from place to place. This portable cookshop is somewhat comical in appearance, but it is a good specimen of Chinese ingenuity. It stands on four peices of bamboo, like the legs of a long stool, and they are joined in pairs at the top to another piece; in front, several pieces of the same useful material are formed into a quadrant-shaped bracket upon which a box is placed; inside the box is an earthenware fire pot or brazier, with an opening in front of it for fanning the fire; charcoal is the fuel, and the box contains a day's supply, while over the fire box is a large round vessel of tin, in which anything can be cooked; in rear of the stand,

other pieces of bamboo are twisted upwards and form a quadrant similar to that in front, and upon them is placed a frame containing four or five drawers; and surmounting the whole erection there is a double rack for holding bowls, cups, and saucers. In the forward bracket, under the fireplace, the cook keeps a supply of firewood; in the rear, under the drawers, he has an empty bucket, used for obtaining a fresh supply of water; in the drawers, he has rice, potatoes, fruits, and all the requisites for cooking. The space between the four-legged stand is open, and when on the move the itinerant cook puts his right shoulder under the cross bar fixed to the top of the four legs, lifts the whole concern quite easily, and goes along, while he heralds his own approach by striking a hollow joint of bamboo with a longitudinal opening in it, and this substitute for a gong is a fixture on a front leg of the stand, the sound produced by every stroke being of loud and grave tone. These itinerant cooks are very numerous in the City and in the Chinese quarters of the Foreign Settlements, and their occupation seems to be a good one for those engaged in it. When we had passed the cook, we moved on a little further till a medical friend had his attention attracted by an exhibition at the door of one of the small shops—a couple of trays full of human teeth. This was at a dentist's shop, and we went in to see how he did business. The dentist showed us the instrument with which he operates on the jaws of the natives,—such a clumsy, rusty pair of iron forceps we never saw before; they were more like the tool with which a farrier extracts nails from a pony's hoof than anything else; there was no doubt that he would be able to pull out the biggest tooth in the head of any native with them, if he only once got hold of the tooth, but the danger would be that he might pull out two or three at one time. He said he charged the natives from fifty to one hundred cents for ex-

tracting a tooth ; if he got that price for each of the teeth in the pile on the trays, and could turn out as many within the next year, he would make a small fortune. In one corner of his shop there was a large square couch, which looked something like the couches upon which the celestials recline when they smoke opium ; probably it was used for this purpose by the dentist when he had toothache himself, if not oftener, and when his patients were to be operated upon with these clumsy iron forceps, he would require to have them strapped down there. The old dentist was quite well pleased to see us taking an interest in his professional affairs, and re-echoed our " chin-chin " when we took leave of him. We were making slow progress towards the City Temple, which was one of the chief items on the programme of our excursion, but we were not far from it now ; and before entering upon a description of the Temple, there is only one character we will mention—a Buddhist priest. While passing along one of the narrow and dirty streets, we saw the wretched figure of a human being crouching on a small curb-stone ; his dirty yellowish gown indicated at once that he was a priest, and when we came closer to him we noticed that he wore a band of brass encircling his head ; his dishevelled and matted hair concealed the part at the crown of his head, but over his forehead this brazen rim shone brilliantly, and was the only good looking thing about him. He squatted down in the gutter, with his legs completely obscured by his long robe ; his arms lay folded, with his hands on his knees ; his face was haggard, misery and wretchedness imprinted on every feature ; he had not washed his face for dear knows how long, but if he had only done so, and shaved the bristles off his chin, his physiognomy might have been transformed into one of tolerably decent appearance. By the side of a blank white wall, and extending a couple of yards

from where the squalid priest sat in the mire, there were two rows of printed pamphlets and tracts ; his whole wealth was nearly exhausted in the cash which he placed on these pieces of paper to keep them from blowing away ; but in one corner,—the one nearest him of course,—he had piled a few cash, probably the proceeds of the sale of his literature, or perhaps the donations of some of the passing crowd. The blind and maimed beggars were not so pitiable specimens of humanity as this poor and wretched devotee of Buddha.

When we came to the City Temple, or the Temple of the City God, we entered it by a side way,—there are three or four thoroughfares leading into it,—which brought us at once in front of the shrine, but we will describe the buildings and all their curious adjuncts, as if we had approached by the main entrance. The Temple is dedicated to the City God, or Spirit believed to have charge of all the other Spirits who have once been embodied in citizens of Shanghai, and the Temple is of great antiquity. The City God is head of the Spiritual Kingdom of Shanghai ; and he is the Oracle which is consulted by the citizens when they wish advice about any private or business affairs. The Temple is in tolerably decent state of repair, as the citizens annually pay certain contributions to the District Magistrate towards the expenses of the Temple and for the purpose of keeping it in repair. The Temple buildings cover an area of about thirty yards in breadth by one hundred yards in length. The outer gate is surmounted by an ornamental roof, like three or four roofs piled on the top of each other,—the sloping eaves of the lower part extending furthest, and the others diminishing in order, till the top part is only a very small one, but all are highly ornamented with turned-up corners and images stuck on the tiles. The gate itself is a big clumsy door in two leaves, painted with figures of mandarins. The wall of the outer gate way is of great breadth,—or rather

there is a house on each side of the archway. A small court-yard lies between this entrance and the main gate; and we ascend one or two steps to it. The building here stretches from side to side of the Temple grounds, and rises to a considerable height; the door way is very spacious, and the doors, roof, and everything much the same as at the outer porch. Inside this building, there must be several rooms down stairs, and the topside as seen from the main court-yard is an open stage for the performance of theatricals on certain great feast days at the Temple; the highly ornamented roof is the canopy of the stage, and the actors while performing would look directly forwards to the main building of the Temple, containing the shrine. The main court-yard is spacious, the whole area paved with granite, and on either side there are terraces under long low roofs of the plainest construction. The Temple proper occupies the east end, and is not a very large building; there are two small apartments flanking the main one, and the latter is a large and lofty hall, and from floor to the roof full of idols and tablets. In external appearance, the building is of the ordinary Chinese style, with ornamental roof and turned up corners; there are numerous inscriptions in large gilt characters on the front of the building, as well as over all the gateways; but as we only gave the place a hurried visit, we had not time to get these translated for us. On going inside the great door way of the Temple, the first things that meet the eye are four idols placed on the level of the floor and against the wall at the right hand side, with red candles burning in front of them. These represent the runners of the City God; they are dwarfish in the limbs, but the heads are of very large size, and while the bodies are painted black, the faces are of a bright red, the upper lip carefully blackened, eye brows complete, and though clumsily carved, they are not very hideous after all.

Over our heads, there are two war junks, suspended from the roof; they are flat-bottomed, and from what can be seen of the sides, they appear to be tolerably correct models; they are painted black, and are very dirty looking, and doubtless have a deck load of dust. These are the war junks of the City God. In front of us, and towering aloft, the huge idol of the City God rests on a throne of great size, ornamented at the sides with red tablets and gold characters, curtains and scrolls hang from the top, and it is rather difficult to see what like the idol really is; only one thing is visible—the large, broad, red-painted face. The throne is surrounded by a wooden railing about five feet in height; inside it on either side there are three large idols, the one next the rails about six feet high, the next one more elevated, and standing forward nearer the throne, while the third is larger still, and comes up close to the corner of the throne occupied by the great idol of the City God. The three idols on the other side occupy similar positions; these idols, representing attendants, are as black as they could be, and their shoulders covered with dust. Inside the rails, and directly in front, there is a high stand, apparently made of iron rods, on which red wax candles are burned, the top of the stand being a series of three or four rods, rising in tiers, and each one has a large number of spikes for sticking the candles on,—the whole of them being smeared with red wax. An old man was standing inside attending to the candles. In the front part of the railing, there was a large and very richly ornamented censer, and before it a long cushion lay on the ground. When we entered the Temple there was no one there save the attendants, but an old woman came in and knelt down on this cushion, bowing her head very low, though she could not strictly perform the kotow—by beating her forehead on the ground—as she could not throw her head down between the cushion and the censer. She knelt there for three or four

minutes, and then took a piece of bamboo, a large joint, which was standing there beside the censer, and which she shook with considerable energy, the hollow bamboo containing a large number of long thin pieces of the same material, and each piece bore characters in Chinese. She selected one stick and then, paying four cash to an attendant, handed him the stick, upon which he selected a corresponding strip of yellow paper from another bamboo-quiver, and read to the distressed devotee the characters on this piece, which was the reply of the City God to the enquiry on the stick the woman selected. The poor woman again went down on her knees, again shook up the small sticks in the joint of bamboo, selected another, paid four cash more, and received another communication, through the attendant, from the God of the City. The small bamboo sticks were all numbered, and each number corresponded with those on a quantity of strips of yellow paper, about 2 in. by 10 in., which the attendant kept. The writings on these strips of paper are quotations from ancient poets; if the strip selected by the devotee contains good sayings, that is taken as a favourable reply from the City God on whatever subject the devotee may have wished to consult the oracle; it might be a business affair, or a family affair, and if she wanted to do anything, she would consult the oracle, and adapt her conduct according to the guidance received by this manipulation of bamboo sticks and strips of yellow paper. By the side of the censer, a long and capacious piece of bamboo was fixed up as a collection box, and on the advice of our Chinese friend, all the foreigners in our party made a small contribution by dropping coin into this box, upon which the attendant seemed quite pleased. Our presence in the Temple had been noticed by idle celestials outside, and as they now crowded into the Temple we thought it time to clear out, for we did not wish to cause any commotion which might in-

terfere with the devotions of the poor woman before the shrine.

After leaving the main building of the Temple, we came out to the large open courtyard, near the centre of which stands a huge bronze censer, said to be 3,000 years old. It is used for burning the gold and silver sycee—paper representations of shoes of sycee—as offerings to the City God. The censer stands about six feet high, and the main part of it is a large hollow globe, with opening at the top; in this goblet the joss paper is burned. The top of the censer is composed of a smaller ornamental globe, resting on flying brackets* which come up from the sides of the orifice of the larger globe. On the sides of the large globe, there are thousands of Chinese characters, which are still quite clear and sharply defined. Near to the censer, there is an ornamental building, with carved columns in marble, and surmounted by richly carved blocks; the small roof too is profuse in ornaments and decorations; this marble sepulchral-looking erection encases the Tablet of Stone on which is engraven, in very small characters, the record of the life of the City God. The whole of the columns and other parts in marble are richly carved, and curious shaped griffin figures, a mixture between a bull dog and a lion, are seen at the base; at other parts of the court-yard, in front of the main building and at the gate-ways, there are also figures of wild animals couchant, and evidently very ancient pieces of sculpture. The court-yard was like a busy market square; in fact it seemed to be a special rendezvous of itinerant cooks, fruit hawkers, itinerant cobblers, and petty chapmen of all descriptions. At the sides of the court-yard, there were stalls where the tradesmen had taken up a permanent position for the day; a restaurant keeper had quite an extensive business, and kept one man cooking sweet potatoes over a charcoal fire, while another was roasting chestnuts in a

big pan of black stuff, sand and molasses, over another fire; the gate-ways were almost blocked with small trades-people and hawkers. One curious old man took up his position close in front of the marble shrine which enclosed the Tablet of the City God; he had a small stall for the sale of fruit and toys, but his chief attraction for the natives was—a wheel of fortune, with some peculiar celestial arrangements worth describing. On a small board, he had circle marked off in about thirty six sections; each section was a long thin strip, and alternately they were painted red or white, while at the inner end there were marks corresponding to the spots on dominoes, and in the whole circle there were three sections of each different kind. From the centre, an upright post bore on a pivot a long bar, equal to the diameter of the circle, and it swept round the whole radius, while to one pole of the bar was attached a needle, dangling by a bit wire. Round the centre post there was a great variety of small porcelain toys and curious articles. The little game was played thus,—a guileless native puts say three cash on the section marked with three dominoe spots, and then sets the swinging bar on the move; if the needle attached to one pole comes to rest on either of the three sections bearing three spots, the native wins and receives as his prize the porcelain article opposite the section on which he piled his wealth; the money can of course be increased, by placing four, five, six, or up to twelve cash, on the respective sections; and the chances against the speculator are twelve to one.

From the City Temple, we proceeded to the yamên of the Che-Hsien, or District Magistrate, Moh,—the special object of our visit being to see the gaols attached to the yamên, where prisoners under sentence of death are confined. Before entering the outer gate of the yamên, we observed a small cell at one corner, where

about a dozen dirty faces were pressed close to the big wooden bars that form the front of the cage-like cell; they were peering through the openings, watching the movements of celestials as they passed, the only thing they could do to relieve the monotony of their confinement. These prisoners were only incarcerated for a few days or so, on very paltry offences, and the chief part of their punishment—that of being exposed to public gaze—was the thing they appeared most to enjoy. On entering the large gate-way, we came into a wide courtyard, in front being another gate leading into the chief buildings of the yamên; on the right there were some small houses occupied by runners and retainers, on the left we saw part of a range of small buildings, which we afterwards went through. The second gate-way of the yamên was ornamented by pictures on the wood-work of the door, numerous inscriptions and proclamations posted on the portals; while a clothes line stretched from two pillars on either side, and blue cottons and grey shirtings were hanging up to dry; but they were certainly not very ornamental bunting for a mandarin to pass under when carried in his sedan chair into the interior courts of the yamên. We had obtained permission from the mandarin in charge of the gaols to visit them, and we first called at his quarters, but found he was not at home; however, one of his servants was aware that we had permission, and he led the way to a small house occupied by the "head thief," and the latter conducted us over the cells. The "head thief," is the oldest prisoner, not in years, but in crime; he had been convicted of some offence and put in a long time as a prisoner before he got promoted to be "head thief," and in that position to fulfil the duties of senior warder. He was a middle-aged man, strongly built, and quite pleasant in appearance; he wore a plain suit of blue cottons, with black jacket, and black skull cap, without any official in-

dications about him; we were disappointed in this respect, for we fully expected that the "head thief" would have some peculiar uniform of his own, or at least a circular patch on his back proclaiming his exalted rank. The range of buildings mentioned as on the left of the large court-yard, are the gaols, and in the front part, the small houses are occupied by gaolers and runners. The "head thief" occupied one of these front rooms, and when he received us he led the way through a passage to the back of the range of houses, where we found there was quite an extensive area occupied by smaller houses in squares, and the prisoners were kept there in squads of from twenty to thirty. The first ward to which we were conducted was that occupied by long term convicts and those under sentence of death. As soon as the "head thief" turned the key in a gate, which admitted us to the interior, we heard the jingling of heavy chains, and such a scene as was then presented to our view will never be effaced from our memory. We were now inside a small square,—at the side by which we had entered was a low wall; in front and on each hand there were some small houses. About twenty prisoners were in the court-yard. One of them was engaged in trying to patch up some worn out garment, which he had spread on a rude bench standing near the centre of the yard; another was tearing the cotton padding which had lined the old garment, evidently to make it up again for a winter coat; several of the prisoners were sitting down in front of their cells engaged in plaiting straw—some making hempen sandals, other ropes and cash-strings. A good number of the wretched inmates walked about doing nothing; some remained inside their cells. All the prisoners were in irons, the least that any one had were heavy rings round the ankles, and six or ten inches of heavy linked chain between them; those who were at work necessarily had

their hands free, but the prisoners who were walking about were loaded with chains, and some much more so than the others. The majority of them had heavy handcuffs, and similar ornaments on their feet, with a chain from their feet to their hands; some were chained hand and foot, and a long chain fixed round their body, attached to hands and feet, and also round their neck, while an iron bar about twelve inches in length was fixed in the chain from the prisoner's neck and lay across his breast in a most uncomfortable manner; the chains still allowed them a limited freedom just sufficient to walk in very short steps. One prisoner was doing hard labour in a peculiarly tantalising manner. He was loaded with chains on hands, feet, body, and neck, while a heavy piece of wood, about five feet in height was attached to his right foot, by a short chain, and the top of the log of wood was chained to his neck by a longer piece of chain which would just let the log out to arm's length; but he was obliged to keep it hitched up on his shoulder by another chain, for if he allowed it to fall he would be dragged down with it. The wood was very hard and heavy, evidently the trunk of a young tree, about two inches in diameter, and he would have to keep it with him all day and sleep with it all night; he was the newest arrival in this gang, and had to do his turn with the log of wood as the others had done before him. Some of the prisoners looked cheerful enough, and they had full liberty to smoke in the court-yard, as a good many of them were doing. We looked in vain to see Moh-lee and Ko-ching-gee, the two Shansi men who murdered a Shanghai mountebank, in a tea house in the Maloo nine months ago; they paid \$150 to the father of the murdered man and satisfied him; how much they paid to satisfy the mandarins is unknown; but it is a notorious fact that prisoners are confined just so long as their friends can be squeezed; set at liberty if

a sufficient sum is paid ; or executed if they are unfortunate enough to be without any money or friends. That is said to be the case with most of the Chinese officials, and the Maloo case evidently shows it holds good in this province too. The prisoners in this ward included murderers, robbers, thieves, adulterers, and some convicted of other offences ; and some of them were within the last week of their life, for since our visit four we then saw have been executed outside the South Gate of the City. They were, we believe, the ones whom we saw sitting plaiting the straw—one was a pirate who had committed murder and robbery at Min-hong, and his head would be exposed at the scene of his crime ; another culprit had committed the unpardonable offence of robbing a mandarin's residence ; and two were said to be the pirates who robbed an opium shop in the English Settlement nine months ago ; about a dozen pirates from the lake district had committed the robbery, but only two were captured. They now sat on a heap of straw, and worked away slowly ; they looked wretched and miserable in the day time, and what a night these men would pass, for their cell was a long narrow space, with four small stools standing up amongst the dirty straw which covered the floor of earth,—a wretched stall that was not fit for beasts of burden. They worked all day in plaiting and twisting straw, they lay on foul straw all night, but only four times did they pass through their monotonous work of the day, only four times more did they sleep in that wretched stall, until that early morn when the mandarin sent them in a special supply of food,—such is the strange mode of intimating to the doomed man that his hour has come,—and on that fourth day, two of the culprits received their last meal and were taken out to the South Gate and decapitated by the executioner's sword. When two had gone, the others must have felt apprehensive, and not without cause ;

two days elapsed, and other two culprits were executed.

The executions take place at the order of the Imperial Board of Punishment. After a prisoner has been convicted, the District Magistrate of Shanghai sends a petition to the Taotai of Shanghai, who forwards it to the Futai of Sunkiang, and the latter reports to the Board of Punishment at Peking. An Imperial Edict is issued through that Board, and sent back by the same round about way to the District Magistrate ; until he receives it, he has no idea what is to be done with the prisoner, but when the order is sent for the execution of the prisoner, the District Magistrate must see that it is carried out within two or three days, and he never allows any one to know of it till the morning of the event. It is therefore almost impossible for a foreigner to know of such an affair till after the occurrence. We have been told that mandarins sometimes send the doomed man samshu to drink two or three days before hand, to give him a hint ; at any rate on the fatal morn, a signal is given of which there is no mistake, the mandarin sending to the culprit a special supply of food, consisting of a dish of fried pork, another of boiled lamb or mutton, and three bowls of rice. He cannot touch either of them for excitement, and does not get time even although he was prepared to eat the whole lot, for he is dragged off to the execution ground in haste, with a small flag stuck on his back ; and if he refuses to walk, he is tied to a bamboo pole, and carried by coolies. The mandarins and military officers are present at the execution ; they generally number about twenty, all mounted on ponies, and they ride round in a circle making as much noise as they can by clattering of hoofs and tinkling of bells, until some small crackers are set off, at which signal the executioner cuts off the head of the prisoner with one fell swoop of his sword.

In the first cell we visited, we gave a small

contribution for the benefit of the prisoners, being informed that that was customary on the part of foreigners when they are privileged with being shown through the place. The "hard labour" man, who was loaded with chains and burdened by the log of wood, was the recipient, on behalf of all the others, not only in this cell, but in other cells also. He at once handed the money to the "head thief," who gave it to one of his subordinates; we were assured that the prisoners would get the benefit of it in the shape of some dainties,—rather unusual for them,—or perhaps tobacco. On leaving the ward, the prisoners chin-chinned our party, some of them shaking their hands at us, *a la Chinoise* salutation, and which they could do quite well with their handcuffs on, in fact it came all the more natural to them. In passing on to the next department of the gaol, we went through some houses where runners and others were killing time by playing dominoes, and gambling in other games; we also observed a small joss-house, which is for the prisoners worshipping their gods. The second ward we visited was like the former one,—a small square, partly surrounded with small houses which formed the cells; the prisoners here, too, were lounging about the small court-yard, all more or less burdened with iron decorations on their ankles, arms, and necks. One man had the tantalising log of wood attached to his right foot by a chain, like his brother in the other ward, but this second one was not quite so heavily laden with iron, and his log of wood was lighter; it was only fastened to his ankle, and not to his neck, so that he was obliged to keep hold of it always in his right arm, to prevent it dragging on the ground. He seemed to have a full appreciation of his comical situation, and no doubt considered the log of wood a great nuisance; the other prisoners smiled at him when he moved about with it, as they were past that sort of hard labour.

Many of the inmates here were engaged in making straw ropes, sandals, and at other work smiliar to their confreres in the first ward. One part of the buildings was a cook-house, a pretty large, but very empty-looking, dingy, earthen-floored apartment. A boiler was built up in brick, but the fire was out, scarcely any cooking utensils were to be seen, and away in the far-off corner sat the disconsolate cook, for he too was a prisoner; he sat there with his arms folded, and his legs drawn up under his chair, but still one could see that they were uncomfortably attached to each other at the ankles; he was evidently very miserable in his confinement, at least he did not look very pleasant. All the prisoners in this and also in the other department were dressed, not in prison garb of any uniformity, but in the most extraordinary masses of rags and patches,—scarcely a piece of blue cotton about them more than half a dozen inches square; the patches were of the all-pervading blue cotton, but the colour differed according to the age of the respective pieces, and the amount of wear and tear they had gone through; the patch work was also of the rudest description, and it seemed as if every one had to be his own tailor; a large amount of strings were necessary to keep the garments together, and matted pieces of cotton padding stuck out here and there all round their coats and breeches; they all seemed to have plenty of clothes on, and most likely they had to keep them on night and day, for it would have been a laborious task in the case of some of the prisoners to have to tie all their rags together every morning so as to get them to hang round them somehow. Outside this second ward there was a small garden, a little flower plot only a few yards square, and surrounded by a not very high wall. It was the most pleasant part of the whole establishment, for there was a large plot of the yellow *Chrysanthemum* in full bloom; the prisoners

keep this garden in order, and it may afford an opportunity to the more intellectual convicts to study botany. We only visited the two wards described, and then took our leave of the "head thief," thanking him for his kindness in showing us round; he had been very courteous, and now he bowed and shook his fists as we went away, going the first three steps backwards, and bowing to him.

From the Chie-Hsien's yamên, we retraced our steps to the City Temple, and on to the Private Tea Garden, open only to the mandarins. On our way, one thing that attracted attention, and which we had never seen before, was worthy of remark,—at the doorstep of a house in one of the streets, there was a celestial washing his face, and quite a crowd of astonished citizens around him! This Tea Garden is decidedly the most pleasant spot in the whole City of Shanghai, and its beauty is of no ordinary nature; the artificial devices in the construction of rockeries, ponds, the ornamental buildings, and the trees and plants, give it quite a charming appearance, more especially in the summer time, when the trees are in full foliage; and though it is rather bleak in the middle of winter, it has still its charms, being so much different from the dirty and crowded thoroughfares of the City. In the summer time, it must form a very enjoyable retreat for those who are privileged to resort to it. As far as we are aware, there is only one day in the whole year when this private retreat of the mandarins is open to the citizens; that is on the 15th day of the 3rd Moon, and on that day last year (May 5, 1879), we visited this garden. It was then crowded excessively with citizens of all classes, and the great attraction was what would correspond, in western ideas, to a floral exhibition. But the show was unique in that there was only one kind of plant exhibited, the *Aglaia Octorata*; the chief characteristic of that plant is that there are numerous varieties, but ex-

cept to those who are very well versed in the botany of China, it is impossible to see any difference between the specimens; the plant consists of a few long grass-shaped blades, of very delicate and graceful form, with a small flowering stem shooting from the green blade; it requires the very keenest perception to detect the varieties, and in the examination of this plant the Chinese generally, and especially those who are of a botanical turn of mind, take the greatest delight; but probably the most of them at the show did not know anything of botany, and were only there out of curiosity, because they could get there but once a year. We remember that at every stand in the tea houses, where specimens of the plant were exhibited, there were dense groups of celestials, eagerly looking at the small flower pots, with the graceful, green-leaved plants in them. So dense was the crowd in the garden that day, that it was impossible for any one to see what like the place was, and the narrow pathways under arches of rock, or over small bridges, or up rugged steps of granite, were blocked with celestials in blue cottons and silks, fans in every hand, and every tongue jabbering, so that it was the best course to beat a retreat, and set down the garden as an object for inspection on some future date. On the occasion of our present visit to the city, we obtained permission to go to this garden, and accordingly we made it the last item in our afternoon's excursion. The entrance to the garden is reached by some very narrow and mazy paths, from the public garden which surrounds the old Tea House already described; our guide evidently knew the way as well as though he lived on the spot, but it would almost defy any of our company to find the way back again. The way by which we entered, is a very narrow doorway in a wall,—the aperture not more than six feet in height, and two in breadth; a knock on the plain deal door, was answered by a voice from within, a short jabbering followed, between our guide and

the guardian, and the small door was thrown open, when we saw a feeble old man before us, who welcomed us to visit the place; the door was locked behind us, and for a good half hour, we had the garden to ourselves. We first entered the pavilion, a building which is of the same shape as the chief building of a temple; it is only one large room, open in front, and while sitting inside, the greater portion of the garden is in view before you. There are numerous tables and chairs here, for use in taking a quiet cup of tea; the walls are hung with painted scrolls of celestial landscapes and waterscapes, ornamental carved panel work, and lettered tablets; on the back wall there is a niche containing a water-colour daub of a portrait, representing the City God; and from the roof there are suspended a great number of ornamental lanterns, made of foreign glass, set in carved framework, and some of them hung with fringes of beads. In front of this pavilion you have a full view of the immense artificial ridge of rocks, with palm trees, willows, etc., in the foreground and on the slopes of the ridge, while ferns and long spear-like grass, grow from the crevices of the rocks; the ridge is surmounted by trees in life, though now bare of foliage, and also what at a distance appear to be rude pillars of rock, but are really fossil trees; a small octagonal pavilion, open all round, the ornamental roof resting on pillars of wood, stands on the highest corner of the ridge, and further back there is a terrace of small houses, the front of which range is elaborately constructed of doors and windows. When we leave the chief building, we walk round by one end of it, and find there is a small square pond here, the boundary wall being fantastically shaped of water-worn rocks; the water is however covered with a skimming of green weeds, so that we have to exercise faith when we are told that the pond is full of curious fish; and reeds rise up to a great height by the side of the pond. The

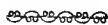
walk round this corner is paved with small pebbles and chips of porcelain; the walls on the left hand contain niches, enclosed with plate glass, and inside there is trellis work in white plaster, while in every diamond, square, and octagonal space formed by the trellis work, there are miniature figures moulded in blue clay, and some of them are very interesting studies,—where in a few ounces of blue clay you may have an emperor and his army of three soldiers; or a temple, pagoda, and priests; a mandarin on horseback; an old man playing a flute; and with each of them a small bit of landscape, a shoulder of a hill, a tree, or bridge thrown in. The next thing on the walk, or over it, is a small archway of rocks. The stones seem to have been taken from some mighty water course, as they are worn and scooped out, and while piled above each other to a great height, cemented with blue clay, their configuration is fantastic in the extreme. On the other side of this archway, we come to another spacious sitting room, furnished as a tea drinking saloon. Beside it there is a long white wall, under cover, and built into this wall there are several tablets, some of flint stone and others of slate—all of them being covered with Chinese characters, and some of these mural tablets contain the names of the people who contributed towards the construction of the garden. The greater portion of the wall, however, is taken up with a grand fresco,—a panoramic view of the country from Shanghai City to Loong-hwa; the work is now sadly spoilt, in some parts by the plaster coming off in scales, at other parts by disrespectful and ill-mannered foreigners writing their names over it with black lead pencil, some of the autographs being in a very large scrawling hand—a very detestable practice which is observed by foreigners, Englishmen especially, whenever they have an opportunity of scratching their names on any place which is seldom visited, of difficult access, or of special interest to visitors.

The fresco is very much obliterated, but there is still enough of it to be seen to make it an interesting study. In the left hand corner, there is a representation in bold outline of the City Wall, in the back ground there is the placid Hwang-poo River, with three or four great junks with broad sails, and at the right hand, the most perfect object in the whole panorama is a representation of Loong-hwa Pagoda; the foreground had evidently been occupied by a representation of the outskirts of the City, and the fields between the City and Loong-hwa, but the work of the celestial Angelo is desecrated, and this portion of it is almost completely destroyed. After ascending a rudely shaped flight of granite steps, with walls of rugged rocks on each hand, we come to the top of the artificial ridge of rocks. Here we rest for a time and enjoy a cigar in the small pavilion; and among the interesting objects we examined were a petrified column, standing about twelve feet high, which was evidently a fossil tree, and the grain was quite distinct; another column, of honey-combed rock, formed by white pebbles embedded in alluvial soil, which

now had a chalk-like appearance,—the pebbles being extracted all round, the column presented a surface of indentations; a third geological curiosity was in the shape of a boulder, rendered smooth by the action of water, and having a hole worn through it;—when you struck this stone gently, a musical sound, grave but very pleasant, was produced; and besides those mentioned there were other curiosities of a similar kind to be seen. This quiet little garden of flowers, trees, and rocks, and its pavilions, would be a splendid attraction if it could be transferred to the grounds of the Crystal Palace, for in the way of artificial rockeries it beats anything at Sydenham. When inside it, you see nothing of the dirty City which surrounds it, and our party at any rate considered it was well worth visiting. From this garden, we went as straight to the New North Gate as is possible, considering the irregularity of the streets; and after having seen many strange sights, and learned something of celestial life within the walls of Shanghai, we completed our afternoon's excursion in exactly two hours and a half.



THE JIN-RIC-SHA, AND ITS COOLIE.



ALMOST everyone who has had any opportunity to write about the scenes in Shanghai has written about jin-ric-shas, and a great deal more has been written about them by travelers in Japan, where these peculiar vehicles were first used. It is only a few years ago since they were imported to Shanghai, as the Municipal Council had to regenerate this swamp and macadamise the roads before the jin-ric-sha could be used on celestial soil. This vehicle has been likened unto dear knows how many different things—it strikes some people as being more like a perambulator than anything else, but perambulators have three and jin-ric-shas only two wheels; others see in the jin-ric-sha a resemblance to the invalid's Bath chair, but the number of wheels don't coincide there either. It is a miniature gig more than anything else, and when the hood of canvas on a bamboo frame is put up to shelter the occupant from the drenching rain, or to protect him from the fierce rays of a blazing sun, when the thermometer is over 90° in the shade, then the Japanese man carriage is very much like a London hansom, without any driver's box behind. The coolie takes his place between a narrow and light pair of shafts. A back stay is attached, to prevent the vehicle being upset, but it does not always prove an effectual guard, as it is no uncommon thing to see a jin-ric-sha making a backward turn, with the occupant's heels in the air, and the coolie suspended from the shafts or the cross bar between them.

The average Chinese jin-ric-sha coolie is said

to be far inferior to the coolies in Japan; the latter are of better physique, and can do their work with great ease,—their speed and endurance is said to be much greater. A few good coolies, however, are amongst the celestial band; but the great proportion are most miserable looking wretches. It depends very much on the fare whether the coolie will go well. If he has a native in his vehicle, from whom he will only get a few cash, the coolie goes as if he were in a funeral procession; if he has a foreigner and the foreigner has a stick, the coolie will go at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour; a first rate coolie will run you along, when the roads are dry, almost as quick as a pony trotting easily; if the roads are bad and the coolie feeble or broken-winded, and the hirer in a hurry, then he had much better walk. Some coolies are very stupid; they don't know the rules of the road, and if there is a chance of getting run down by a trap, they will put you to the peril; others again, who have got some "savee," observe the rules well enough, keep out of danger, and go very fast too. When a passenger wants his coolie to turn to the left, he touches him with a stick on the left side, or kicks him with his left foot, on the part of the coolie's body nearest to the passenger's foot; and the same signals delivered on the right side by the right foot, will make him turn to the right. But that is only with the coolies that aren't stupid; if you try to get a stupid one to turn to the right, he will go in the opposite direction, or stop in front of some door where

you didn't want to be set down. If you want the coolie to stop, you cry "man, man." There are various simple phrases, synonymous with "go on," and other calls of frequent use. It is rather amusing to see and hear a stranger trying to stop his ric-sha coolie; the passenger shouts "stop," forgetting that the coolie does not understand English; as the coolie still goes on apace, the passenger shouts again and again, kicks the coolie, or strikes him with a stick, which makes the coolie go all the faster; the passenger gets so excited that the coolie thinks there is something very seriously wrong with him, and he is eventually brought to bay; "man, man," would have made him drop the shafts at once. The coolies are great impostors when they can get away with it; if a stranger offers one 20 cents, when that is four times too much, the coolie has the cheek to cry for "hap-dallah, mastah;" foreigners resident here are not imposed upon, however, as they soon learn what is a fair charge, and the coolie has to take his five or ten cents as the case may be, and if he makes "bobbery," he not infrequently gets something more than he wanted, if the foreigner has a cane handy. Jin-ric-sha coolies spot a new arrival at once, and the coolie which the stranger first hires will haunt him for months afterwards; if the coolie brought the new arrival from a wharf to a hotel in the settlement, the coolie watches that foreigner, and rushes at him on the Bund or any other place, shouting "ric-sha wanchee?" The first fare paid by the new arrival was probably an excessive one, and the coolie wants to get good fares as long as he can, before the stranger learns that five cents is quite enough. Jin-ric-sha coolies consider that foreigners have no right to walk on the roads; they think the roads were made for their jin-ric-shas, and that a foreigner is doing them an injustice if he walks along the street; every unengaged coolie rushes over to him, lowering the shafts as he comes up close to the pedes-

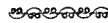
trian, and shouting "ric-sha wanchee," "numbah wan ric-sha," "ric-sha, mastah, ric-sha." Or if the foreigner comes out of a hotel, store, or any place where there is a stand for ric-sha coolies on the opposite side of the street, half-a-dozen or more of them make a rush at him, dragging their ric-shas with them, and in the charge the wheels get jammed, or some of the coolies get knocked over, they come so close up to the pedestrian that they many a time hurt his shins with the shafts of the ric-shas; and though the foreigner in such a case were as meek as Moses or as harmless as a dove, still he could not help striking a few of them if he had a stick; they will then go off, and the ones that were chastised are laughed at by all the others.

The jin-ric-sha coolie hires his carriage by the month, and has to pay the owner of the vehicle \$2; the coolie has also to pay for two licenses, \$1 each, issued by the English and French Municipal Councils. There are a great deal too many of these vehicles in the Foreign Settlements of Shanghai, as the Municipal Council for the English and American Settlements and the French Municipal Council issue about 1,500 licenses. The vehicles are owned by Chinamen who make their business by letting them out on hire; a great deal of money must be made by them some way, else 1,500 of them would not be kept plying on the roads of the Foreign Settlements. Some of the coolies are known to make a few dollars profit in two or three days, and then lie back for the rest of the week, living like swells, patronising tea shops and gambling houses, and perhaps opium smoking saloons. Their food is of the commonest Chinese kind—chiefly rice, so that it does not require many cents to satisfy them with chow chow, and the itinerant cooks have the jin-ric-sha coolies as their customers. They don't spend much in dress either. In the height of the summer weather, the coolie's

full attire consists of an immense straw hat, a pair of hempen sandals, and two or three small pieces of cotton round his waist, and a very short pair of pants; some, however, do not wear any covering for the head, and they can run about in the fiercest rays of the sun without any protection, whereas a European would get sunstroke in ten minutes if he did so. In winter, they put on an immense quantity of blue cottons, stuffed with cotton padding, and the suit once on is kept on till next summer; the mass of rags and patches is kept together by strings. The better class of coolies in wet weather wear green or yellow oilskins,

but the poorer ones put on cloaks made of straw,—a very primitive, thatch-like covering. Some of the smartest of the coolies appear in half-Chinese, half-European, clothes; one may have a pair of tweed trousers and a blue cotton jacket; another has cotton rags for pants, and two or three tweed vests and coats on; while all the imaginable styles in felt hats are worn by these coolies; it seems as if the most of the felt hats imported into Shanghai eventually came into possession of the jin-ric-sha coolies, but by the time they do so, they are very dilapidated, and all style or shape knocked out of them.

A CURIOSITY STALL AT THE CITY GATE.



AT the Old North Gate of the City of Shanghai, the small wooden bridge which spans the city moat is thronged with natives passing in to and out of the city, and a number of old men have old curiosity shops on a very small scale; they take up their position at the approaches to the bridge, and expose for sale all sorts of old articles, generally of very little value. Both sides of the short winding path from the bridge to the gate is occupied by these men, and on the bridge itself old clothes dealers exhibit native garments of every description, stretched out on bamboo canes and leaning up against the parapet rails. Others have most extraordinary collections of old and worthless curiosities. The articles are laid on mats on the ground, or on trays or in small boxes and baskets, and the vendors sit beside their lots, squatting on a mat, smoking long pipes, reading a native newspaper or book, or perhaps more actively engaged in

pursuit of a flea. The articles in some lots are really a curious mixture of native and foreign goods; here are a pair of thick-soled pipe-clayed Chinese shoes, a pair of hempen sandals, an old white hat of London make, a box of nails, Chinese type and carved blocks, an opium pipe, a basket full of old corks, and a smaller lot in a box, selected as being of more than ordinary value as they still retain patches of yellow, red, or black sealing wax, with vintners' names and trade marks; shirt studs, watch keys, ear-rings, jade stone amulets, screw nails, old knives, small mirrors, miniature wooden gods, Chinese cash of various dynasties, miscellaneous coins, and a bronze halfpenny bearing the image and superscription of Victoria, D.G., F.D., Reg. Brit., &c., of 1861. The halfpenny, and all the other valuable articles, might have been purchased for a few cents.

THE CHINESE WHEELBARROW, AND ITS COOLIE.

THE primitive Chinese wheelbarrow, first of all the types of wheelbarrows, is that used from time immemorial and used to the present day as the chief means of overland locomotion in the central part of the Celestial Empire, or in the provinces which are in the valley of the great Yangtze River. In the more northern regions, pack mules and camels are used as beasts of burden, and the rude Pekingese cart is the chief vehicle. In the southern provinces, the coolies and their bamboo carrying poles are the only available means for transport of goods, and as one writer said, the Chinese coolie competes successfully with the beasts of burden. Wheelbarrows were only introduced to Shanghai district twelve or fifteen years ago. There are no roads, beyond the limits of those made by the foreign municipalities, and the wheelbarrow is the only machine that can be used on the narrow foot-paths through the fields. The Chinese wheelbarrow, to look at it, is more clumsy than any agricultural vehicle of the same kind to be seen anywhere; but still its peculiar construction possesses advantages for the varied purposes for which it can be used; it is good for passenger traffic, or for conveyance of live stock, or dead meat, or cotton bales,—a Chinaman can put almost anything on his wheelbarrow. It is constructed with a broad horizontal frame of flat bars, the wheel is placed in the middle of the frame, and the upper half of the wheel covered with a small box frame; this leaves room for a person to sit at each side of the wheel, and the small frame serves as a support for his

side, or something to hold on by; in the open space at the front bar of the horizontal frame the passenger clenches one foot, and the other foot hangs down by the side, on a stirrup or piece of hemp rope. The wheel is of wood, the rim three or four inches in depth, and spokes of proportionate clumsiness. The shafts, come out behind the horizontal frame, and at their extremities they are about three feet apart, leaving plenty of room for the coolie to stagger under his heavy load; the coolie has a shoulder strap twisted under his arms and attached to knobs on the shafts, to keep the strap from shifting; when on the move, and loaded, the weight is mainly upon his shoulders, his arms are used in balancing the vehicle, and he can exercise every muscle of his body in pushing it before him. When he has got a couple of passengers, and the passengers have as many bundles and boxes and baskets as they can keep hold off, the coolie can still manage quite easily; the frame is cushioned, and the passengers may possibly have a tolerably comfortable seat; time is no consideration with them, and three mile an hour, or even less, is quite sufficient to overtake their most pressing business appointments, or to hasten on their journeys of pleasure. If the coolie has only one passenger, he can hitch his shoulder strap a bit, and balance the wheelbarrow; but if possible he will get hold of some piece of furniture, or a bale, box, or anything handy, as he doesn't care to go without full cargo; he seems best pleased when he has a gorgeously painted female on one side, and a live black pig

on the other, the pig being laid on its back, without a cushion, its feet tied fore and aft, and securely lashed to the frame. When in the crowded streets of the foreign settlements, the wheelbarrow coolies have to keep close to the side of the road, and they are much in the way of the more advanced jin-ric-sha coolies, with whom there are frequent disputes as to who is in way of the other. The wheelbarrow coolie occasionally comes in the way of a pony and trap at a street corner, and then if his cargo is human, he hitches the shafts, and sends his passengers sprawling on the road, if there is the slightest danger of his valuable though not ornamental vehicle being smashed; how he settles this rudeness with his fare is a mystery. Wheelbarrow coolies are very stupid at times, more especially when they hear a pony and trap coming up behind them; it is almost certain that the coolie will put himself in the way, by turning round to see where the trap is, and in doing so, he may neglect his first duty, that of maintaining the equilibrium of his ancient vehicle; the result is that the barrow is capsized just right in front of the trap, whereas if the coolie had tried to get as near to the side of the road as he could, and never thought of turning round, he would have been all right. His curiosity to see what is coming behind him it is in inverse ratio to his ability to control his vehicle; for when he has three or four large bales lashed on the sides and top of his barrow, or when he has several long planks, trees, or perhaps a load of bar iron,—then he is certain to turn round every now and then, and not infrequently comes to grief and blocks up the road. When his

barrow is capsized the first thing he does is to take a quiet walk round it, and then a rest, occupying his leisure time by lighting his tobacco pipe; he may require assistance from some other coolies before he gets his vehicle and load righted again, and a native policeman finds some harmless amusement in looking on, but never thinks of hurrying the coolies to make them get out of the way; the native policeman has the same idea as the coolies, that the roads were made for them, and that it doesn't matter though they obstruct the traffic, as they are not in a hurry, and nobody else has a right to be. The wheelbarrows used in the foreign settlements are licensed by the Municipal Councils, and hired by the coolies from owners the same as jin-ric-shas. The most of them are used in conveying cargo from wharves to godowns, and it is matter of surprise to see the tremendous loads the wheelbarrow coolie can take; he will put two bales of piece goods, four half chests of tea, or two bales of hides on his wheelbarrow, and struggle along under the heavy load, not infrequently capsizing on the Garden Bridge or the side of the Bund. The conveyance of treasure from the mail steamers to the banks, and *vice versa*, is a regular job for wheelbarrow coolies, and then you will see a procession of two or three dozen of them,—on each barrow two boxes of shoes of silver sycee, Mexicans, or gold bars,—perhaps \$250,000 of treasure in that procession,—but the boxes are reckoned carefully, and several Chinese servants of the bank compradores in charge, so that there is no fear of any coolie running off with a big fortune.



CHINESE PRINTERS.

ABOUT the best thing missionaries have done in China is the establishment of mission printing offices, where Chinese have learnt to be compositors and pressmen; these have been nurseries for the newspaper offices, and of the large number of Chinese who are now engaged in the latter, you will find that nearly all of them have been in mission offices. Some of the Chinese compositors also have learned English at mission schools, and the slight knowledge of English they have, is to a certain extent advantageous in their trade. Besides the newspaper offices in Shanghai there are a large number of small jobbing offices, most of the latter are owned and managed solely by Chinese, and they ruin the other offices by their cheap labour, as they do jobs under what is reckoned cost price in any other place. The Portuguese form a large proportion of those engaged in the printing trade, and there are none of the newspaper offices we know of where there are not more Portuguese than Chinese; but of the former we do not propose to say anything further than that some of them know English as well, and do their work almost efficiently, as if they had served an apprenticeship in an office in England; others do not know much English, and cannot work so well as some of the Chinese. But this is a very delicate part of the subject, for if we have gone beyond the fair mark, the printers will strike, and throw the type on the floor.

Chinese compositors learn first to set type off print "copy," and knowing where all

the letters are to be found in the case, they can put them together without having the slightest idea of what the words mean; but even off print copy they can't make a clean proof, because if they pick up a wrong letter they let it pass. Then, in adjusting the lines, it is occasionally necessary that a word must be "divided;" here they take the simplest plan—without regard to consonants, vowels, or syllables,—and just put as many letters of the word in the first line as there is room for, and run the remainder over to the next line; no word is too small for them to split up; they would divide "small" with "sm" in one line, and "all" in the next; or if they have to divide "notwithstanding," they may put it "notwithst-," "anding," or "notwi-" "thstanding," or any way except by the syllables. When manuscript copy is carefully written, the Chinese compositors can set from it fairly well; or though the handwriting is not very good, if it is that which they have every day, and are accustomed to, they can make it out. The copy of occasional contributors,—who may think they have written very plainly, and which would certainly pass for good copy in the hands of an English printer,—has often to be re-written; if it was given in as it came, the proof-sheet would be intolerably bad. Some of the more intelligent Chinese compositors make well-intentioned but desperate efforts to decipher a word which is not clearly written; we know one who always keeps a sixpenny English dictionary on his frame, and if he sticks at a word, he tries to fix the first three letters

and then looks up the dictionary for the remainder, an expedient which is successful only sometimes, and by chance. The Chinese compositors come to know a great many words in common use, and if another word having a similarity to a more common one is used, they don't follow their copy, but put in the other word they have learned before. Printers' errors are very often amusing, and the errors of Chinese compositors are sometimes laughable though annoying; but proof-reading for them will soon make a man gray-haired. The other day, we noticed a ridiculous error, but which didn't pass the proofs;—in the report of a military ball, there was a phrase about the ladies being adorned with their husband's "sashes;" and the compositor dropped the first "s," because he knew "ashes" was an English word, and he had never seen the word "sashes" before. We knew one Chinese compositor, who evidently must have served his apprenticeship in a mission office, for he always in setting up the name of Lord so-and-so, puts it "the Lord." In an article the other day, the phrase "Land of the Leal" occurred, but the compositor made it "Land of the Lead,"—he had evidently thought it was commercial news. In setting up this page, a compositor made it "hand of the head." We were told that one fellow in setting up the usual weekly local paragraph of the Cathedral Services, made a very curious and original blunder (but we scarcely believe it, as we did not see it); the anthem for evening service was entitled, "From the rising of the Sun," and the compositor is said to have put it "from the *Rising Sun and Nagasaki Express!*" At any rate we know this for a fact, that the compositors on newspapers here take note of the names of river and coast steamers, and they seldom fail to observe the custom of putting these names on italics; but although this is all very well as far as it goes, it leads them into a trap sometimes. For instance, we remember a

phrase occurring in an article where China was referred to as an *El Dorado*; the Chinese compositor knew that was the name of a steamer running between Shanghai and the Northern Ports, and therefore he put it *El Dorado*. Again, there was in some article a reference to the *Great Eastern*, and though the name of the steamer was underlined on the copy, the compositor *thought* that was a mistake, as he knew well enough the *Great Eastern* did not trade on this coast, so he set it up on Roman type, and did not even give it big initials. We will give a few specimens of premeditated mistakes in words of similarity, as discovered on proof sheets within a few days:—

<i>Words on Copy.</i>	<i>Words on Proof Sheet.</i>
Answered.	Assured.
Approach.	Approval.
Artiste.	Article.
Attacked.	Stacked.
Author.	Another.
Blunder.	Blinder.
Chater, (Mr.)	Charter, (Mr.)
Comic Annual.	Comic Animal.
Conservatism.	Conversation.
Counsel.	Council.
Expect.	Except.
First Lord of the Admiralty.	Fire Board of the Admiralty.
Handy.	Hardly.
Leal.	Lead.
Line.	Time.
Lunacy.	Sunday.
Martial.	Material.
Mild Hindoo.	Wild Hindoo.
Mr. So & So.	The So & So.
Obvious.	Glorious.
Opinion.	Opium.
Overture.	Overturn.
Retain.	Return.
Reviling.	Railing.
Roars.	Wars.
Ruining	Running.
Quiet.	Quite.
Quietly.	Guilty.
Quite.	Quiet.
Satow (Mr.)	Swatow (Mr.)

<i>Words on Copy.</i>	<i>Words on Proof Sheet.</i>
Sums.	Guns.
Soft.	Spot.
Snug.	Sung.
Supplies.	Applies.
Title rôle.	Little rôle.
Tame Duck.	Lame Duck.
Then.	Their.
Tardy.	Thirdly.

Chinese compositors would do very well to set up Welsh, as nobody could ever detect a mistake in it. They have a curious upside-down way of doing their work, which they can't get out of. In correcting a column, they begin at the bottom instead of the top; in "running over" a line or two, they do it in the column, without taking the lines into a composing stick; we once ventured to give a Chinese compositor some hints about the way to correct a proof and run over lines, but he told us he had been a compositor for ten years, that he learned at a mission press, and he knew better; though we had learned how to do it fifteen years ago, he would not be persuaded, and he had to be left to do it his own way.

The pressmen, however, are more amusing than the compositors. There is scarcely a Chinese pressman that will venture to lift up a large page of type; they always prefer shoving it on a board, and carrying it that way; and it is perhaps just as well that they do, for their "locking up" of a form is not to be depended on; the most extraordinary thing in this way we ever saw was in a Hongkong newspaper office, where the large pages of seven very long columns were made up on brass galleys, and carried to the press on them. In working a hand press, such as a double-demy Columbian or Albion, the Chinese pressmen have some curious ways. "No. 1" pressman puts the sheet of paper on the "tympan," and rolls in the bed of the press, but he does not, as he ought, pull over the bar or lever by which the

impression is produced. No, he's No. 1, and he only does the skilful work of putting on the paper, and rolling in and out the bed. "No. 2" works the hand ink roller, and a coolie on the off-side does the heavy work by shoving over the lever with both hands, and he has to take off the printed sheet too. They can print about 300 copies an hour this way. In working a very small hand press, the first pressman pulls the handle to himself. In the *Mercury* office, a "proof galley press" lay in a corner unused for some time, because the Chinese pressmen said they couldn't work it. We had it taken out from its obscurity, and found there was nothing wrong with it, but still the pressmen said they could not cast a proof on that thing,—a longitudinal iron tray, and an iron cylinder, and nothing in the world simpler than to cast a proof on it, only to run the cylinder over the column of type. We got one or two of the pressmen to use it, but one old man tried to avoid it as long as he could; he would rather put himself to any amount of trouble in getting a proof on a hand press, waiting till it was disengaged, before he would touch that cylindrical proof galley press; in fact he seemed to think that this new fangled machine disturbed the celestial ghosts; but by and bye he got over it, when he had seen it used day after day, without anything serious happening; still when he uses it, he does so with great caution, and looks as if he were afraid of it.

When a Wharfedale machine came to be fitted up at the *Mercury* office, several Chinese mechanics were engaged to put it in working order; they had taken it down at another place, and the number one man said he could "savee all what b'long that ting;" he could put it together again as easily as he could make a bowl of rice disappear. After they got all the pieces brought to the office by coolies carrying them suspended from bamboo poles, the celestial engineers set to work clean-

ing, and they put up the frame on the second day ; they took another day to put in the driving wheel and cog wheels, by means of which the bed of the machine travels ; on the next day they put on the bed and inking-table, and also the cylinder. On the sixth day they fixed up all the gear round the machine, and put on the feeding board. The latter article was viewed by them as the most important part of the whole machine, and one of the men had spent nearly his whole time in polishing the brass gratings. They thought they had at last got everything right, when they managed to make the cylinder turn round, but they found the grippers did not work ; and more than that, the cylinder reversed when the bed travelled backwards under it. However, the number one engineer thought that that was all right, for when he got the grippers to take round a sheet of paper with them, he called on his men to gather up their tools, they put all their screw keys, wrenches, screw drivers, and hammers into a bag, and the number one man reported "that ting all b'long proper." "You b'long too muchee foolo," was the reply he got when it was discovered that he had not altered some things he was told about, for he

had put some eccentric wheels upside down, and the cylinder was not fixed properly at all. We ultimately got the machine put right, and then a Chinese pressman tried to improve on it, and set it all wrong again. Another Chinese pressman came and said he could make it all proper ; he walked round the machine and then sat down on a small box, and lighted his tobacco-pipe, but at the same time leisurely unscrewed a nut on one of the minor parts of the gear ; then he fastened it again, leaving it just as he had found it ; he next turned the driving wheel slowly, and gave the cylinder one revolution ; another seat and a smoke ; and so on, he wasted a whole forenoon without doing anything. But another man came from a native daily newspaper office and set the machine all right, so that it worked first rate ; he took an afternoon to fix it, and the other old man sat watching him the whole time ; not only that, he came back next day, and crawled round the machine for hours, without anybody saying anything to him, except asking what he wanted, and he said he was trying to see how the other man made it all right. He was anxious to get a job to work this new machine, but he didn't.



CHINESE LEGERDEMAIN: THE SHOWMEN ON HONGKEW WHARF.



ONE of the most amusing sights in Shanghai, is the juggler, wizard, or celestial professor of legerdemain who is almost every day to be seen performing alongside of the steamers lying at the Hongkew Wharf. We have seen several different performers there, and some of their tricks are certainly very clever,—equal to anything that can be done by professionals in that line at home, and there is a grotesqueness in the performers which adds greatly to the fun. We remember last summer seeing one fellow coming along the wharf, while we were on board one of the steamers there, paying a visit to the captain. It was in the hottest days of August, and the celestial attire at that season is very scant; the fellow we had noticed was a long, lean, skin and bone celestial of not very tender years, but to guess his age to a nicety would be beyond any one's power. He was arrayed in a piece of dirty blue cotton, tied round his waist, and a pair of short pants; not another stitch about him, and not even a covering for his head nor sandals for his feet. Under his arm he carried a small suspicious looking bundle; and if it had been dark, a policeman would have been warranted in arresting him on a charge of stealing it, for the manner in which he skipped along the wharf, and the cautious looks which he gave along the decks, excited a feeling of mystery as to what he was after. He stopped opposite the quarter deck of the steamer we were on, and then immediately commenced business by unfolding his parcel on the wharf planks, and taking out

some articles which at once showed that he was a celestial showman in the sleight of hand line. He began by placing three or four large beads and marbles on the planks, and shifted them about mysteriously so that you could never know exactly where any of them were, and he kept talking to himself all the time, or using incantations, occasionally interspersed with a pidgin English to interest the crowd of sailors who had soon gathered round him, and the pidgin English was not of a very refined or polite nature; a good deal of fore-castle slang about it. In manipulating the beads and marbles, he showed great dexterity, and occasionally repeated the trick of pretending to let one fall accidentally and roll through between the planking—here he brought pidgin English quotations to his service—and then he picked the lost bead out of his left eye! Or he might follow up this bit of legerdemain by putting the bead under the eyelid, holding one fist over the eye and striking it with the other fist, then showing his eye as if it were swollen by the bead being under the skin; the next second he held up both arms to show there was nothing under his armpits, while the next move would be to take the crystal bead and several others like it out under his armpits, pretend to swallow them, and then take them one by one from his nostrils. Then he went through some genuine swallowing feats. He had a small brass bell, the same as those attached to the collar of a mandarin's pony, the bell being of exactly the size and shape of a large walnut shell; this he swallowed, and

no cheating about it, you could see the big lump as it went down his throat, and more than that, when it was down he danced "the perfect cure" on the wharf, to the music of the bell inside his body. This was the point when he made his most clamorous appeals for "cumshaw." "Hap dallah cumshaw, captain," he shouted over and over again till he had actually convinced himself that he was to get it; "hap dallah cumshaw" took the place of all his chin chinning invocations, and he got so excited over it that like an auctioneer he thought he was receiving higher bids, for he soon changed the cry to "Wan dallah cumshaw, captain; wan dallah, cumshaw!" After convulsive coughings and evident pain in making severe efforts, he drew his breath, wheezed, coughed, twisted his body and contorted his features, and almost turned himself upside down and inside out, till he brought the bell out of his mouth again, and then went on the walk round to receive contributions, of which he had full share. His performance was only about half through, and this was the way he spent the "usual interval." His next feats were remarkable but not very pleasant to witness. He slapped his bony hands on his bare chest, and shouted "No hab got chow chow," and at the same instant, he drew a long breath, and all his intestines seemed to be drawn up under his chest, for under the lower ribs, there was nothing but skin, close to his back bone. A walk round in this skeleton-like condition was made, shouting "no hab got chow chow; wan dallah cumshaw hab got;" and then he changed his state by inhaling as much wind as almost made him a baloon, and his rotundity was as extraordinary as his previous extreme as a skeleton. Among other tricks of this fellow, he showed wonderful cleverness in juggling, twirling a stick on the points of other two, turning a plate on the point of a stick balanced on the point of his nose, and in the latter performance

he rendered his appearance most grotesque by taking his queue,—a very short and spare one,—doubling it up, tying it round with the extremity of the silk thread, till it stood erect six inches from the crown of his head. So much for what we remember of a performance witnessed more than six months ago.

The other day, we happened to be on board the same steamer, at the same wharf, and the showmen were on the boards again; there were two or three of them there, but the "hab got chow chow" fellow did not put in an appearance. One of them was quite a young man, who could not do much in the showman pidgin; he was too much like the old fellow we once saw in the City, walking backwards and forwards, striking attitudes, and throwing about his arms in a miscellaneous manner; but he afterwards did some feats in tumbling which were rather good for the clumsy looking Chinaman that he was. He tumbled a series of somersaults, first putting both hands on the ground, then only one hand, then three fingers, next two fingers, next only the fore-finger, and then he went round and round without ever touching the ground at all. His greatest feat however was to take nine porcelain bowls, holding one under each armpit, one in his teeth, and three in each hand, and then turned somersaults, placing his forehead on the ground, without ever dropping one of the bowls. He soon gave place to another, who was more like the lanky fellow first described; but it was winter now, and the costume is much different, for this fellow was loaded with blue cottons and dirty rags, and it was a constant trouble to him to pull up his bulky sleeves to show there was "no deception" there, and that it was "all done by the turn of the wrist." He went down on his knees on the wharf, laid down a small box which he had carried under his arm, and a group of celestials gathered round him, while he had about half a dozen foreign spectators on the steamer. He went in largely for incantations, for his tongue never

halted,—always jabbering away, at times quietly and anon very excitedly, while his peculiar gestures and the varying expressions on his brazen countenance were evidently essential towards the working of his miracles. One of his first tricks was to show a pair of small tea cups, place one, inverted, over the other, get a little boy to puff his breath in between the cups, and then he shook them, when there was heard the noise of a metallic substance inside; he exposed the interior of both cups, and there was nothing to be seen; separated them again, and found “two piecee cash” in one of them; then he manipulated these cash for a time, changing them from one cup to another, covering one cup with the other, and shaking them, producing the tinkling sound at will; but he did not make anyone believe that there was much in this trick, for inside one of the cups we could see some pitch, and he evidently got the cash stuck on it when he did not want them to make a noise. And when he showed the interior of the cups, pretending there was nothing in them, we noticed he was always careful to have two fingers on the inside of the cup, and just where the pitch or other black substance was. His next performance was to cover a walnut shell with an inverted tea cup, use incantations for a few minutes, and draw his fingers mysteriously round the cup; he lifted it, and the walnut shell was gone, and in its place a hen’s egg; the latter he rolled about and showed it was genuine. He next placed the egg inside a small bowl, inverted another bowl on the top of it, and held up, one, two, three, and four fingers successively to show he was to produce a miraculous multiplication of hen’s eggs. Sure enough when he moved the uppermost cup a little aside, there were three eggs seen lying in the bottom of the other, and when he lifted the covering cup altogether, there were four eggs in the lower cup. This genius was certainly a porcelain wizard, for in nearly all

his tricks pieces of old China were used. He took a pair of small cups, held them upside down to show they were empty, closed them together, and then the one lower was immediately afterwards found to be full of water; he divided the water between the two cups, and drank up both their contents, squirting the water from his mouth again; but still the cups remained full; he tried to empty them again, held them one by one over his mouth while his head was held backwards, so that it seemed certain that the water must have gone down his throat; but whether it did or not, we don’t know, at any rate there seemed to be an inexhaustible fulness in the cups; he tried for two or three minutes to drink them empty but could not do it, and then pitched the water on the wharf; with what he threw from the cups and squirted from his mouth, he had drenched quite a large portion of the planking. In his next performance he produced a piece of stoneware—not of native manufacture, and nothing more mysterious than one of Day & Martin’s brown-coloured blacking bottles. The bottle was shown to be quite empty and the wizard placed it on the plank before him where he sat. He next took a small bag from the box he had at his left hand; this box, by the way, contained all his paraphernalia in bowls, cups, saucers, eggs, and walnuts; but he kept a dirty rag covering the top of the small box, and this covering was essential in the trick about to be performed. In the small bag he took from the box, there were two or three handfuls of rice,—chow chow rice, or as the showman called it, “chow chow lice,”—as the Chinese cannot pronounce “r,” and substitute “l” for it. He exhibited the rice, put back the bag into the box, but left the open mouth of a bag lying over the side of the box,—the covering mentioned obscured the rest of it. Then he placed his hand into the mouth of the bag and took out “one piecee lice,” dropped it into the blacking bottle, covered the mouth of

the bottle with a small piece of paper, and then threw over it a piece of cloth, and worked himself into fits by his manoeuvres in calling spirits to his aid for this great miracle he was about to accomplish. He succeeded, and triumphantly unveiled the blacking bottle, showing that it was full to over-flowing with rice, and, catching hold of the projecting part of the bag in the box, he pulled it out, and showed it was quite empty. He was not to stop here either, for he proceeded with the parallel feat of conveying all the enchanted rice from the blacking bottle into the bag again, and then turned up the bottle, when only "one piecee lice" was found to be in it! This trick, although it at first seemed to be marvellous,—is easily explained. The manipulation was certainly very cleverly done, and it was only on the double trick being repeated a second time that, in watching more closely, we discovered how it was managed. When he placed the full bag of rice in the box, he did not, as he pretended, leave its mouth exposed, but the mouth of another empty bag; and the bottle was never really filled with rice at all, but when covering it up he had his hands under the cloth, stuck a cork in the bottle, and the cork had some layers of rice glued on the top of it. The trick was nevertheless a very clever one. He next proceeded to swallow nine needles,—each one about an inch long, rather clumsy and evidently of native manufacture; he pretended to put them all down his throat, and on being told they were

all in the side of his gums, he showed that they were not there. After swallowing, or pretending to swallow the needles,—in which he had great difficulty, and either real or pretended pain,—he took a white cotton thread, about three feet in length, and commenced to gobble up one end of it; when he had about ten or twelve inches of it in his mouth, he drew in his breath and the rest of the thread went straight into his jaws in the twinkling of an eye, and was out of sight even when he held his mouth open. He did not seem very comfortable for the next minute or two, and then he began to writhe as if in agony, in attempting to bring up the needles again; after severe efforts, he spat out a small piece of cotton thread which proved to be the end of the yard of thread he had swallowed, and he pulled it slowly from his throat, with nine needles threaded upon it! This may seem incredible, but we saw it, and can prove it was seen by several other people. We don't pretend to explain how this was done, but if anyone doesn't believe it, he can see it done, and perhaps he will be able to find out that there was some "dark trick" about it which we could not discover. We suppose he never swallowed the needles at all, but he appeared to do so, and the deception was exceedingly clever. This showman got plenty cumshaw that afternoon, and seemed to be proud of the result of his performance, which would enable him to get "chow chow lice" for a few days to come.



ANGLO-CHINESE SIGNBOARDS.



SIGNBOARD painting is an art, the progress of which would form a very interesting and amusing study. There are many primitive signboards to be seen in towns at home, where there is not only something strange in the words, but the way they have been spelt by the painter, and the zig-zag formation of some of the letters, gives the signboard a comicality all its own. The bad arrangement of the words often leads to curious interpretations. There is one in London where a tradesman of the Italian name, Smith, puts the street number of his shop in the middle of the name of his firm, which would make one believe that he had a very large family, for the signboard reads:

J. SMITH 108 SONS & Co.

But we will not endeavour to recall from memory curious signboards to be seen at home, as our object is to give a few specimens of what are to be seen in the Foreign Settlements here; and as they are the English signboards put up over Chinese shops, and the letters painted by Chinese, it is not surprising that some of them are fearfully and wonderfully made. Foreigners in Shanghai even have some curious signboards, as for instance one, which has certainly the name of a foreigner on it, to be seen in the Rue du Consulat, French Concession, as under:—

J. C. WILLIAMS,

HIS STORE.

Possibly he may be anxious to let people know it is not any other person's store, or perhaps it is necessary to tell people that it

is a store. The Chinese do not even make so absurd ones one as that. Of course at all the Chinese shops, there are the usual oblong tablets with Chinese inscriptions, but we must leave them out of consideration, as we can't read Chinese, and don't want to. The signboards bearing words in English, generally have also some Chinese characters spattered about in a miscellaneous manner to fill up odd corners. The greatest variety of curious signboards is to be found in Broadway, Hongkew, (American Settlement), and in some of the by streets off that main thoroughfare. As with the Chinese tablets, which are hung so that characters can be seen on both sides, so it is with the most of the other signboards,—some shopkeepers have their names and occupations emblazoned on the front of their wooden shanties, but most of them have also an English signboard stretching outwards at right angles, and painted on both sides. The extent to which they go in English signboards, the size of the boards, and the amount of labour spent on them, is proportionate to the extent of the business;—as for example, a barber generally has only about two square feet of boarding, and a big hong may have a very substantial signboard. We will now give some specimens, making the reproduction as near the original as we can by using ordinary type. We will take a few of the barbers first. None of them have yet adopted the red and white striped pole and brass plate. Here is one, who seems to consider it a special recommendation that he comes from Canton:—

BAR BAR
HAIR CUTTING
AH FOO
FROM CANTON

Another barber has got his name awfully jumbled, for on his signboard it appears as one word, whereas there are three words in it:—

LEAU YUEN WOO
SHAVING SHOP
AND
HAIR CUTTER

The next one we give has an eye to catching sailors on shore, for on his small wooden board, right under his name he has the English and American ensigns rudely painted, but we haven't blocks to reproduce them. The flags are such wretched imitations that it is a wonder some sailor does not knock down the signboard:—

FE WO TANG
NATIVE BARBER
SHAVING AND
HAIR CUTTER

The next one we give as a specimen of the genius of the painter in making the word "and":—

CHING KEE
NATIVE BARBER

aNd

Hair Cutter

The barbers have little to put on their signboards; but when we come to the blacksmith and general tinker man, he has an awful yarn, —a catalogue of his stock in trade, and he says he makes "blacksmiths" as well as pistols and locks. The best one of this kind is in a road parallel with Broadway:—

ZEY CHONG
DEALER IN
OLD NEW COPPER BRASS
LOCK AND REAP HOOK BEST
PISTOL GAS BURNER STOVE
BLACKSMITH MAKER

Another genius in the "brass-lock-hook-gas-

stove-line," has his shop away down the road, and his signboard contains almost exactly the same words as the above, but whereas Zey Chong is content to have his in plain letters and even lines, his rival, Sun Chong, has secured a painter who has scattered about the words, in yellow letters on blue ground, in a terrible manner, twisting the words in grand flourishes that defy reproduction with type; but as a signboard it is not a success, it is too difficult to read, you would almost have to stand on your head to do it, and it looks as if it had been painted in a typhoon. Another blacksmith is less ostentatious, and merely has a small board with this on it:—

YEE SHUNG
BLACKSMITH COPPER
AND
TIN SMITH

But the painter must have got stupid when his work was nearly done, for he puts an "L" instead of an "I" in "Smith":

The furniture-storekeepers of Hongkew go in for big sign-boards with a great deal of reading on them, as for example:—

SING KEE HONG
OLD AND NEW FURNITURE STORE ALL KINDS
OF FURNITURE AND OF BEST QUALITY
ARE MADE TO ORDER HERE.

And besides the large signboard as above, this hong has a small black tablet, with gilt letters, on the wall, being a repetition of the words on the large signboard, but the artist makes a sad bungle of the word "furniture" as he spells it "Eorhiture," thus:—

NEW AND SECOND HAND EORHIT
URE STORE

There is another one down the road, next door to Sun Chong's artistic work in blue and yellow; and the two seem to have been done by the same hand. This storekeeper is named Yung Tai,—the name being painted in large "Old English" letters; he is a jack of all trades, if we may judge from his signboard, (which

has too many flourishes for exact reproduction) for he calls himself "Carpenter, Cabinet Maker, Rattan Maker, Painter, Mason, Stone Cutter, Contractor." Another curious board is the small one over the premises of Yung-kee, who is very particular in giving his address in full, and though there is a large block between his shop and the Old Dock, he stretches a point, and calls his shop next door to it, in order to have some good distinguishing mark to indicate his locality:—

YUNG KEE

CARPENTER

CAULKER AND CONTRACTOR

A445 BROAOMAY

HONGKEW NEXT DOOR TO OLD DOCK.

In the above, the painter must have little experience, else he would not have made such mess of "Broadway." We will take the shoemakers next, and amongst their signboards we find one, where there is the same idea as Yung Kee had in regard to the fixing of the locality:—

JIM

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

OPPOSITE HUNT'S WHARF

This small board is ornamented with English and American flags, and pictures of boots and shoes; but he is not quite correct when he says his shop is opposite the wharf, for he is on the west side of Broadway, and there's several ranges of buildings between him and the wharf; he might as well have said his shop was opposite the river. The next one is rather curious in the wording, although the letters have been all well formed:—

YA SING

BOOT SHOE AND CARTRIDGE BOX

LEATHER BELTING MAKER

LEATHER WARE OF ALL KINDS.

In the next there is something in the name, if he had only dropped out the final "g," which would have been appropriate for the name of a shoemaker, especially as his signboard bears a

picture of a Wellington boot:—

LONG SHING

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER

REPAIRS NEATLY EXECUTED.

"Long Shing's" board is in three spars, which are open from each other, and is it time he had some "repairs neatly executed" on it. The last line is put all in one word, and looks like Welsh. The knights of the needle, celestial as well as barbarian, are of course not behind their neighbours in eccentricities on their signboards. Here is one, over a small shop in Broadway:—

TUNG FOONG

TAILORS

AND GENTS. OUTFITTERS.

The celestial tailors may do work for gents; but not much, and Tung-foong's place does not look very fashionable. Another knight has a singular name:—

A. KOW

TAILOR AND OUTFITTER

Mark Twain said he liked to see a man who could spell cow with a big "K," as it gave an idea of a new kind of cow; this is a celestial one. The next we take notice of is a regular cosmopolitan outfitter;—and he has a new and original way of spelling "outfitter":—

SING TAYE

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

AMERICAN TAILOR

AND OUTFITTER.

He ought to be proud of his professional ability if he can supply French, English and American fashions in his little shanty. Of all the odd names which Chinese trademen have adopted, "James" is one that we never met with except on the following:—

JAMES

TAILOR

ENTRANCE

JAMES

TAILOR AND

OUTFITTER

The first board is at the end of an alley, and the second is up the alley on a gateway. We have heard of "Jim" "Sam" "Jack" and other names being adopted by "John" Chinaman, but "James" is a new one—and James a tailor too! There must be something wrong with him. But there is even a more curious celestial tailor than "James," for we find a signboard in another road:—

MOSES
TAILOR AND
OUTFITTER

One of the worst attempts at signboard painting is the original of the following:—

SAM YUEN
STEVITORE
FROM
SMATAW

This stevidore thinks it important to let people know he comes from Swatow; but he ought to have made his painter do his work better, and not allowed him to spell it "Smataw." The painters themselves have generally pretty fair signboards, although they are not particular as to the arrangement of the words:—

YE SHING
SHIPS PORTRAIT AND
PAINTER

The next one is an instance of the shopkeeper getting as much as he can crowded on to two square feet of boarding. It is difficult to understand whether Shun Kee or the soda water comes from Canton:—

SHUN KEE
LEMONADE
SODAWATERAND
ALLKINDSFROMCANTON

There are many appropriate names adopted by Chinese tradesmen and shopkeepers. The following one is not a Chinese name, it isn't proper English, and must have been adopted because it has something of appropriateness for a carpenter:—

A. CUTM
SHIPS CARPENTER
AND
BOAT BUILDER.

The next one is not a bad name for a celestial photographer:—

LIGHT MOON
PHOTOGRAPHER AND PAINTER

Perhaps he means it to read, like Chinese, from right to left, so that the name would be "Moon Light." The best name we have seen yet for a Chinese storekeeper is that adopted by a native hong in the Broadway:—

SMILER & CO
SHIPS COMPRADORES AND
GENERAL STOREKEEPERS.

The "smile that was child-like and bland" is upon the face of every Celestial storekeeper when he asks "wan dallah-hap" for an article he is ready to part with at fifty cents when he sees he can't get any more. One of the best known Chinese shops in Hongkew is that of the firm known as "Cheap Jack & Co."—a very good name. They have a bold emblazonment of their name on the front of the building, but just now, part of it has been obliterated, and it appears thus:—

CHEAP JACK & CO
HIP CHANDLEP
STORE KEEP

The most extraordinary of all the Anglo-Chinese signboards we have seen is not in Hongkew, but in the Canton Road, English Settlement. It is in black letters of two inches in depth, and looks as if it was printed on paper and stuck on the board. The words are as follows:—

WE HAVE ON HAND WITH SEVERAL
KINDS OF DIFFERENT PACK ALL FIRST
QUALITIES TEA FOR SALE, ANYONE WHO
WOULD FAVOUR US WITH KIND ORDER
WILL APPLY TO

WING CHUNG WO
CANTON ROAD No. 523
SHANGHAI.

As in Hongkew, the curious signboards are nearly all to be found on the main thoroughfare Broadway, and are thickly crowded,—this led us to suppose that the best of them were in Hongkew; but a stroll through some of the Chinese streets of the English Settlement and the French Concession convinced us that we were under a misapprehension in writing the first part of this sketch, for although the curious signboards are more widely scattered, still there are a very large number of them, and the eccentricities displayed upon them are also very amusing. We thought at first that Zey Chong, the Hongkew tinker man, was entitled to the first prize for his miscellaneous signboard, but there is one in Honan Road, English Settlement, which puts Zey Chong in the shade :—

TAY WOO

FROM HONGKONG BELLHANGER COPPERSMITH
BLACKSMITH FITTER AND PLUMBER
GAS FITTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTION RELACQUERED OR
REBRONZED AND MADE AS GOOD AS NEW AT THE MOST MODERATE
PRICE BRASS SOLD IRON AND LEAD PIPE, OF ALL SIZE, IN STOCK

And another tinker man is also entitled to notice :—

SUNG TAI

BLACKSMITH AND GASFITTER
COPPERSMITH CHANDELIERS
AND BRONZE BURNISHED
AND MADE EQUAL TO NEW.

The barbers, too, are even more comical than their brethren in Hongkew; for we find this Irish one in Rue du Consulat, French Concession :—

RORYOMORE

BARBER
AND
HAIRDRESSER

The idea of a celestial barber adopting an Italian name of that kind is quite laughable. Another tonsorial professor in Hankow Road, English Settlement, has his small signboard glorified with English and American flags and something original in the way of scissors and

razors painted on it; his name is a curious one :—

JUHNNIHR

HAIRDRESSING
SALOON

There are a great number of signboards with the shopkeeper's name, and these words added :—

MANILA LOTTERY

SOLD HERE.

But one shopkeeper puts it this way :—

YAK KEE

MANILA LOTTERY TICKETS
FOR SALE HERE
AND
PRIZED TICKETS CASHED

The general storekeepers must give up the palm to one in the French Concession for having selected a good name. In one of the streets there, on a pole stretching from side to side of the road, in Chinese fashion, this storekeeper has a board painted with very large plain letters thus :—

SHANGHAI JIM

GENERAL STOREKEEPER

In the Rue du Consulat there is the following :—

YUE CHONG & CO STOREKEEPER

SHIP COMPRADORE AND BAKERS

The carpenters and cabinet makers are heavy on signboards, and here are two or three specimens.

LOONG CHAN

CARPENTER PAINTER
BUILDER AND UP HOLSTERER

YONG CHONG

CARPENTER UPHOLSTERER
DEALERS FURNITURE RENOVATED

SING CHONG & Co

FURNITURE STORE
AND BRONZE

The tailors have a few curious boards worth reproducing; here is a small one, but only one

mistake in it :—

TUNG CHEONG
TAILOR
DRAPER
FROM HONGKONG

In the Maloo, there is a board with this name on it :—

ARMAGH TAILOR

Is it Irish ? or what ?

Then there is the number one name adopted by the tailor in the Maloo :—" Fitall." On the board stretching outwards from his shop he has this on it.

FITALL
TAILOR AND OUTFITTER

And on the wall of his shanty, he advertises other branches of his trade :—

FIT ALL
MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER

He is not the only native merchant who has set himself up as a milliner and dressmaker, for on the opposite side of the street he has a rival :—

SHIN LOONG
TAILOR AND GENERAL OUTFITTER
ALSO
LADIES DRESSMAKER

While on this class of signboards, we will give one in Hongkew, omitted from the earlier list :—

SHUN TOW
TAILOR AND OUTFITTER
HOSIERY STRAW HATS
STOCKING SAND 9 CT.

The last line is a curious jumble ; the painter had been told to make it " stockings, &c." but

he puts it " stocking sand 9 ct. ;" the 9 ct. is certainly an original "&c." A celestial tailor in the Hankow Road, has the British coat of arms on his signboard, and beneath it the words :—

(SMALL PAGE
TAILOR
BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE ROYAL NAVY

Another similar one is to be found in the Rue du Consulat :—

CHING LING
TAILOR TO THE
ROYAL NAVY

We doubt if the Royal Navy have ever had anything to do with them. We will conclude by giving some specimens of the signboards adopted by watch and clock-makers. They all have an approximately circular board, painted with the chapters as on a dial of a clock, and in the centre they crowd their designation in cramped letters. Here is one instance where the painter spells watch-maker this way :—

MAT9HMAKER

In another, a celestial, desiring to tell the public that he can repair New York clocks, puts this on his wooden dial :—

WATCH MACKER
REPAIR I. NY CLOCKS.

The last, and perhaps the richest specimen of all is the following mode of inviting inspection :—

SOEY SUEN
WATCH AND CLOCK
MAKER

Come into the store very justful.



THE CHINESE POLICEMAN.



THE Municipal Council of Shanghai employ about 140 Chinamen as policemen for the Settlements North of the Yang-king-pang, or otherwise called the English and American Settlements. These policemen are to be seen with unfailing regularity at the police stations, when the hour for chow is at hand ; it is only now and again during day time, and very seldom at night, that one can be seen on the streets. They are dressed in a uniform which is half Chinese, half European. In winter they wear top boots ; thick black cloth trousers, fitting more tightly than the ordinary Chinese style ; a loose blue jacket, with an embroidered number in Arabic numerals on the right breast, and a similar embroidery of the Chinese number on the left breast ; their tail hangs down the back of the blue jacket as a temptation for little boys to catch hold of. When it is rainy weather, then the Chinese policemen covers himself with a big overcoat, of regular policemen style, even to the big buttons, and leather waist band ; he keeps his tail inside of it ; his cap is covered with oilskin or other waterproof covering ; big boots, great coat, waterproof cloak, and glazed cap are all that is to be seen of him, so that he loses his celestial appearance ; but he also carries an umbrella when it is wet ; the umbrella is generally of the three and six-penny alpaca order, but sometimes he lowers his dignity so far as to carry an ordinary Chinese umbrella of bamboo and oiled paper. In summer, when we have very warm weather, the native policemen wears a light suit, with a pith helmet shaped like an inverted soup plate,

and he invariably carries an umbrella when on parade. An umbrella is not a very handy thing for a policeman to carry when he has to run in a prisoner ; but then the native policeman so very seldom makes any capture, that he does not find the umbrella in the way.

The Chinese policemen are paid about ten dollars a month, and they consider their occupation a splendid one. They are sent out in squads from the police stations, taking turns on duty extending over four hours. The sergeant on charge at the station calls the roll, while the native constables are drawn up in front of him, a foreign constable being in charge of the squad, and at their right flank. The constables answer to their names and are told the beats they are to take. They are spoken to in pidgin English by the sergeant, and the policeman-interpreter, or native constable of the first rank attached to each station, also communicates the instructions to them in their own dialect. When asked where they have to go, scarcely anyone of them can tell, so that they have often to be told two or three times over ; the one who was told to go to the Bridge, " can savee ;" he likes that beat because he has nothing to do on it, and has not far to walk, but only to loiter about the end of the Bridge ; the ones who have to go to out-of-the-way corners and back streets where there is a chance of getting into a row with natives, don't understand where they were told to go to, and often go just anywhere that suits them. When the procession starts, the foreign constable leads the way, a good distance in advance, walking in dignified manner as if he had no connection

with the straggling native constables behind him; they come to cross roads and some break off to the right, some to the left, till they get scattered over the settlement somewhere or other; but if any one went all round, ten minutes afterwards, following the routes they had taken, there would not be a single one of them to be seen. The best duty for the Chinese policeman is to be look after the Public Garden, to study botany and watch the children playing, or to make love to the amahs. No celestials are admitted to the garden, so there are none of the native riff-raff on his beat, and by no possible chance can he have anything to do in the way of taking a prisoner in charge. But there is one part of the duty he must feel very irksome, annoying, and sometimes dangerous. Dogs are prohibited from entering the Public Garden, and when they stray into it, then it is the policeman's duty to put them out. If he sees a small lap dog, poodle, or terrier, he proceeds to close quarters with it,

holding out his baton to try and frighten it; but if the dog shows any pluck, as most of them can do, and barks at the native policeman, then the dog is master of the situation; if the dog does not run off, the policeman will not go a step nearer, and if the dog assumes the offensive, the policeman gives in and skulks away behind the shrubbery. A Chinese policeman when going home to dinner can walk about four miles an hour; when on duty he walks about a mile in three hours. When he sees a row going on between some natives on the street, he goes off in the opposite direction, and turns the first corner. When he gets a good easy chance to take a quiet, helpless coolie in charge, he seizes him by the queue, and runs him in bravely; but if the coolie had shown any resistance, the policeman most probably would have cleared out at once, and then there would be a race, with the coolie a bad second. A Chinese policeman was never seen running, except when some one was chasing him, or had frightened him in the dark.



CHINESE BOYS.



THE house servants and personal servants employed by foreigners in China are chiefly Cantonese; they range in years from fifteen to fifty, but are all designated "boy." There are of course other servants than those known as "boys," such as the cooks, and the coolies; but the "boy" takes the place of maids of all work, house maids, chamber maids, butlers, and valets,—the "boy" is a factotum; and some foreigners who have only one "boy" make him rather too much of a factotum,—by using him as house-servant, valet, jinricsha coolie, cook, head bottle washer, and everything else, which the celestial will cheerfully do for a few dollars a month, until he gets qualified for, and has a chance of obtaining, a better situation. In a house where there are several boys, there is one who is over all and is known as "number one boy;" then the junior is always called "small boy." Number one has a great air of dignity when he contemptuously refers to "small boy," who is only learning pidgin; but the "small boy" may still be the sharpest of the lot. The ordinary boy servant gets generally about \$8 a month; he attends his master at table at all meals, brings coffee or tea to his bedside in the morning, has all his clothes carefully brushed,—those required are at hand, and those not required carefully laid past; when his master is at home, the boy is always within call of the bell, and is always called if there is anything wanted,—provided it is not less trouble for his master to do the thing himself than to pull the bell for the boy. The Chinese boy has many good qualities; most

of them are attentive to their duties, but the great complaint is that an honest one is very seldom met with, if ever an honest one existed. Some of them have been with their present masters for many years, but the longer a foreigner stays in China the stronger convictions he will have of Chinese dishonesty; it is the new comers only who have any faith in the honesty of Chinese boys, and though we have not been here long, we have not got much of that faith left. It all depends upon the style in which its done; and some boys continue pilfering for years without their masters ever discovering it; others go in so heavy all at once that they are soon found out. Not long ago, there was a case where a boy was caught in the act of breaking open a lock fast desk; a lot of money had been going astray, which caused suspicion and led to the watching of the "boy's" movements; when caught he was told his master was aware that he stole two dollars six weeks before that, and the young rascal coolly said his master was "too muchee foolo," for not having told him that before, because if he had stopped him six weeks ago, he would not have been able to go on stealing from him all the time. The foreigner in that case had been making a collection of all the various silver and gold coins to be got in "change" here, and he discovered it was hard work to bring his collection up to any great size, as the boy was abstracting from it, regardless of what coins they were. He has now given up the study of numismatics. Another foreigner got his faith in Chinese boys shaken, by discover-

ing one wet day that his new silk umbrella had gone the way of all umbrellas—and an old one was placed in the cover. That was meant to be a cunning trick, but the celestial was out of it there, for he could scarcely palm off an old umbralla on his master for new one; he had not been aware of the troubles that afflict the just in the way of losing umbrellas at church and others public places, else he would have abstracted the umbrella, cover and all, and left nothing in its place. The foreigner had his suspicion aroused, and he looked round all his locked drawers and desks, but saw that everything was, as he thought, all right; he did not miss anything at the time; but a day or two afterwards, on making a second search, he missed a loaded revolver, a gold watch, chain, and various articles, and a small pile of money; and discovered too that the locks had been tampered with. He called for the boy with a vengeance, but the boy was off into the country to see his grandmother. The Chinese boy has more relations than any other member of the human family; he is always going away to the funeral of some of them, and when leaving he generally takes something with him,

—picks up a few dollars and forgets to lay them down. The boy is of an inquisitive nature, and knows everything about his master, and will tell everything about him if any other boy wants to know; these boys spread scandals over the place as well as any old women could do it. They are the chief exponents of "pigdin English," as their intercourse with foreigners is greater than any other class of natives. They can generally speak it very well, but there are exceptions to this rule. We once knew a boy, who, when waiting at a table, where a good number of gentleman sat, used to create some fun by his attempts to speak to a stranger when there happened to be one at the festive board. "Wanchee lice cully," was his usual question when he brought round the rice curry; "blandy flittahs" for "banana fritters;" and various other almost unintelligible phrases. The same fellow used to call corn flour "starch pudding" because he heard a boarder call it that! He couldn't say "custard" for his life, and when he asked a stranger "wanchee cust!" that stranger was almost tempted to swear at him. The boys are good servants when they are well watched, and they are worth watching.



THE CANGUE AND THE CHAIN GANG.



THE prisoners sentenced at the Mixed Court have a wide variety of punishments over their head, and the Magistrate either imposes a fine, orders a flagellation with bamboo sticks, the cangue, imprisonment in the court gaol, in the police cells, or hard labour in the chain-gang; and either of these punishments, or a good many of them combined, may be awarded to the prisoner. The punishment of the cangue, is the wearing of a wooden collar by the prisoner for a certain number of days, generally only a few days, but in some cases extending over a month. That wooden board is the most awkward and uncomfortable thing,—at least it looks like it,—that a fellow could have round his neck. It measures about two feet square, and is divided in two parts which are separated when the collar is to be put on or taken off; but when on, the pieces are securely dove-tailed and the prisoner cannot remove it himself. The board is attached to a chain; which is also wound round the prisoner's waist, and perhaps half a dozen of the fellows may be linked together when sitting in the cages at the entrance to the Mixed Court, or when they are taking exercise in the yards of any of the police stations. It is a very common mode of punishing a thief to place him in the cangue and chain him up in the vicinity of the place where he committed the theft; he will have to stand there all day, for he is chained so that he cannot sit down without strangling himself, and a native emissary of the police force will keep an eye on him and bring a supply of chow chow rice to him.

Thieves are often chained up this way in the settlements or in the outskirts, and have to remain at their post as a terror to evil doers for eight or ten hours a day, being taken home to the police stations at night. An incorrigible thief was once chained up at a garden on the Bubbling Well Road, and he got hold of something which enabled him to file through the link of his long chain, although, like all the thieves which are put out by themselves this way, he was hand-cuffed. He made his escape across country, with the wooden collar still on and two or three yards of chain hanging about him, and being thus heavily handicapped he was easily caught by some natives who had thought they would make a good thing of it by capturing him. The wooden collar is covered with strips of paper, bearing in Chinese characters the name of the prisoner and the offence for which he is being punished, which is meant to be a part of the punishment, and a warning to others; but most of the professional thieves who wear the wooden collar look as if they were quite reconciled to it. The prisoners who are sentenced to long terms generally go through the mill by getting flogged, exposed in the cangue, and then drafted into the chain-gang. Some of the prisoners are sent to the chain-gang for two or three months and others for longer periods, some for two years. There are incorrigibles that are hardly ever out of the gang, and are disposed to spend the whole of their lives in it. The majority of the gang are of the coolie class, and habit and repute thieves; but we

have seen cases where native merchants, and natives who held comparatively good situations, were sent to the chain-gang for serious offences such as embezzlements, frauds, and theft of large sums. The chain-gang is so called from the fact that the Municipal Council utilize convict labour by making the prisoners do most of the road work in the settlement, and the prisoners are yoked together in large teams, and attached to huge street rollers. The Council also employ a large number of coolies for road work, as the prisoners in the chain-gang are so much attached to each other that they have not sufficient freedom to do all the necessary work. The chain-gang therefore is chiefly employed in dragging street rollers, and while so engaged they are under the charge of a foreign constable and two or three native constables. The filling up of the foreshore of the Bund has been a big job for the Municipal Council's coolies and the chain-gang, and there the squads of prisoners have plenty of work for their huge iron rollers. The chain-gang fellows are all dressed uniformly in drab-coloured drill cloth, and the trousers and jackets are all marked with a Chinese character, which means that the

wearer is a prisoner. In regard to boots and hats the widest varieties are allowed, and some of the convicts show their pride by wearing polished foreign boots, while others wear hempen sandals, others felt shoes, and others go barefooted. The hats are of all sorts and sizes, both native and foreign styles. On a wet day, nearly everyone in the chain-gang has an umbrella, and as the street roller is dragged slowly along by the team of celestial convicts covered with straw-thatch water-proof coats, and tattered and torn paper umbrellas or demoralized cotton ones, the whole team presents a very strange sight. These fellows in the chain-gang are as happy as the day is long; their work is light, and infinitely better than coolie labour; they have plentiful supplies of chowchow rice, are well housed, they need have no thought of the morrow, and as they jog along in their chains, watching all the sights on the Bund, they must feel that they are better off than jinricsha or wheelbarrow coolies; many of the latter may envy their countrymen in the chain-gang, and take steps to secure an appointment in it; while those already in the gang will resolve to return to it when their present term expires.



A TRIP ON THE YANG-TSZE-KIANG; FROM SHANGHAI TO HANKOW.

WHEN Marco Polo visited Cathay and beheld the Great Kiang, or Yangtsze-kiang, the impressions which were then formed in his mind, and afterwards given to the world in his wonderful book, still remain true in many particulars. He speaks of it as the greatest river in the world, which was in one sense true when he called it so, as the new World and its mighty rivers were then unknown. He said the Great Kiang "is in some places ten miles wide, in others eight, in others six, and it is more than a hundred days' journey in length from one end to the other." The length of the Yangtsze is known to be about 3,000 miles, and though you can now do 600 miles of it, to Hankow, by steaming four days, and 320 miles from Hankow to Ichang, in two or three days, when an occasional steamer runs to that furthestmost treaty port,—we guess the rest of the voyage in native boats would occupy several weeks, if not nearly all of the hundred days. The breadth of the river is said by some writers to have been over-stated by Marco Polo, but we do not think this is the case. The course of the river has changed since the great Venetian traveller sailed on its bosom; its banks are continually changing, and places which are narrow now might once have been very wide, or *vice versa*. The greatest width which is mentioned by Marco Polo is ten miles, and near the mouth of the river, there are still ten miles from the mainland shores, but there are the large island of Tsung Ming, and the smaller one Bush Island, in the centre of the river. From

the rapidity with which the islands have grown there, by the enormous depositions of mud brought down the river, these islands must have been much smaller, even if they were in existence then, and there is no saying how wide the mouth of the river might have been in the days of Marco Polo (1274, A. D.), for in speaking of its great width he does not mention any particular part of the river. As to the trade on the river, Marco Polo says:—"I assure you that this river flows so far and traverses so many countries and cities that in good sooth there pass and repass on its waters a greater number of vessels, and more wealth and merchandize than on all the rivers and all the seas of Christendom put together. It seems more like a sea than a river." These statements cease to appear as exaggerations when we bear in mind the two facts that at the date of Marco Polo's writing, China was more prosperous than now, and the fleets of Western nations were insignificant compared to what they are now. In the "Middle Kingdom," Dr. Williams says:—"The assertion that there is a greater amount of tonnage belonging to the Chinese than to all other nations combined does not appear overcharged to those who have seen the swarms of boats on their rivers; though it might not be found strictly true." Where Marco Polo estimated the vessels at ports on the Great Kiang in thousands and tens of thousands, they can be seen at the present day in hundreds and thousands. He says he saw 15,000 vessels at one city (at the junction of

the northern section of the Grand Canal with the Yangtsze, according to Col. Yule's notes); and he was told by "the officer employed to collect the Great Kaan's duties on this river that there passed up stream 200,000 vessels in the year, without counting those that passed down!" The 15,000 sail at the mouth of the Grand Canal would not be beyond the range of probability in the heighday of China's glory; and the 200,000 vessels a year does not appear an exaggeration even now to any one who has sailed on this great river and passed through the fleets of junks and smaller boats which crowd its waters. For many years, since the Treaty Ports were opened on the Yangtsze, steamers have plied regularly upon it and at present there are four companies running twelve or fourteen steamers in almost daily succession from Shanghai to Hankow. In May, at the opening of the tea season, about twenty large ocean steamers go up to Hankow to load. The traffic on the Lower Yangtsze is therefore very large, although the trade of some of the treaty ports has not developed so well as was anticipated. During last year the total number of steamers entered and cleared at Hankow was 692, and their tonnage 671,120; and of steamers and sailing vessels 1,323, tonnage 733,335.

In the autumn of 1879, Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Co., resumed their trade on the Yangtsze, after having withdrawn for twelve years by agreement with another shipping company, who on their part withdrew from the southern coast line. The s.s. *Kung-wo* was the pioneer boat of the new line, and there is this much remarkable about the vessel herself,—she was the first steamer ever built entirely in Shanghai; the rolling of the plates was the only thing done at home. She was built by Messrs. Boyd & Co., Shanghai, who have also built the second boat of the line, the *Fuh-wo*, and have a third and larger one in hand. We described the launch of the pioneer boat, the *Kung-wo*;

we described her trial trip; and on her sixteenth trip to Hankow, we had the pleasure of being a passenger, and of seeing much and learning a good deal of the Lower Yangtsze and the many interesting places on its banks. The *Kung-wo* is commanded by Captain Popp, who has had long experience on the river and a more genial and courteous commander could not be found. We left Shanghai about five o'clock on the morning of the 23rd March last, when we were awakened by the shouting on board the steamer and on the wharf, and the cry of the mate "Let go," as we left our moorings. There was no inducement for rising so early, and we resolved to sleep on till we were past Woosung; and the movement of the steamer was so steady that we might have thought we were sleeping ashore. The next waking we had was by the song of junk oarsmen while the *Kung-wo* passed through a fleet of junks at Woosung; the swinging song of the junkmen was loud and long, and the screeching of some voices bad enough, still it was not very unpleasant after all, and junk after junk passed, as we could tell by the song of one crew dying away, and another growing louder till they seemed to be shouting at the cabin window; then the noise died away, and anon we heard it louder than ever, as the junks passed in succession, and all their crews sang or yelled the same swinging oarsong. So close were they that some of them must have been nearly run down; quite a large fleet of junks had been right in the fairway of the channel. The song of the junk oarsmen passed like a dream, and by and bye our slumbers were again broken by hideous, unearthly groans; we could stand it no longer, for the cries of the leadsman, "N-o-o-o g-r-o-n-n-d!" "And, a qua-tah, sev-in!" and such like were more than anyone could sleep under, at least for the first time he tried it; so that, when two and a half hours on our journey we got up, were soon on the hurricane

deck, and gazed in wonder and admiration at the mighty Yangtze before us, and against whose strong current the *Kung-wo* was ploughing her way at good speed. When we first came on deck, we were near Lao Point, and remembered that we had been this length before when on the trial trip. "Where's that point?" "On the port bow; don't you see that dead tree in the centre of the clump?" "Why, there's any amount of trees there, but we don't see the dead one; and we don't see why you call that a point;" and we consoled ourselves by seeing, in an old pocket sailing directory, that the point is very difficult to distinguish when going up river. The appearance of the river banks—a thin green streak bordering the broad expanse of dirty brown water—seemed to meet the Irishman's description of scenery: "Gintlemen, on the right you'll observe—nothing; and on the left a great deal less!" On the port side, the right bank of the river, there is the mainland; on the starboard side, there is Bush Island; and after we go further up the river widens, for we have passed Bush Island, and on the north side the thin green border is more distant than before. Surely that is the mainland on the north, and now we see the broadest part of the river? No, that's only Tsung Ming Island, and there's a big river on the other side of it,—the North Entrance of the Yangtze. The general aspect of the river, looking ahead, is an immense expanse of water, stretching away to the horizon before us, and it looks as though we were steaming up hill. The river is thickly studded with junks and smaller craft, and away in the distance, they appear only as small black specs. There is a long dark cloud of smoke wafted across the river from the steamer *Wuhu*, the biggest steamer on the river; she could be identified by her huge black funnel, though nothing else were seen, and sometimes she appears pretty much all funnel and smoke, her hull being of the same colour as the muddy water; when she

takes the Langshan Crossing, we see her broadside, and again when in direct line with her we see nothing but her funnel and trail of smoke. We overtake one small steamer bound up deeply laden; and another steamer passes down towards Shanghai; there were thus four steamers in sight of each other here, and hundreds of junks and smaller native craft. These latter are chiefly fishing boats; the fishermen go out with nets and lay them all over the river as thick as they can crowd them,—and the water appears thickly dotted with small black specs, which are the bamboo stakes attached to the fishing nets, and by which they are buoyed; and hundreds of fishing boats are cruising about, laying out nets or hauling them in. The steamer goes right through a crowd of nets, and as a rule the nets go under the steamer without being damaged; but occasionally, and we saw an instance of it, the bamboo stakes get caught on the bow, the nets become entangled there, and the steamer has to be slowed down to cast them off, for a big bamboo stake across the bow would impede the progress of a steamer against a strong current.

After we pass the end of Tsung Ming Island, we can barely see the mainland on the north side of the river, while away astern we look on the North Branch (42 miles in length), which leads out to sea, and down the other branch of the river, by which we have come up. An idea of the mighty expanse of water then in view fore and aft, cannot be conveyed in language, it has to be seen to be realised; three quarters of the horizon are bounded with water, and the words of Marco Polo are certainly appropriate when he says "it is more like a sea than a river." Although the river is of enormous breadth, the navigation is very difficult in this neighbourhood, for the channel is only about a quarter of a mile in breadth. Confucius channel is comparatively close to the south or right bank of the river; and there

are numerous land marks on the south bank, between Lao Point and Plover Point, which if they are not of any special interest, their names at least indicate how little serves for a distinguishing mark for the trained eye of the pilot. There's Forked Tree,—which stands out a little from those around it, and is distinguished by two forked branches; One Arm Tree—which has one branch standing out like the arm on a guide-post; Great Bush—a tree with a bushy head, like a shock headed Japanese student in the distance; and Seven Poles—which are erected at a Chinese temple. The navigation of the river between Plover Point on the south and North Tree on the north side of the river, is more difficult than at any other part of the Lower Yangtze. The channel from the Acteon Buoy to the Centaur Buoy is only about two ship's lengths in width, and has steep banks on either side; after we come to the Centaur Bank, the channel, still very narrow, takes an angular course across the river to Langshan, and this is called the Langshan Crossing. When passing the Acteon Buoy we see in the distance the Langshan Pagoda Hill, on the north side of the river, and away inland from the south shore there are three small hills, which we take to be the Muirhead Hills. As we approach Langshan, we observe that besides the hill with the Pagoda on it, there is another close beside it; both are marked on the chart, the Pagoda Hill as being of 376 feet, and the other a few feet higher. For lack of any more striking objects in the range of vision, we watch these hills and try to make out of what configuration they really are. At first they seem to be two hills joined in one, with only a small ravine half way down between them; one hill seems perfectly hemispherical, and the other conical; then they open out till we can see through between them, and the river appears to wash round and round their base; but when we come up abreast of them we find there are really three

hills, a long distance between the 376 feet one and the other that beats it in elevation by four feet only; and they were not islands at all, but all three on the mainland, though quite close to the bank of the river. On Langshan Hill, the pagoda rises out of a clump of trees on the summit, and on one steep side of the hill a belt of trees extends down to the base; that side of the hill is dotted with white buildings,—temples most probably,—and the face of the hill next the river has no trees, but some white buildings; while the third side which comes into view is a rocky precipice. The largest of the hills is quite barren, and is capped with a low square of white buildings. The pagoda is very ruinous in appearance. After taking the Langshan Crossing, the channel is comparatively close to the north bank of the river; here there is a land-mark called the North Tree, and a beacon also. Steamers always leave Shanghai for Hankow early in the morning, so that the dangerous channels we have now safely navigated may be passed in daytime; and on the return voyage to Shanghai, steamers anchor at the North Tree over night, or time their speed so as just to reach it at daylight, as they cannot take the Langshan Crossing and the other dangerous channels below it in the dark. In passing the North Tree this time, we were comfortably anchored at the saloon table for tiffin.

While steaming onwards and keeping close to the north bank of the river, we had the first distinct view of the agricultural pursuits of the Chinese, as hitherto the shore was too far off to see anything except the trees, and here and there the roof of a small thatched hut. Along the bank there are cultivated fields, extending inland for a quarter of a mile at some places, at others a less distance, and the background is closed in with thickets of bamboo and clumps of trees which preclude us seeing further into the country. The small houses of the farmers are scattered here and there, some

gathered in groups and forming small villages; the houses are chiefly built of bamboo wicker work and mud, although some have brick walls and tile roofs, but nearly all of them have their roofs thatched with reeds and straw. At some places, celestials in blue cottons stand on the bank of the river, and relieve the monotony of their toil in the fields by gazing awhile at the passing steamer; and over the green fields you see blue specs here and there, which are the patient labourers stooping down to their work with the hoe, or some other celestial implement of a similar kind. For several miles we keep close to this shore, and the scene is the same all along. The bank of the river is about fifteen feet above the level of the water, and quite perpendicular,—a clay bank which is continually being washed away by the strong current. Now and then we pass the mouth of a creek, choke full of small boats, and a long way up the creek there are hundreds of boats, as we judge by the bare masts which is all that is to be seen of them; they are stranded in the creek, and are waiting for a rise of water to take them into the interior. Grave-mounds are also very numerous along the bank, some of them within a few feet of the river, on a falling bank, and when the water rises in summer floods the celestial remains will have a watery grave. At four o'clock in the afternoon we passed the town of Kiang-ying, on the south shore, where there is a pagoda some distance inshore; and mud forts are erected on the top of the low hills which rise on each side of the swamp and creek leading up to the town. It was quite cold in the evening, there was nothing of interest to be seen, and we stayed inside the saloon.

Now we may say a few words about the leads-man, the man at the wheel, the crew, and the Chinese passengers. There are six Manilamen on board, of the rank of quartermasters, whose duties are to take turns at casting the lead, and at the wheel. There are chain platforms

on the port and starboard bows, in which the leads-man stands when casting the lead on either side as may be ordered by the pilot. The Manila quartermaster gets inside the chains, and has a Chinese sailor to pull in the lead for him. The quartermasters varied not so much in personal appearance as in voice; it was not at all unpleasant but rather somewhat romantic to hear one man calling out the depth of water found, while another at the same work gave such unearthly yells that he would wake anyone from sleep and make the hair of your head stand on end. None of them, however, came up to Mark Twain's description of the man on the Mississippi boat, who sings out "No sound, no ground, no bottom to be found, with a long, long, pitch, pine, pole." The Manilaman cries "N-o-o-o g-r-o-u-n-d," and the way he drawls out the "o" in the first word, and grinds the "g-r" in the second, is perfectly hideous and unearthly. Or when he finds a bottom at seven and a quarter fathoms, he shouts "And a qua-tah, sev-in!" singing the first word with a peculiar drone, then hurrying on to the "sev," and drawling out the last syllable as long as the lead line. "And a half, sis," (six), "Deep sis," "By the mark five," "Deep four," and halves and quarters for each of them, are all given with distinguishing peculiarities, but which are too difficult to express in print. We never got into water shallow enough to hear him call "By the Mark Twain." In the wheel-house on the hurricane deck, the Manilamen are seen at the wheel, two of them together, and when the pilot calls out the course to be steered one of the men at the wheel repeats it, with "sah" (sir) at the end of everything. "Nor. east and by east," says the pilot, and the wheelman responds "Nor. east and by east, sah!" "Steady!" "Steady, sah!" The crew, with the exception of the Manila quartermasters, are all Chinese sailors, and they work well, although there is

not very much for them to do on a river steamer. The Chinese passengers enjoy a trip on the river immensely; they have a large saloon filled with sleeping bunks, three deep,—and about 150 passengers in the one saloon; there are other smaller apartments with only six bunks in each. The steamer takes about 200 native passengers, and while some are booked through from Shanghai to Hankow, the most of them are for way-ports, and dozens come in at one port and go out at the next, so that on the round trip perhaps 1000 passengers may be carried. The Chinese passengers on the river steamers travel as cheaply as any one possibly could do; it is questionable if there is such cheap travelling in any part of the world. A Chinaman pays \$5 for a passage from Shanghai to Hankow, of nearly 600 miles, less than a cent per mile; it occupies four days, and during all that time he is supplied with as much chow chow as he can take; if that isn't cheap living and cheap travelling we don't know what to call it. But more than that, there is no restriction on the amount of baggage which a Chinese passenger can take on board, free of charge; as most of the passengers from port to port are bent on little commercial ventures, everyone generally has about a ton of baggage with him.

At midnight we reached Chinkiang, the first treaty port on the Yangtsze, and anchored alongside the hulk *Orissa*, an old P. & O. boat; and where from early morning till 9 a.m. we discharged cargo, and at the latter hour proceeded on our voyage. Our brief stay at Chinkiang on the upward voyage, and a few hours' stay on the way home, was sufficient when the two were put together, to convey some idea of the beautiful situation of this port. In the morning when we lay alongside the hulk *Orissa*, near the north bank of river, we could see little or nothing; after we got underway, the whole scene opened to our view; but on the return journey when we came into

port on a bright afternoon, we had a first rate opportunity of witnessing the fine scenery, and we will therefore from memory describe it as approached from the west. The most attractive object in the scene is the high conical rock known as Golden Island, but which no longer is an island, being connected with the shore by low ground, occasionally flooded. The rock is surmounted by a small open pavilion of circular shape; and on a cleft in the side of the rock, near the summit, stands a seven-storied pagoda, now in ruins, stripped of all its ornamental work, and its crumbling stones moss-grown. Several temple buildings, some painted white and others red, lie round the base of the rock, and to the west or shore side. The tall, fantastically shaped rock, with trees growing here and there in its clefts, and the old ruinous pagoda, stand in bold relief against the barren range of hills which roll on from the west, and between which and the river there is a broad alluvial plain; the channel of the river is said to have once been over on the other side of this plain and close to the base of the hills. A large barren and rocky hill forms the end of the range, and a steep and rugged escarpment descends to the bank of the river, while from the water's edge up the steep rock, and away over and along its ridge there is an old brick wall,—a part of the wall of the ancient city of Chinkiang. Substantial and well built white mansions are seen on the rising slopes of the hill facing the harbour; the most prominent of the buildings being the British Consulate; while the foreign settlement, a goodly range of white bungalows, stretches along the shore, sweeping round to the base of another hill which closes in the further side of the harbour. This hill is surmounted by walls and forts, and another hill seen at greater distance has also a cap of white-washed walls. Looking in over the foreign settlement, we see the old city of Chinkiang or all that remains

of it, nestling at the base of hills which rise up on every side, and zig-zag walls are seen rising over rugged spurs, steep ascents, and along the ridges. A hill at the back of the city is surmounted by a fort, and red triangular flags are waving over the walls; if we judged from the bright array of flags, the celestial war paint, we should say there were enough there to be a terror to western nations; but although Chinkiang is admirably situated for erection of fortresses, there did not appear to be any in existence that would be capable of making resistance to an invading force. The harbour, opposite the bund, is occupied by several hulks, alongside of which the river steamers discharge their cargo, and there are numerous native craft about, particularly at the mouth of the Grand Canal, which is full of junks. On the opposite shore, there is a long range of dilapidated white cottages of foreign design; these we are told were built by foreigners when they first settled at Chinkiang, but the foreign settlement is now on the city side or right bank of the river; a large number of native houses, small hovels with thatched roofs, extend along the left bank beside the old foreign residences, and the whole place there has a ruinous and dilapidated appearance; but still there are signs of traffic on this side too, for a very large number of *papicos* are moored here; the *papico* being a boat considerably smaller than the large trading junk, but still large enough for river and coasting trade. Away far down the river we get a glimpse of the large hemispherical island, known as Silver Island, which stands out of the water like a huge bee hive. It is covered with rich foliage, and white temple buildings are seen amongst the trees, and glistening in the rays of the setting sun. Of such islands as Silver Island, Golden Island, the Little Orphan, and other places on the river, Marco Polo remarks:—"There are at

many places on this river hills and rocky eminences on which idol monasteries and other edifices are built." Then in his quaint style he adds regarding any place he is describing: "The people are idolaters, and subject to the Great Khan, and use paper money."

Chinkiang is about 150 miles from the mouth of the Yangtsze, on the right bank, and the southern section of the Grand Canal enters the river to the east of the foreign settlement. This port was captured by the British in 1842; and the Taiping rebels occupied the city from 1853 till 1857 and it was utterly destroyed by them; even now the desolation is apparent, for although the foreign settlements and foreign trade on the Yangtsze have brought new life to the place, the native city will never be what it was before the rebels destroyed it. The best description ever written of Chinkiang, and a very interesting one indeed, is that by Mr. Laurence Oliphant, the historian of Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan in the year 1857-9. Lord Elgin's mission ascended the Yangtsze to Hankow, and several days were spent at Chinkiang (in September 1858), just after the rebels had deserted the place. Mr. Oliphant explored the ruined city, and also visited the monastic island rocks, of which he gives interesting particulars, and from which we will quote a few sentences. The first view of Silver Island is thus described:—"Presently we sweep round a bold projecting bluff, and Silver Island opens to view, with its quaint temples embowered in autumnal foliage; their white walls are gleaming, and their frowzy priests are basking in the midday sun. Beyond, a noble reach of river curves beneath the swelling hills which rise from its margin, their summits crowned with the irregular wall of Chinkiang, and their slopes strewn with the debris of that once populous city; while in the distance, as though rising from mid-stream, stands a precipitous rock called Golden Island, with its tall pagoda pointing to the skies. The

scene is of such surpassing interest and beauty that it rivets our gaze." Of his visit to Silver Island he says:—"The island itself was little more than a tumulus rising out of the centre of the Yangtze to a height of scarce two hundred feet, covered with the richest foliage, at this season of the year a blaze of fiery tints. Its highest point was still crowned with a small edifice, pagoda-shaped, but which contained nothing more interesting than the somewhat unimaginative inscriptions of the British sailor:—most of these bore the date of August 1842." Golden Island is thus described:—"As we approached it we discovered, to our astonishment, that it was no longer an island. Flourishing cabbage-fields now occupied the space marked on the chart as a channel with four fathoms of water in it. We landed on this recently-formed peninsula, and walked across it to the rock. Climbing up the steps hewn out of the living stone, we reached the base of the pagoda, shorn now of those external decorations which once rendered it celebrated, but still standing, a battered monument of its own departed glory, and of the beauty by which it was surrounded. Heaps of unsightly ruins marked the spot where once was grouped a picturesque collection of temples and pagodas. Sir John Davis thus describes the impression produced upon him by a distant view of it, obtained years before: 'The celebrated Kinshan, or Golden Island, which, with its pagoda, and the ornamental roofs of its temples and other buildings, looked like a fairy creation rising out of the waters of the Kiang. This picturesque place is celebrated all over China.'

Steaming onwards from Chinkiang, and leaving its picturesque island rocks, and white buildings shining on the face of the hills, we find on the right bank of the river a rich alluvial plain extending away to the base of the receding range of cloud-capped hills. On the north bank, we pass the mouth of the Grand

Canal which leads to Peking; there are a large host of junks in it, and a foreign-built steamer, a small paddle-wheel revenue cruiser, owned by the mandarin in charge of the entrance station of the Canal, and who might correspond to the official who was at this same place interviewed by Marco Polo,—the man who collected the duties of the Great-Khan, and who told the Venetian traveller of the 200,000 vessels that went up river in one year. The mandarin's yamên at the mouth of the Canal is a prominent building, comparatively speaking, for all the other houses near it are very small. The town situated near the mouth of the canal is named Kwa-chow, and a few miles further up is the city of Yang-chow, and which can be seen from the top of the hills at Chinkiang. After steaming a few miles, we see ahead of us a very large fleet of small boats, with square white sails shining brilliantly in the bright rays of the noon-day sun; and still further ahead we see the bank of the river lined with a forest of junk-masts, which are laid up at the salt-junk station of Eching. This place is also a passenger station for the river steamers, where native passengers are taken on board, but no cargo is ever taken for these stations, as they are not treaty ports. While we were approaching Eching, we observed a small open boat pushed out from the crowd of junks, and coming down the river towards us; an old man stood in the stern, and worked a pair of oars with great vigour; a very strong current was in his favour, and the boat came down at a high speed. Another old man in the boat held a long bamboo pole in his hand, and the Ewo flag (Jardine, Matheson & Co.'s), the St. Andrew's cross on blue ground, was flying from it. The old man waved his flag in a frantic manner, as if he desired to stop the steamer to warn her of danger from torpedoes or a pop-gun on a salt junk. The officer on deck wondered what the devil was wrong with

the old standard bearer, for he was a long way down from the place where passengers are usually taken on board. The steamer was slowed down, to see what the old man wanted ; the small boat passed by on the starboard side, severely tossed on the waves caused by the wash of the steamer, and the oarsman and the standard bearer both fell on their backs in the bottom of the boat, the one nearly losing his flag and the other his oars. The old man with the flag, as soon as he recovered himself, —and when his boat was washed close up to the bank of the river, and the steamer was at a stand-still,—commenced shouting in Chinese to the *compradore* of the steamer, and the officer on deck shouted to the *compradore* to ask the old fellow what he wanted. What do you think he meant by making all this fuss, endangering his life, and stopping the steamer ? He said he only came down to tell us that there were some passengers up at the station waiting for the steamer ! As we steamed ahead, the officer held up a broom handle and shook it at the old fellow in the boat, the gesticulations meaning that he ought to be bamboozed ; while the old fellow looked disappointed and must have thought that his well-intentioned efforts were not appreciated. In passing the junk station of Eching, we saw that the junks were laid in tiers of six or eight abreast, and they lay along the bank for such a great distance that it was impossible to count them exactly, but on a rough guess there were at least 300 of them. A native builder had several junks drawn upon the beach in front of his yard, and a large number of men were engaged repairing them. We stopped opposite the junks for a few minutes and several boats came alongside, from which passengers were taken on board. All the steamship companies trading on the river are represented at Eching (as well as at other similar passenger stations) by small Chinese houses where the passengers are booked ; in front of these shipping offices there

are look-out stations, which consist of four long bamboo poles, rising to a considerable height, and a ladder leading up to a platform on the top of the poles, where the look-out man goes up to watch for steamers approaching from Chinkiang or for others coming down the river ; and from the top of each look-out perch, the flag of the steamship company is flying. Besides the shipping offices, which are small white-washed cottages, there is a long range of low-built houses stretching along the bank of the river, but almost hid from view by the forest of junk masts. The boat which we described as coming down the river to meet us, was the first in which we noticed a provincial difference from any boats seen on the lower reaches of the Yangtsze, or on the Whangpoo at Shanghai. The *yuloh*, for sculling, was the only oar we had seen used any other place (except the long oars and poles used in junks), but here at Eching, oars of another shape are used ; in the larger boats, there are three or four oarsmen, but in a small boat there is only one, sometimes a man, but perhaps more frequently a woman ; the oarsman stands in the stern of the boat, looking forward, and works a pair of oars, by pushing them backwards and forwards before him ; the oar is made of a long narrow plain board, lashed to a pole, a handle stuck on the end of the pole, and the oars meet and cross each other before him. Leaving Eching and its salt junks, our course up the river for hours brought us through innumerable fleets of small boats, the only remarkable thing about them being that their sails were very white and appeared to be quite new, whereas the most of the boats further down the river had dirty, black, tattered and torn sails, some of them having only a mass of rags and patches stretched on bamboo ribs, and of little use for holding the wind. On the right bank of the river, there is a great expanse of green sward, where natives have been stacking reeds, and

the blue cottons are dotted over the fields like scare-crows. There are also large herds of buffaloes grazing, and the stooping celestials toiling on the field are barely distinguishable from young buffaloes, except that one is blue and the other black. At short intervals along the bank, there are dip-nets for fishing,—the dip-net so well-known to everyone here, but which strikes a stranger as the most peculiar mode of catching fish ever invented; the large net is suspended from a horizontal frame of bamboo poles, and by means of a lever it is lowered into the water or hoisted up, and when a fish has come into the net it is scooped out by a small net on the end of a long pole; but although we saw hundreds of these nets, and natives hoisting them up every now and then, we never saw any one rewarded with success, or having occasion to use the scooping-out net; they toiled all day and caught nothing. Several boats are seen loading reeds, and others afloat are like huge stacks of reeds on the water. On the right hand a range of hills is seen dimly through the mist; and by and bye the hills come out more distinctly; there are three ranges rising one behind the other; and on one hill seen a great distance off, there is a pinnacle like the cairn of stones on Birnam or Dunsinane, but on examination by a field-glass, it is seen to be a large pagoda. The range of hills on the left hand, is still a few miles from the right bank of the river, but instead of the green plain between us and the hills we have undulating ground, covered with trees and brushwood. The opposite mountain ranges seem to close in upon the river a long distance ahead; a prominent and rugged hill in the range on the left hand is Single Tree Hill, which stands at a bend in the river, and the Yangtze sweeps round its base. The hill takes its name from the large tree which stands on its summit; and near which there is also a small square tower. From Single Tree Hill, a mud flat or alluvial plain extends for miles,

and it is thickly covered with herds of buffaloes; young boys are gamboling on the green plain, or riding on the backs of the buffaloes while the latter move slowly over their pasture ground; there is a young boy in blue cottons for every buffalo on the ground; the great big animals move about altogether heedless of the little boys perched on their backs, and can scarcely be conscious of their existence there, except that now and then the boys may give them a whack with a stick. A fleet of boats loaded with stacks of reeds pass down the river, with the boatmen lying on the top of the stack, which is built up nearly to the top of the mast; the reeds are built on planks and project over the sides of the boat; no oars can be used, and the mast is buried in reeds so that no sail can be set, but no sail is required, for the huge stack presents such a broad surface to the wind that the boat is sent onwards at good speed.

The next object of interest is Mud Fort, thirty-eight miles from Chinkiang. The fort stands on low ground on the left bank of the river; it consists of a large square enclosed by a wall of brick and mud, and the only objects seen over the wall are a large four-legged stand for a look out station, and several triangular flags hoisted on poles are flying in the breeze. Opposite this fort, on the right bank of the river, there are several ranges of small hills, coming out at right angles to the course of the river, with steep precipices of limestone rock; there are also forts on the summits of the hill next the river in each range, and forts in the horse-shoe valleys formed by the base of the hills. None of the forts appear to be of great strength, but their situation is good, and a few guns mounted in them could command the river. On the hills and between the forts there are well made roadways which lead over the hills, presumably for the accommodation of the gallant celestial soldiers when they desire to retreat, as it is the first care of the Chinese

military engineer to make a good back road for retreat from every fort before he thinks of erecting the battery. We have pleasant sailing in a fine open reach above Mud Fort, where we pass through myriads of wild duck floating on the bosom of the river; now and then a covey of them rise and fly further up the river, rest again on its waters and come down on the swift current; and as the steamer ploughs on through the dirty brown water, but which before us is almost covered and black with game, the birds float down till they are a few yards from the bows, and then rising they fly further up the reach, only to settle again on the water and take another sail. If there had only been some keen sportsmen on board, armed with good duck guns, they could have shot hundreds of birds, but the difficulty would be to rescue them from the water after they were shot. A story was here told of a passenger on a former trip who tried to shoot duck at this part of the river; he fired with a revolver at a crowd of birds on the water some distance ahead; they all rose, but *one* black speck remained on the surface, and the sportsman shouted with delight that he had killed at least one of them; but when the black speck came nearer and passed close by the steamer it was seen to be a decayed plant, nothing more nor less than a cabbage. From nearly opposite Mud Fort there is a channel or 'cut off' which goes right up to Nanking; it is a fine channel of deep water, but rather narrow for large steamers; it was used at one time by the river steamers, but so many junks were in the way, and a few of them sunk, that the Chinese authorities prohibited the use of this channel by steamers, so that the junks have it all to themselves now.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the second day of our trip, we came in sight of a bold headland on the left bank of the river, with a tall pagoda on its summit. This is directly opposite the city of Nanking, and the pagoda

occupies what would be a very good sight for a lighthouse; in fact if the monastic tower now in ruins were converted into a lighthouse, it would be of more service in the future than it has ever been in the past. When we come up nearly abreast of the pagoda, we observe that it stands on the very extremity of a long range of hills, not of great height, and of very irregular configuration. There are five or six small hills to the south-west of the pagoda hill, all surmounted with forts,—these fortified hills are all flat on the summit, and naturally adapted for works of defence; all we can see of the forts, however, is simply the white walls standing on the summits and facing the river; whether they are strong fortifications, it is impossible to tell by a distant view of them; but one thing is quite evident that their position is one of great advantage. The slopes of the hills are covered with blue smoke curling slowly and fantastically in the still air; the smoke rising from fires where the natives are burning charcoal at the base of the hills and along their slopes. On the flat ground between these hills and the river, there are numerous conical erections shining in the sun, and at first sight they looked like a cantonment where celestial soldiers might be camping out; but any such idea formed at first sight was rudely shattered when we discovered that they were nothing more nor less than heaps of reeds. So much for the left bank of the river opposite Nanking. As we approach the ancient city, we have on the right bank the continuation of a broad flat plain between the river and the cut off from Mud Fort; all of which plain is covered with buffaloes grazing or celestials stacking reeds; and just at the corner before we come to the mouth of the cut off where it joins the river, we noticed a variation in the animals on the pasture, for the pilot pointed out a donkey, calling it a "buffalo with a cross on its back," and near by there was a herd of black pigs,

which he called "Irish policemen from Donnybrook fair." We now have the first view of the wall of the ancient and far-famed city of Nanking,—the splendid "southern capital," now desolated and ruined, a city from which the glory is departed never more to return. The wall is of great height, built of dark blue bricks, blackened by the storms of centuries; it rises over the spur of a hill and stretches far away in a mountainous region, visible here and there on the brow of a hill, and then lost to view in the valleys; a wall of 28 miles in circumference and enclosing several large hills, with peaks rising to the clouds; and at the base of which, but now hid from view, stands all that remains of the great city,—what was once perhaps the greatest city in the world. In the foreground between the river and the wall are the remains of what might once have been a flourishing suburb; now there is only a small bridge of one arch, with a little tower on the centre of it, and the roadway over the bridge is covered with turf, and the stones are green with moss; a few brick cottages stand here, one with walls painted white, a door painted yellow, and two windows painted black, but not a living soul about the place; and beside the cottages there are some dilapidated huts of bamboo and reeds. Two Chinese gunboats are anchored in the river, close to the shore; and they appear to be Foochow specimens of the naval power of China. We pass close to them; the few guns seen on deck are of small calibre, and on the first boat two or three coolie-like Chinamen are leaning over the bulwarks, while on the other boat three celestial warriors are performing acrobatic feats on the jibboom. A little further up, a mud and brick fort, covering a large square, stands close to the bank of the river, with a wall of about 20 feet in height, full of embrasures; and flags—the usual triangular blood-red flag—are waving from poles inside the fort. A look-out post, erected on four

poles and consisting of two platforms, with ornamental roof, is all that is to be seen over the wall. On the west side of the fort, a small tower is built into the wall, and outside the fort there is a large open court, and surrounded by a small wall, the gateway leading into the court yard being close to the river—the gate itself is of iron and foreign in style, but the usual celestial portals of red poles and an ornamental roof with turned up corners stand over the gate. Further up the river bank, there are four or five small cottages, used as booking offices for the native passengers on the river steamers, and a boat load of passengers are already alongside our steamer, and clambering in at the large port hole on the main deck, frantic with excitement in regard to their luggage, of which there is an enormous quantity. A short stone pier comes out into the river, nearly opposite the fort, and on the extremity of the pier there is an old rusty field gun, lying on the stones, and only worth its weight in old iron. A few minutes' stay is made until the Chinese passengers are all on board, and then we go ahead again. The city wall is seen to extend for miles along the right bank, but gradually receding till it is lost to view amongst the far-off hills. Inside the wall, as far as we could see there was high ground,—a small ridge close to the wall,—while over it the heights within the extensive circumference were seen, some prominent points being crowned with fortifications and towers. For a brief moment we catch a glimpse of the roofs of houses in a thickly built corner at the base of one of the hills, which showed the position of the city itself.

While on the homeward voyage, there was no particular incident at Nanking worth mentioning, except that about twenty Chinese passengers disembarked, and they half-filled one large boat, the other half of that boat and two other large boats were full of luggage, so that there were two and a half boatloads of

boxes and baggage for twenty passengers, or about half a dozen boxes for each passenger,—and all conveyed at less than a cent per head per mile. Some of the baggage fell into the river, and there was great excitement in rescuing it.

When eight or nine miles above Nanking, we passed the mouth of a creek, full of boats, which leads up to the city; two or three miles further up the river we passed a small island rock, with a white walled joss-house on it; and here for the first time we saw an example of raft navigation on the Yangtsze; the opportunity was a very favourable one, for although we saw dozens of rafts further up the river, on this first one certain manoeuvres were being carried out which we did not afterwards see at any other place. These rafts are composed of a large number of trees or poles lashed together; they are brought down chiefly from the Tong-ting Lake, above Hankow; some of the rafts go as far as Shanghai, others are broken up at Chinkiang, and the wood sold there, and taken by canal or river to various places, the poles being used for house-building and some of them also for junk-building. The poles are from twenty to thirty feet in length, and there are such a large number of them lashed together that the raft has a draught of six or eight feet, while its breadth varies from ten to twenty; each section is just the length of the poles, but four or five such sections are generally attached together, forming one long raft; and in some cases, the rafts are of enormous size, perhaps a dozen lengths of poles, and of considerable breadth. On the top of the raft, matsheds are erected for the accommodation of the raftsmen, and the larger rafts have the appearance of floating villages, although the top of the raft is only about two feet above water. On this first raft we saw there were more than a dozen small huts, in two rows, and which would accommodate a

large number of raftsmen and their families. While we were watching it, an incident occurred which showed the peculiar manner of navigating these rafts on the shallow waters. A small boat was sent out from the raft, with a tow line of twisted bamboo fibre, and when the boat was about 200 yards from the raft, down stream and a little to the right side of the river, a drum or tom-tom was beaten loudly on board the raft, at which signal the men in the boat threw overboard a huge piece of wooden frame work, about ten feet in length and four in breadth, and which is called a "drake." They sunk this "drake," and then all hands in the raft were called to work at a windlass, by which they took in the line and pulled the raft up to where the "drake" was sunk, and in this manner they managed to clear the raft of a shoal on which they were in danger of being stranded. The windlass is a clumsy reeling machine, worked round an upright post.

The next point of interest on the river is Wade Island, a long mud flat, named after Sir Thomas Wade, H.B.M.'s Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Peking, and who accompanied Lord Elgin, as Chinese Secretary, during the trip up the Yangtsze in 1858, and after which event, we suppose the name was given to the Island, as we find other islands on the river which also bear the names of members of Lord Elgin's suite; "Oliphant Island" below Kiu-kiang being named after Mr. Laurence Oliphant, the historian of Lord Elgin's mission. Late in the evening, when fifteen miles below Wuhu, we passed "The Pillars,"—two large conical rocks which stand out of the water, near either shore. These miniature "Pillars of Hercules" have been called by some one "the gate of the Yangtsze;" but as Captain Blakiston remarks, "you might as well have a gate halfway up a carriage drive." "The Pillars" are near the city of Tai-ping, where the Rebellion broke out, and the whole district here is famous for the

exploits which took place in it during the progress of the Tai-ping Rebellion. We arrived at Wuhu about half-past ten o'clock, on the second day of the voyage, and anchored in mid-stream, towards the north bank. Nothing was seen of the town of Wuhu, on the south bank, except a large pagoda whose outline was dimly visible under the moon-light, and of the town itself its location was only distinguishable by several lights along the shore. The pagoda at Wuhu was destroyed by the Tai-ping rebels, but we were told it has since been repaired. On the homeward voyage, we again passed Wuhu in the dark, so that we had no opportunity of seeing what like the place is. Wuhu is 460 miles from Woosung, and from the Customs reports we learn that the tides are perceptible at this port from the middle of December to the end of April (during the low winter level of the river), and the rise of tide varies from six inches to two feet. We only made a short stay at Wuhu to discharge Chinese passengers, who went off in large boats, taking an enormous quantity of baggage with them; and just about as many passengers and as much baggage came on board, the shouting and yelling of the passengers and boatmen alongside the steamer being something dreadful, the more so as it was dark and they did not see very well what they were doing, so that those already in the boats had to keep a look out in case some fellow still on board the steamer did not throw his boxes on their heads. The oars of the boats differed from any further down the river, in that the oarsmen sat down on a cross seat in foreign style, and pulled two long and heavy oars; although the boats were large, clumsy, and heavy-laden, the oarsmen pulled with a long and strong pull, and the boats with their noisy freight quickly disappeared, going across the river to the town; and the *Kung-wo* was soon underway again. By the morning of the third day, we had passed Point Haines,

Pan-tze-chi, Two Fathom Creek, Walled Village, the passenger station of Ta-tung, and then came Fitzroy Island. Opposite this island, a remarkable sight was witnessed on the left bank of the river. An embankment, of considerable height above the surrounding fields, lay from the riverside away inland in an angular direction, and the ridge was thickly covered with coffins, laying close side by side, and in two rows; some of the coffins had been long exposed to the weather, and the thatch on them was nearly worn away, but others appeared to have been recently covered with straw. The sight of coffins above ground is a common one, in almost every field they are to be seen here and there; but we never saw a large collection of them exposed on the top of a bank in this way before. Along an extensive low lying meadow on the right bank, there was an innumerable herd of buffaloes grazing, and we had some fun watching one buffalo who came careering along the bank of the river, at times coming to a dead stop and staring wildly at the steamer; perhaps the red funnel was the object of his wonder and admiration, though he couldn't see very well how to get at it. The steam whistle was blown, and the buffalo went racing wildly over the plain, causing considerable commotion among the herd; then he would stop and look round, till on hearing another blast of the whistle, he threw his tail in the air and rushed off for the hills at the other side of the plain. In the channel here between Fitzroy Island and the left bank, several boats were being "tracked" up stream; a long bamboo fibre rope is thrown out to coolies and boys on the bank, and they pull the boat up against wind and current. Further up the river, there's a pretty view on the left bank; a broad creek comes out at right angles, and looking up it you see a host of junks and small boats; while at the base of a hill not very far distant, and up to which the water way leads quite straight, there is a large village; and

away in the distance at the base of another hill there is a range of white houses which form a bright spec in the picturesque landscape. After passing Tai-tze-che Rock, with its joss house and beacon poles standing out of the centre of the river, we approach Hen Point, a difficult and dangerous part of the river, where a nasty turn is made, the north bank sweeping round in quadrant form, and the south bank coming out to a sharp point, while from the south bank three quarters of the bed of the river is full of sunken rocks, and on one of which the steamer *Kiang-loong* was lost on the 2nd March, 1873. While yet a great distance off (as far probably as the Prodigal Son was when his father first saw him), the pilot notices that a raft is stuck on the top of the *Kiang-loong* wreck, for the wreck was never cleared away, and part of the steamer is still hanging about the rock. The raft was a pretty good mark to warn the navigator of the dangerous rocks, and a raft or something else better suited should be kept over the rock always; there is only a beacon on the north bank. On the stranded raft, there were about half a dozen houses; no one was seen on board, but the raftsmen were evidently still there, for some of them had just been hanging out blue cottons to dry; so that in their weary waiting for a rise of water they had so far forgot themselves, or become so unlike their brethren, that they had actually been washing their clothes. The story of the *Kiang-loong* wreck is that she was drawing ten feet, and went full speed on a sunken rock nine feet under water. From this rock to the south bank, or three quarters the breadth of the river, there is a series of low rocks. When the wreckers were salving the *Kiang-loong*, having recovered most of her cargo, they were told by a Chinaman that, up to twenty-three years before 1873, there used to be a sampan buoyed over these rocks, and an old man on board exhibited a feeble light at night, a paper lan-

tern of course. These precautions were for the benefit of the junkmen, and the man who kept the boat was recompensed by receiving from every salt junk which passed one handful of salt. But by and bye, the junkmen failed to appreciate the services of the old light-keeper, and they first neglected and then refused to pay the small handful of salt to him, so that the old man gave up his philanthropic post, unmoored his sampan, and sailed away, leaving the rocks without any signal of danger to the navigator. The sunken rocks were not discovered, although foreign steamers had traded on the river for years, till the *Kiang-loong* made the discovery and was lost in doing so, becoming a total wreck. Such was the story told us by an officer of the *Kung-wo*, who was one of the salvage party at the wreck of the *Kiang-loong*; but if the rock on which the latter vessel was lost was unknown until she struck upon it, there must have been a general knowledge of the rocky bar which crosses more than half of the river here, for we find it referred to in Mr. Oliphant's history of Lord Elgin's Mission, is 1858, or 15 years before the wreck. In regard to Hen Point, and the "48-chang or 180 yards' passage," Mr. Oliphant says:—"The river is here barred more than half across its width by rocks which rise out of it like stepping-stones." On the occasion of our trip, in March, the rocks were all submerged; and it is difficult to see how in September, 1858, (as in that month the river should be at a high level) Mr. Oliphant could have seen the "rocks like stepping stones," unless they have now sunk much lower than they were in that year. He continues:—"It is called the Lan-kan-ke, or "Bar-river-hen," and derives its name from the following legend, as graphically narrated to us by our communicative pilot:—"In former days the scenery at this place was very beautiful and romantic, gigantic rocks being strewn over the surface of

the country. One day a bonze saw in a dream a quarrel arise between the beneficent spirits of the air and those who resided in the rocks. The presiding spirit of these was a rock in the form of a hen; and the result of the quarrel was, that, to give vent to their spleen, the rock-spirits determined to block up the passage of the river. In pursuance of this ill-natured design, off started the hen-rock, followed by all the rocks in her train, when the priest awoke, and, perceiving what was occurring, with infinite presence of mind commenced crowing like a cock. This so fascinated the leading hen-rock that her progress was arrested in mid-channel, on which the goddess Kwan-yin was invoked; then the people subscribed together, and while the hen-rock was thus enthralled by the well-sustained crowing of the priest, they succeeded in cutting her head off: this effectually checked the progress of herself and attendant rocks, and there they remain to this day! In the reach above Hen Point, the river is a little less than half a mile wide, and here the banks are much steeper and higher than at any place further down, where the river is broader. There are extensive brickfields and limekilns on the right bank, before we come to Jocelyn Island.

We were now approaching the city of Ngan-king, capital of the Province of Ngan-Whei. A Chinese sailor came and reported to the officer then on the bridge that "Passaga hab got too muchee bokasa; wanchee two piecee flag!" which being interpreted meant that the passengers for the provincial capital had so many boxes with them, that two boats would be required, and two of the Ewo flags had to be hoisted as a signal to those at the passenger station to send out two boats. The city stands on the left bank of the river, and just before coming up to it, we passed a large number of floating villages on rafts, with their bamboo fibre ropes drawn up on the shore and fixed to stakes. There is a fine broad sandy

bank, like a sea beach, and on it a large number of children were playing. A splendid view is obtained from the river of the Pagoda of Ngan-king, the finest one of the many to be seen on the Lower Yangtze, if not now the finest one in China, it being in a good state of repair. The pagoda is octagonal, and eight stories high, the walls painted white, and the balconies and the turned-up roofs on each storey are all of a yellowish brown. The pagoda towers above the centre of a large block of buildings, which rise in terraces from the river bank, some with whitewashed walls, and others painted red, and all having ornamental tile roofs; these buildings are temples and other houses connected with the "idol monastery." The pinnacle of the conical roof of the pagoda is surmounted by six huge balls, decreasing in size in their order upwards, and between each ball there is a circular frame work of iron. The lowest ball is seen to be of very large diameter, and the others above it decrease in size till the smallest one on the top looks like the size of a cannon ball. Ropes or guys stretch from the pinnacle rod above the highest ball, coming down in graceful lines to the corners of the roof; these ropes are strung with small bells, and larger bells are suspended from every projecting corner on the many ornamented roofs of this beautiful building; and as we glided past the pagoda and came to anchor quite near it, a gentle breeze kept the hundred bells swinging to and fro, and their merry jingling broke very pleasantly on the ear. The city of Ngan-king was for three years in possession of the Taiping Rebels, and some severe fighting took place round its walls. It was captured by Li Hung-chang (now Viceroy of Chili), who made his fame during that rebellion; Ngan-king is his native city, and his mother still resides there. The Imperial troops having been baffled many a time in attempting to capture the city by making breaches in the walls, the Pagoda which is

outside the city walls was made use of by Li Hung-chang; he shelled the city from the top of the Pagoda, and on account of the facility which the sacred edifice thus afforded the Imperial troops, the Pagoda was thoroughly repaired and is kept in good repair still, and may be considered a monument to Li Hung-chang more than anything else. The city wall comes round to the river, passing behind the Pagoda, and stretching away up the river bank a great distance, but there is a considerable space between it and the river,—a space broad enough to have a small suburb of a double row of houses outside the wall. On the long sandy beach there are a large number of big boats, loaded with reeds, and many stacks of reeds are on the beach; hundred of celestials, men, women, and children, are running about, and most of them engaged in unloading the boats or building the stacks of reeds. The walls of the cottages on the top of the bank, and some protection walls, show the marks of former floods, the highest water mark being about 30 feet from the present level of the river. A small range of cottages of a modern foreign style are conspicuous by the whiteness of their walls and their generally neat and tidy appearance,—one of them especially approaching to something stylish in verandahs and green-painted blinds;—these are the shipping offices for booking native passengers, for Ngan-king is only a passenger station, and not a port open to foreign trade. The opening of these passenger stations is owing to a stipulation in the Chefoo Convention, although it is still unratified. The “two piecee flag” brought out two big boats for our native passengers and their tons of “bokasa”; and here again there was a provincial peculiarity in the boats and the manner in which they were propelled; the oarsmen stands up on one side the boat, and works a long oar, fixed by a piece of leather to a pin on the other side of the boat and which serves

for a row-lock. In going ahead under full steam, we see that for about one mile up the river bank from the Pagoda, the scene is the same all along,—hundreds of boats drawn up on the beach, huge stacks of reeds, and bundles of the same stuff scattered all over the ground, a range of small white cottages on the top of the bank, and the high and grim-looking city wall behind them; while inside the wall there is nothing to be seen except here and there the ornamented roof of a temple, and aloft there are several kites flying in the air, with which the children or perhaps the old men of the city are amusing themselves. Then the city wall, at a corner about a mile as we roughly judged from the Pagoda, goes inland from the river, mounts over rising ground, and winds round some of the small hills within its circuit till it is lost to view. Away in the background there is a high mountain range with craggy peaks, only dimly seen through the hazy atmosphere. Ngan-king is a great military post, and while taking a last look at the city as we were fast leaving it behind, we were struck by the appearance of a large square block of buildings outside the city walls on the west side; the buildings were decidedly of foreign style, and they stood on a slight eminence surrounded by a strong brick wall; a small chimney sent forth a column of black smoke, and the buildings appeared to be a small arsenal. Another prominent building near this corner of the city is a richly ornamented Chinese house standing on high ground, and surrounded by a high circular wall of brick; it is possibly the residence of a mandarin, and in its fine airy situation commanding a view of the reaches of the river both above and below Ngan-king, and also of the vast tract of country stretching away to the hills, it is a more desirable residence than any one likely to be found inside the city walls.

We experienced a slight sand storm this

afternoon, just a little after leaving Ngan-king, but it was not of much account. About five o'clock in the afternoon, we passed the town of Tung-hu, on the right bank; a dilapidated and ruinous eight-storied pagoda, and some temple buildings are all that are seen inside the city walls, the town itself being hid from view. Then there are great tracts of flat ground on each side of the river, with herds of buffaloes grazing, and little boys in blue cottons perched on their backs. While there is a great extent of meadow there is also plenty of cultivated patches, most of them with young green crops,—wheat probably,—and here and there a yellow patch, of rape-seed plants, relieved the monotony of the green fields. The sun went down “in a blaze of luxuriant dyes,” and the full moon shed her soft lustre on the mighty river, a streak of silvery light stretching from the right bank to the port bow of the steamer, while the dark shadow of the hull, masts and funnel lay across to the further side of the river. When passing the range of hills on the south of the river near the Poyang Lake, a beautiful scene was witnessed. The full moon rested her “broad circumference” over the summit of the hills, and lurid flames, like a wall of fire, were seen leaping up the slopes of the hills, in zig zig directions, and spreading further and further till the whole hill side seemed to be ablaze; the brilliant illumination of the mountain range being produced by the fires lighted by celestial charcoal burners.

The entrance to Poyang Lake, and the little Orphan Rock several miles further up the river, were seen with all the weirdness of moon-light, but a much better view was obtained on the return journey. Poyang Lake is a very large expanse of water lying to the south of the Yangtsze, in the province of Kiang-si, and receives all the drainage of the rivers of that province, which it discharges into the Yangtsze. It communicates with the river by a long and comparatively narrow neck of water, three miles

long and one mile broad, and debouches its clear waters into the muddy flood of the Yangtsze at the city of Hu-kow. On the right bank of the river below the confluence of the Lake waters, there is a long range of sand hills, which rise higher and higher till those rolling inwards towards the Lake form a very bold range, but unlike the others they are partially covered with green vegetation, and with rocky ravines. Away far into the Lake, and barely visible except on a very clear day, a huge rock stands out of the water,—another of those “rocky eminences with idol monasteries,” as Marco Polo calls them. This one is known as the “Big Orphan;” and its brother the “Little Orphan” is a rock of the same kind some distance away,—the latter on the river and the former on the Lake. The city of Hu-kow has a very romantic situation; the most striking feature is the high rock rising from the waters of the channel between the river and lake, and the summit of the rock is fortified, and contains the residences of some big mandarins. Down behind the rock lies the city, and the range of hills already spoken of stands in the rear.

On the opposite side of the channel from the city of Hu-kow, the Lew-shan, or “Mule Mountain” rises to a height of about 5,000 feet. The Little Orphan Rock stands in the middle of the Yangtsze, the fantastic rock towering to the height of 300 feet above the river level. As seen coming down river, there are three or four small blocks of buildings, rising higher and higher behind each other, and each range standing on a narrow cleft of the rock. The other sides are bare, perpendicular, and rent surfaces of grey rock.

Early on the morning of the fourth day of our trip, we arrived at the treaty port of Kiu-kiang, of which the old native city and the foreign settlement stand on the right bank of the Yangtsze, 445 miles from Shanghai. When approaching the port, there are various objects of interest on the bank of the river,—

the foreign cemetery, a small hill with pagoda, two or three small round forts outside the city walls, the wall itself riding over a rocky spur close to the river bank, and extending onwards towards the foreign settlement, where it sweeps round and inwards away from the river. The most prominent object inside the city is a very tall pagoda, now in ruins. The foreign settlement as seen from the river forms a fine range of bungalows and two-storeyed houses of neat design, embowered amongst a profusion of beautiful green trees, and lines of trees also extend the whole length of the bund. On account of the extraordinary rise and fall of the river during a year, it is necessary to have a bund wall of great height and of very substantial construction. From Customs reports we learn that on the 11th January 1878, the level of the river was 37 feet below the level of the bund, and during several days in August of that year the water was one foot above the level of the bund! Several hulks lie moored in the river opposite the bund, for steamers discharging and loading. There is a good amount of foreign and native trade at this port, and it is chiefly noted as the depot for the famous King-te-chin porcelain. At the western extremity of the settlement there is a creek full of native boats, and on the other side of it, on the corner of an alluvial plain stands a small Chinese settlement chiefly devoted to the boat-building trade; a lot of native boats are lying about on the bank, bottom up, some of them put in that position for repairs, others fixed permanently, at least as long as the planks hold together, to serve for a house: the rickety shanties on the bank at this corner are ruinous and miserable. After leaving Kiukiang, there is a fine view obtained of the bold range of mountains, between which and the river there is a vast alluvial plain, covered with buffaloes, ponies, and Chinamen. The highest peaks of the mountains are about 4,000 feet above sea level, and amongst

the slopes of this range the foreign residents of Kiukiang have good sport hunting wild boar.

The next point of special interest on the river is the passenger station of Wu-sueh, 25 miles from Kiukiang, which is an important place in the native salt trade, and the large salt godowns form a striking contrast to the small hovels of which the rest of the town is composed. Wu-sueh is on the left bank, and the river there is only about a quarter of a mile broad, but of extraordinary depth, soundings of thirty fathoms having been obtained towards the right bank at the base of the hills. From this point we enter upon the grandest scenery of the Lower Yangtze. Opposite Wu-sueh, the first of the hills on the right bank are small and hemispherical, a large group of them lying close together, with deep ravines between; behind these small hills a higher range is seen, and behind it again still higher peaks rise boldly against the blue and cloudless sky. A large hill, with steep slope full of gullies descending down to the water's edge at the narrowest part of the river, with a small village at the bottom of one of its ravines, has a very imposing appearance; further up the river a shoulder of this hill slopes gradually down till the base forms one side of a small round valley, with two or three hills rising on the other sides, and behind them still higher peaks. Another hill of most remarkable configuration on the right bank of the river, is in the form of a long ridge running in the same direction as the river, and the slope coming down to the river is composed of about twenty deep furrows and ridges. The groups and ranges of hills extend for nine miles on the right bank till Split Hill is reached; and the most remarkable feature of these hills is that, —on those next the river at least,—every available inch of ground is under cultivation, the industrious and economical celestial farmers having cut out terraces on the hills from base to summit, wherever it was possible

to do so, and all the hill sides are covered with little terraced patches of cultivation. While on the one hand there is this extensive and varied mountain range, on the north side or left bank of the river the scenery is also very imposing. For the first mile or two above Wu-sueh, there is low lying flat ground, and a bold range of hills is seen some distance inland, and rolling onwards till it closes in upon the river further ahead. By-and-bye we come to a point where the hills are quite close to the river on both sides, and the appearance of those on the left bank is most remarkable. In the foreground there are several red sand hills, with slopes like the face of a pyramid, and behind them there is the bold and rugged range of rocky hills, full of precipices, and the slopes covered with huge boulders of a blueish tint. Among some of these hills of Hupeh, mining engineers have been prospecting for coal, but with little success as yet. A large amount of limestone rock is in these hills, and along the bank of the river there are numerous lime-kilns, the kilns being formed by huge baskets of bamboo wicker work. Split Hill is of remarkable appearance. The face of it is a sheer precipice of rock at a point where the river makes a sharp bend, and the side of the hill first seen is terraced from base to summit with patches of cultivation. After turning Split Hill, the river sweeps round till it is like a semi-circular bay, and the right bank a sandy beach. Up from this crescented bay there is a beautiful expanse of green and yellow fields, and the further side of the valley is closed in with a small hemispherical hill, terraced round and round from base to summit, and as neatly done as though it were a Christmas cake. Further on, after passing through this bend of the river, terraced hills are seen on one side and rocky hills on the other, this romantic and grand scenery continuing to present new charms and additional features of interest for miles still further up the river, till at last the

rocky ranges on the left bank recede inland and a broad expanse of flat ground lies between them and the river.

When we approach the city of Kee-chow, on the left bank, the Ruined Fort which stands in the river about 150 yards from the corner of the city wall, is the first object which attracts our notice. The fort evidently must at one time, probably not long ago, have been connected by land with the city, although now the strong rolling currents sweep round it. At the level of the river when we saw it, the rock on which the fort is built was barely visible; all that remains of the fort itself is a large mass of solid brick work, then standing twenty feet out of water, and the side against which the current breaks is semi-circular while the other walls are square. On the top of this ruin, the Imperial Customs officials have placed a red-painted tripod with beacon, and between the three legs of the stand there is a small box which at first sight did not appear big enough for a dovecot, but which is the only shelter provided for the light-keeper, and we could scarcely have believed that a man could have got into it unless we had seen an old Chinaman coming out.

The wall of the city of Kee-chow is quite close to the river bank, mounting over a rocky knoll at a corner opposite the Ruined Fort, then extending up the river bank for some distance, and sweeping round behind two or three small hills which are included in the city boundary of moss-grown brick and mortar. The city appears to be a pretty large one, and away to the right the houses are densely packed. At the corner outside the city wall, and shaded by the small hill, stands a white joss-house, with a large camphor tree behind it; at nearly all the Chinese joss-houses this tree flourishes in prominent position. Further up the river a creek goes round by the wall, and on the bank of the creek a large suburb stands, the most prominent building being of the design of a mandarin's yamên.

On a fine broad sandy beach, some miles above Kee-chow, an interesting sight was witnessed, being no less than a travelling theatrical company, who had pitched their tents on the left bank of the river. The main building was fixed up by a large number of huge poles stuck in the sand, and cross beams between them supported a platform or stage which was next the river, and about ten feet above ground; the pit of the theatre was on the further side, and all enclosed with canvas. Around this large tent were many smaller ones, probably the sleeping quarters of the theatrical troupe, or possibly the big show had several satellites crowding round it, just as a travelling circus at home is accompanied by small penny shows. The approach of the steamer brought a crowd of several hundred celestials out on the beach; and on the platform in the end of the large tent we could see the actors in all their gorgeous robes, pushing themselves half way through between the torn canvas to see what the matter was. The appearance of the actors at that part of the tent at once indicated that the elevated stage was at that end. Some of the actors were very gorgeously dressed in bright-coloured robes, and apparently done up for emperors, generals, and mighty big mandarins. It was a puzzle to understand how the approach of a steamer could have brought all the people out of the theatre, but still it did so, and the only thing that can be inferred is that, if the play was actually proceeding at the time, it did not say much for the interest or excitement of the piece if the red funnel of a steamer was a greater attraction. The only noise we heard from the shore, save the playful shouting of children, was the beating of a gong by the only member of the orchestra who stood to his post.

The next affair which attracted notice was a raft ashore high and dry on a shoal, towards the south side of the river. This is frequently

the fate of the raftsmen, so that is well that they have houses on board, for that same raft we now saw had been stranded for several months, and would remain there more than six weeks longer till the water rose by the summer floods. A raft stranded in the middle of the Yangtsze all winter and spring is not a very pleasant situation for those on board; and some of the raftsmen, if not all, are obliged to remain on board, else the raft would soon disappear bit by bit. On this one we saw there were signs of life, for blue smoke was curling upwards from a small stove-pipe chimney in one of the huts.

Towards sunset on the fourth day of our trip, and when entering on the last hundred miles of the journey, we witnessed the finest scenery of any part of the Yangtsze between Hankow and the sea. In the last hour before sunset, after passing the Ruined Fort and the old city of Kee-chow, the scenery was charming indeed. A series of small hills extends along the left bank, beginning several miles above Kee-chow, and terminating at the bend of the river opposite Cock's Head. These hills are arranged in groups, and each succeeding group seemed to be a duplicate of the one just passed; if there was any difference at all, it was only that they appeared to grow more beautiful as we glided past them. The hills are of no great height,—only a few hundred feet to the summits of the highest of them; they are set in horse-shoe groups, with a little round valley formed at the base of four or five hills; the bluff rocks which come close to the river's edge,—and which are cut by the current, showing the high water mark,—are about a hundred yards apart; the small hills next the river are backed by slightly larger ones, and still larger hills close in the further side of the valley. The slopes are terraced and cultivated at some parts, at others they are covered with shrubs; here and there a peach tree is seen in full bloom; and nestling in the cosy shaded nooks

at the base of the hills, a few cottages of bamboo and thatch, or occasionally of brick, show that each quiet valley has its own peaceful tillers of the soil. The flat ground between the hills is all under cultivation, coming out to the bank of the river and occupying the full breadth between the rocky bluffs; the crops show their soft green blades only a few inches above ground, and look like a carpet; the green patches next the river are on the lowest level, and yellow plots of rapeseed rise behind them, with green fields again in the rear, and covering the whole of the valley up to the base of the furthest hill. We passed about half a dozen groups of hills, forming as many small valleys of this description, and as we remarked at the time, "What a pity there are not some such lovely spots about Shanghai." While we had this fine scenery on the one hand, the prospect before us was delightful. Cock's Head is a bold rocky eminence standing on the right bank of the Yangtze, at a point where the river takes a sharp turn, and when viewed from a distance the outline of the rock resembles a cock's comb. The face of the rock, as seen when coming up the reach, is a sharp rugged line descending to the water; the side next us, and back from the perpendicular face, is a very steep slope covered with trees and brushwood; the summit of the rock, about 500 feet high, is also covered with foliage. Near the bottom of the slope, and almost hid amongst the trees, stands a small white joss-house. As we approached Cock's Head, the setting sun gilded the bosom of the Yangtze, so that the water was not seen in its real colour of dirty brown, but shone brilliantly in reflecting the rays of the sun. Foreign and native craft lent a charm to the scene, and a striking contrast was presented between steamers and rafts. The Chinese Merchants' Company's steamer *Kiang-yung*, a paddle-wheel boat of the American river style, all brightly painted, came down the river and passed us on the starboard hand;

her decks crowded with Chinese passengers looking at the *Kung-wo*; and the decks of the *Kung-wo* crowded with Chinese passengers watching the yellow paddle-boat sweeping past us; and from the bridge of each vessel, white handkerchiefs were waved as friendly salutes between the officers. The *Kiang-yung* had just passed, when we saw ahead of us, in the reach beyond Cock's Head, first one, then another, a third, and again a fourth raft or floating village of bamboo huts coming down the swift-rolling current. A minute or two later, we were passing the huge rock, and looking upwards at the sheer precipice of 500 feet. Our attention was called to a hermit's cave in the face of the rock, and sure enough there it was,—an arched entrance, and in the opening we could see a rudely-built hut of bamboo and mats, elevated a few feet from the bottom of the cave, and a three-stepped ladder leading up to the hut. "Is there really a hermit living there?" "Yes, I have seen him; he sometimes comes out and sits on the rock fanning himself." "How does he get his food?" "Oh, he can walk on a narrow ledge round to the joss-house at the other side of the rock." While the hermit and his cave were the subjects of conversation, we looked through a glass, and saw an extremely narrow ledge in the rock, by which it would be possible, but not very safe, for a person to make his way from the cave round to the other side of the rock. The high-water mark on the face of the rock seemed to be only about fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the river that day, but we were assured it was between thirty and forty feet; and the hermit's cell was about fifty feet above the highest water mark on the rock. It was but a brief moment that elapsed while we were passing the rock, and besides the cave there was something else to occupy our attention, for the steamer's whistle was blown several times, so that we might hear the echo, and the loud and long blasts of the

whistle were clearly echoed ; but the whistles and their echoes did not fetch the hermit out to see what the matter was ; he had never heard the song " Whistle and I'll come tae ye my lad." We were looking towards the face of the rock, and had forgot all about the floating villages, but though the whistles and echoes were loud enough, we just then heard excited shouting in Chinese, and looking down from the port side of the hurricane deck we saw the four rafts coming sweeping past us at a terrible speed ; they were all in a crowd and seemed as if they would smash against each other ; the raftsmen were all " on deck," some with long poles and oars in their hands, though neither poles nor oars were of any use on the breast of such a current ; others were running about on the rafts as excitedly as though they " expected every moment was going to be their next ;" the rafts and their huts,—quite a small town on the four of them,—swept past at a good distance from our steamer, and the current took them just as if they were to be dashed on the rocky face of Cock's Head ; but no, they could not have touched the rock although they had tried, for the peculiar set of the current took them close to the rock but still quite safely past it, and the huge rafts and all their superincumbent huts and trappings rushed onwards to the broad reach below. Rocks, hermit's caves, rafts, and echoes, were nothing compared to what followed. We had just passed the rock, when we were delighted with most fragrant perfumes which were wafted on a gentle breeze, and casting our eyes eastward we beheld a lovely sight. From Cock's Head, a range of hills sweep round till they come to the river's edge nearly a mile further up the river. Between the right bank and the base of these hills, there is a beautiful and fertile plain, which lay there covered with lovely green crops, and behind this green carpet rose the steep slopes of the hills, which from base to mid-way up were literally white with peach trees in full

bloom ; and from these myriads of blossoms, shining in the last rays of the setting sun, came that sweet-smelling fragrance which so delighted us.

The scene as above described closed the fourth day of the voyage, and next morning we found ourselves at Hankow, the *Kung-wo* being moored alongside a hulk in front of the bund. We made a stay of about 36 hours at this port, but the writer, being then invalided, was unable to go ashore, and therefore cannot say as much about Hankow as he would have liked, having only seen it from the river ; most of the time was pleasantly spent in the company of Hankow gentlemen. The foreign settlement of Hankow extends along the left bank of the Yangtsze for about half-a-mile, and has the finest bund of any port in China ; the bund wall being of extraordinary height, which is rendered necessary on account of the great rise and fall of the Yangtsze during a year. The river here is nearly a mile wide, and there is a difference of about 60 feet between the lowest winter and the highest summer level of the water. When we were there (in March) the river was 13 feet above the lowest level of the previous winter, and still from the hurricane deck of a steamer you could not see level with the roadway of the bund. The massive wall of masonry, with sloping base, is ascended from the hulks by long bridges and gangways, which rise and fall with the flood. On the bund there is an avenue of tall green trees, and behind it a range of fine buildings standing in gardens or " compounds." The river Han joins the Yangtsze to the west of Hankow ; on the other side of the Han stands the town of Han-yang, and on the south side of the Yangtsze is the city of Wu-chang-fu, the capital of the province of Hupeh. This latter city has a very picturesque situation, the town itself and its pagoda standing on the slopes of a small hill close to the river bank, while the city wall sweeps away round over high ground, to the

base of hills in the rear of the city. A large fort, said to contain 400 guns, stands on the bank east of the city, and directly opposite Hankow. The back ground is occupied by a bold range of hills, on one of which there is a large Pagoda, and we presume it is the site upon which Captain Blakiston stood when he witnessed the panorama of mountains, plains, rivers, and lakes, which is thus described by him in his book "The Yangtsze:"—"Hankow is situated just where an irregular range of semi-detached low hills crosses a particularly level country on both sides of the main river in an east and west direction. Stationed on Pagoda Hill, a spectator looks down on almost as much water as land even when the rivers are low. At his feet sweeps the magnificent Yang-tsze, nearly a mile in width; from the west and skirting the northern edge of the range of hills already mentioned, comes the river Han, narrow and canal like, to add its quota, and serving as one of the highways of the country; and to the north-west and north is an extensive treeless flat, so little elevated above the river that the scattered hamlets which dot its surface are without exception raised on mounds, probably artificial works of a now distant age. A stream or two traverse its farther part and flow into the main river. Carrying his eye to the right bank of the Yang-tsze one sees enormous lakes and lagoons both to the north-west and south-east sides of the hills beyond the provincial city." While we were at Hankow, the large fort on the opposite side of the river presented a very gay sight, as its long yellow walls, full of embrasures, were covered with a great array of brightly coloured flags. We have since heard of a curious accident to this fort, which puts one in mind of the story about the walls of Jericho. It is said that when the

American gunboat *Monocacy* visited Hankow this summer, and when the Viceroy of Hupeh came from Wu-chang-fu to visit her, a salute was fired in his honour, which had a most disastrous effect on the fort. The vibration of the air caused by the firing of a few blank charges, half a mile or more from the fort, is said to have broken down a large portion of the walls of the fort; perhaps the foundations had been damaged by floods, but at any rate it does not say much for Chinese forts.

We left Hankow about eight o'clock one evening, and arrived at Kiukiang next morning; Ngan-king was passed about twenty-four hours from Hankow, and Chinkiang reached in another twenty; we left that port after a few hours' stay, and steamed slowly so as just to reach the North Tree and Langshan Crossing at daylight; and we arrived in Shanghai eight and a half days from the time of starting. The voyage down river, with the strong current in favour, is made very much quicker than the upward voyage. The fastest time in which the voyage from Hankow to Woosung was ever done, we believe, was by the *Glenartney*, one of the tea steamers in 1879, the time taken for the 600 miles being 37 hours; but then she made no stoppages. River steamers generally do it in about 60 hours, but a large portion of the time is spent in stoppages at the way ports; and it takes about 100 hours for an average passage up river from Shanghai to Hankow. Having included in our narrative of the upward voyage the description of some places seen on the way down, there now remains nothing to add except to conclude the sketch with an acknowledgment of thanks to Captain Popp and the officers of the *Kung-wo* for their courtesy during the trip.

